

THE
 ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
 OF
 FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1845.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF MEXICO.

1. *Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republik Mejico. Von Eduard Muehlenpfordt, &c. (Essay of a Faithful Description of the Republic of Mexico. By Edward Muehlenpfordt, formerly Director of the Works of the Mexican Company, and afterwards Road-Surveyor to the State of Oajaca. 2 vols. Hanover. 1844.*
2. *Mexico as it was and as it is. By Brantz Mayer, Secretary of the United States' Legation to that Country, in 1841 and 1842. New-York and London. 1844.*
3. *Life in Mexico. By Madame Calderon de la Barca. London: Chapman & Hall. 1843.*
4. *Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. London. 1844.*
5. *Mexico. By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Charge d'Affaires in that Country during the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. 2 vols. London. 1829.*
6. *Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico in the year 1826. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N., F. R. S.*
7. *Six Months' Residence and Travels in*

Mexico. By W. Bullock, F. L. S. London. 1824.

8. *Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution. By William Davis Robinson. Philadelphia. 1820.*

- 9 *Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition. By George Wilkins Kendall. London. 1844.*

RECENT changes and revolutions are again attracting the attention of political observers to the shores of the Mexican Gulf. The late overthrow of Santa Anna, the decision of the question long pending between the Republic of Mexico and the United States of the north, as to the annexation of Texas, and the contingency of war or peace in regions which have so many claims on the attention of Europe, combine to revive no small portion of that keen interest which, twenty years ago, was felt when the fancied El Dorado was laid open to the enterprise of Europe, and seem to show that a new page of the many-leaved volume of the future is unfolding. The mighty current of human action sets in with increased volume and intensity towards the west and south of the American continent. At the present moment, therefore, we persuade ourselves that we shall render no unaccept-

able service to our readers, by throwing together such information as we have been able to collect, on the present state and prospects of a country which, in spite of modern tourists, still remains in many respects a *terra incognita* to the mass of readers. This we shall preface by a succinct view of the leading events of Mexican history, from the outbreak of the revolution, interweaving such considerations of a more general kind as the subject may naturally suggest.

In thus restricting the range of our speculations, we are well aware of the sacrifice we make, in foregoing themes which have a perpetual and unfading charm for those who love to linger on the storied memories of the past. A more tempting task might be to recall our readers to the days of the pilgrim of Palos, who explored the awful mysteries of the ocean stream, till he found 'a temperate in a torrid zone.'

"The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime."

Nor less pleasing would it be to make our canvass gorgeous with the barbaric splendors of the Indian monarchy and hierarchy, to retrace the career of Cortes and his adventurous cavaliers, and to tell

"Of the glorious city won
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake;
Of seven kings in chains of gold."

These are themes whose romantic interest awakens a never-failing response in the imagination at all times, and which with the youth of modern Europe rank second in fascination only to the fairy tales and national legends which are the time-consecrated food of juvenile fancy. But leaving such splendid scenes to Irving and Prescott, to whom they rightfully belong by the double tenure of indigenous association and prior occupancy, let us proceed to our own more sober, but, perhaps, more useful task of sketching the development of that society which, in the sixteenth century, was founded by the sword of Castile amidst the ruins of the Aztec Venice.

Mexico, from its advantages of situation, its endless diversity of soil and climate, and its capacity of sustaining an immense population, would seem to be a land destined by nature to play no humble part in the affairs of the world. In the hands of a stir-

ring and warlike race, the country would in fact afford the military key to both divisions of the American continent; for, from her mountain-throne she overlooks the vast levels of Texas and the United States, while by way of Guatemala and across the Carribean Sea, the forces of a strong and compact state might dominate the feeble and divided communities of the South. She is seated on the great table-land formed by the Mexican Andes, which, springing from their southern roots in the Isthmus of Panama, stretch their vast system of ridges and valleys over the whole breadth of the country as far as to the mouth of Rio Bravo, and then receding to the west and north, traverse the length of the continent to where the towering peaks of the St. Elias glitter in their gorgeous icy robe, beneath the rays of the Arctic sun. The belt of coast which intervenes on each side between the mountains and the sea, forms a sure bulwark against foreign aggression, interposing by its tropical climate, and the diseases thence generated, to which the European falls a helpless prey, insurmountable obstacles to the passage of an army. Defended by resolute spirits and energetic hands, such a country would be impregnable, and even with the listless and indolent race by whom it is held, would be found no easy conquest to an invader; for though the opinion which is sometimes hazarded may be well-founded, that a modern Cortes might repeat the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, he would find that on arriving at the capital, he was but on the threshold of his undertaking, even if his army had not long before melted away in the pestilential levels of the sea-coast. The Alpine conformation of its tropical region presents in its numberless terraces and valleys, elevated plains, and deep-sunk slades, that wondrous variety of climate and scenery which it has tasked the pens of all geographers and travellers to describe, with every shape of wildness, grandeur, and luxuriant beauty that can fill the fancy or charm the eye. Amid the mountain heights, from which spring the fire-born cones, with their stainless cinctures of perennial snow, we find the forests of Scandinavia reproduced; further down on their slopes, the delicious climate of Southern Europe, yielding in abundance the grain that nourishes the life of man, and the rare and exquisite fruits that crown its enjoyments—the grape, the orange, the olive, and the lemon; whilst at the base of the giant hills, the rich soil teems with the

coffee-plant and the sugar-cane, and glows with the dazzling colors of the tropical flora. The European race which occupied the empire of the Aztecs, was in fact conducted by the dispensations of Providence into a country which exhibits in many respects the natural counterpart of their own. In the Spain of the New World, the same physical features which characterized their ancient dwelling-places, appear, though on a far wider and more magnificent scale. The lofty sierras and table-lands, once forest-clad though now treeless, of Castile, the net-work of ridges and stream-fed dales which interlaces the territory of Biscay, the fertile vegas and sterile wastes which bask under the suns of Andalusia and Granada, all find their likenesses in that region of America which the first discoverers, struck with the resemblance borne by its shores to those they had left behind, greeted with the appellation of New Spain.* The parallel holds good, and will probably continue to do so, in the moral as well as the physical features of the picture presented by modern Mexico; for the populations of its various provinces show differences of character and manners no less striking than are remarked at the present day in those of Old Spain. These are partly called forth by climate and situation, but their most fertile source is no doubt the greater or lesser proportion in which the intermixture of Indian with European blood has ensued. There results from the diversities of character to which we allude, and still more from the difficulties of communication and the weakness of the general government, an interprovincial isolation of the same kind with that which prevails so remarkably in the mother-country, and exercises on its political changes and revolutions an influence still plainly appreciable.

It will assist our readers in forming a more accurate idea of the physical conformation of the Mexican territory, and its infinite variety of climate, if we subjoin to the general view we have ourselves attempt-

* Describing the voyage of discovery made by Grijalva along the Mexican coast, De Solis tells us: "Some one of the soldiers then saying that this land was similar to that of Spain, the comparison pleased the hearers so much, and remained so impressed on the memories of all, that no other original is to be found of the name of New Spain being given to those regions. Words spoken casually are repeated but by chance; save when propriety and grace of meaning are perceived in them, to captivate the memory of men." (*Conquista de Mexico*, l. i., c. 5.)

ed to present, some well-digested and able observations on the subject by Mühlenpfordt:—

"Although the mountain-chain of Mexico appears to be one and the same with that which, under the name of the Cordilleras of the Andes, intersects all South America, from south to north; yet its structure on the north and south of the equator is entirely different. On the southern hemisphere we see the Cordilleras everywhere furrowed, lengthwise and crosswise, by valleys, which seem as if they have been formed by a forcible severance of the mountains. Here we find tracts perfectly level at a great absolute elevation. The richly cultivated plains around the town of Santa Fé de Bogota lies 8700, the high level of Coxamarca, in Peru, 9000, the wide plains about the volcano of Antisana, 13,429 English feet above the sea. These elevated flats of Cundinamarca, Quito, and Peru, though quite level, have an extent of no more than forty-two square leagues; difficult of ascent, separated from each other by deep valleys, surrounded by lofty peaks, they have no connection with each other, and offer but trifling facilities to internal communication in those countries. In Mexico, on the contrary, we find the main ridge of mountains itself forming the table-land. High-raised plains, of far greater extent, and equally uniform, lie near together, stretching from the 18th to the 40th parallel of latitude, in unbroken succession, overtopped only by individual cones and lines of greater altitude. The direction of the table-land determines, as it were, the whole course of the mountain-chains. The craters, of 16,000 to 18,000 feet high, are partly scattered on the table-land, partly arranged in lines, whose direction is not by any means always parallel with the general track of the Cordilleras. In Peru, Quito, Cundinamarca, as observed, the lofty platforms are divided by cross valleys, whose perpendicular depth amounts sometimes to 4500 feet, and whose steep precipices are only to be climbed by travellers on mules, on foot, or carried on the backs of Indians. In Mexico, on the other hand, the table-lands are so continuous, that from Tehuantepec to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, nay, even into the territory of the United States, wheel-carriages might roll."

Ascending from Tehuantepec, on the Pacific coast, which is but 118 feet above the level of the sea, the table-land stretches from Oajaca to Durango, at an elevation of 6000 to 8000 feet,* its surface intersected by ridges which run from 9000 to 11,000 feet in height, while above this only isolated mountains ascend. Beyond Durango, in

* To this general statement, of course, exceptions may be pointed out. Thus the valley of Toluca, near Mexico, reaches an average elevation of 8500 feet.

the territory of New Mexico, towards Texas on the one side, and the head of the Californian Gulf on the other, the general level of the ground rapidly sinks, the Sierra Madre or mother-ridge, known further northward as the Rocky Mountains, stretching away in solitary grandeur.

"Conformably to the law of nature, which makes the climatic effect of an elevation of 3000 feet, equal to a difference in latitude of ten degrees, we find in Mexico all imaginable variations and shades of climate, piled above one another, as it were, in stories; and may in a few hours, often several times in the course of a day's journey, descend from the world of hyacinths, mosses, and lichens, from the region of ever-benumbing cold, of perpetual snow and ice, into that ever-dissolving heat, where the inhabitant goes naked, his brown skin anointed with grease, to make it less sensitive to the sun's burning rays, and dwells in bird-cage-shaped huts, open to the air. . . . Situations more or less sheltered from the wind, especially the north-west wind, more or less exposed to the influence of the sunbeams; greater approximation to the west coast, where the air is perceptibly milder than on the east; want or abundance of wood and water; are all circumstances which modify the temperature in the most surprising manner, at the same height above the sea and in the same parallel."

The colonial system of Spain was one of the most curious engines of oppression ever devised by human avarice and rapacity; its only palliation, perhaps, is to be found in the ignorance and folly of the Spanish rulers, from the days of Philip II., who squandered the resources and ruined the prosperity of Spain herself. The nineteenth century found the same maxims and principles in vigor, which had prevailed under the most cruel and imbecile of the successors of Charles V. Not only were the interests of the colonists sacrificed in every point, by a political exclusiveness, which practically interdicted to every American the exercise of any but the most inferior offices in the public service,—a spiritual tyranny, which threatened with the penalties of the Inquisition all freedom of thought or speculation—and a commercial monopoly enforced with such unrelenting rigor, that the punishment of death was denounced against all who were detected in trafficking with foreigners, whilst the vines and olives of Mexico were rooted out, that its inhabitants might be compelled to draw their supplies from Spain; and the wheat which the colonists of La Plata were forbidden to export, was applied to fill up marshes in the

vicinity of Buenos Ayres. These things, and much more of the like sort, might have been borne, but the bitterest fruits of tyranny are not always political grievances. To be a native of American soil stamped the brand of social degradation, even on a man who traced his descent from the conquerors; the Creoles were regarded by the Europeans much as the free-colored population of the United States now are by their white countrymen. Even ties of blood could not overcome this insensate prejudice, which led often to the disinheritation of a son by a father, in favor of some adventurer from Europe. For the Indians again were reserved the dregs of the cup of oppression! In the continental provinces they were too numerous to be extirpated, as in the Spanish West Indian Islands; there they continued to form the bulk of the population. In Mexico, it is calculated, that four-sevenths are Indians, two-sevenths persons of mixed blood or mestizoes, and only one-seventh whites. They were reduced by the system of repartition among the landed proprietors to a bondage, of which the negro slavery of the present day exhibits no inexact parallel;* but they cherished the memory of the greatness of their race, and a vengeful sense of the sufferings they had so long endured. At this source, too, it was fated that the Erinnyes of retribution was to light her torch!

It was the crafty policy of the Spanish court to retain the Mexicans in a state of intellectual childhood, teaching them to

* "All the property of the Indians, moveable and immoveable, was considered as belonging to the conquerors, and only a very limited allotment, of 600 yards in diameter, was conceded to them for a residence in the neighborhood of the newly-built churches. At a time when it was gravely disputed whether the Indians were to be counted among reasonable beings, it was believed that a benefit was conferred upon them by placing them under the guardianship of the whites. During a succession of years the Indians, whose freedom the king had fruitlessly promised, were the slaves of the whites, who appropriated them indiscriminately, and frequently quarrelled about their right. To avert this, and, as it imagined, to give the Indians protectors, the court of Madrid introduced the *encomiendas*, by which the Indians, in divisions of several hundred families, were assigned to the soldiers of the conquest and their descendants, or to the jurists sent from court to administer the provinces, or counterpoise the encroaching powers of the viceroys, and other favorites. A great number of the best commanderies were given to the convents. This system did not improve the condition of the Indians; it fettered them to the soil, and their labor was the property of their master." (Mühlenpfordt, i. 233.)

look upon Spain as the sovereign power of Europe, and keeping them studiously in ignorance of the very existence of other nations.* Yet they had long entertained the design of throwing off the Spanish yoke, and waited but the opportunity of effecting their design. We have the testimony of Humboldt in his 'Essay on New Spain,' as to the existence of discontent among the higher classes, and the American General Pike, who travelled through the northern provinces in 1807, speaks still more strongly of its diffusion and intensity among the inferior clergy and the officers of the provincial army, who were debarred by the accident of birth from all chance of promotion to the higher grades. Insurrections and isolated revolts had not been wanting in the course of the two centuries and a half which had elapsed since the conquest. Such was the revolt of the Indians in the north-western provinces during the latter half of the last century; and the insurrections of Mexico in 1624, 1692, and in 1797, under the vice-royalty of Count Galvez, whose conduct in several particulars, notwithstanding his apparent zeal in its suppression, gave the greatest umbrage to the Spanish court, and is said to have resulted, after his recall, in his death by poison. In such a state of society as we have described, the materials of explosion were ripe, and a concurrence of extraordinary events which had their spring in the ambition of Napoleon, at length sounded the knell of Spanish domination in America. The renunciation of the crown of Spain by Charles IV., and his son Ferdinand VII., into the hands of the French emperor—that basest of treasons, unparalleled even in the annals of royal infamy—and the subsequent invasion of the Peninsula by his armies, were the signal of a general fermentation throughout all the transatlantic dominions of that country. Spain being now left without a regular government, propositions were made by the Creoles for the formation of executive juntas, and the assembly of provincial congresses, to act in the name of the absent sovereign, and to strengthen the hands of the mother-country in its struggle against foreign aggression,

which were in some instances favorably listened to by the viceroys. The old Spaniards beheld with alarm the awakening sense of popular rights and the national spirit which these proceedings evinced; the Audiencias, or supreme courts, charged among their other functions to watch over the interests of the crown, became the organs of the Europeans, and strenuously resisted the efforts of the colonists to assert their right of sharing actively in the vindication of Spanish independence against French invasion. Had Spain at this time possessed public servants with heads and hearts competent to appreciate the justice and expediency of a conciliatory policy, the enthusiasm of the Creoles might have been diverted to her own service; and the latent desire of independence, to which, undoubtedly, the movement above mentioned was in part to be ascribed, might possibly have been extinguished by judicious concessions. But this was not to be looked for, save in a few isolated instances, among men hardened in the traditions of a depraved despotism, and practised in all the mysteries of fraud and corruption under the flagitious administration of Godoy. A striking observation of the Duke of Wellington's is on record, to the effect, that in all his extensive experience of Spanish official men, acquired during the Peninsular war, he met with hardly a single man, whose abilities rose above the meanest order of mind, or who possessed a respectable share of political knowledge. If such men there were, their influence was neutralized by the swarm of court-drones and noodles by whom they were surrounded. The prevalent feeling of the Spaniards towards their American dependencies may be gathered from the fact, that in the Cortes of 1812 there were many orators who denied the colonists to be superior in any respect to brutes, or entitled to any better treatment, and found not only patient hearing, but favor and applause in that assembly. Whatever administrative talent the Spaniards possessed, indeed, seems to have been employed in the colonies. Iturrigaray, Venegas, and Calleja, were men far abler than any of those who composed the government of the mother-country at the same time. Many of their measures were conceived with a skill, and executed with a vigor unknown in the contemporary annals of Spain; and such state-papers of the colonial government as we have seen (for instance, 'Calleja's Report on the State of Mexico in

* In 1823, Bullock found it difficult to persuade the natives that England, France, Germany, Holland, and Italy, were any thing else than so many paltry provinces, with governors set over them by the King of Spain. (*Travels in Mexico*, p. 53.)

1814,') are far superior to those which emanated from the Central Junta and the Regency.

Iturrigaray, the vice-king of Mexico, had gained great popularity among the natives by his conciliatory demeanor throughout the pending crisis; and was disposed, from whatever motives, to accede to the demand of the Creoles for the convocation of a Mexican Cortes. He is said to have suspected the fidelity of some of the Spanish officials around him, and looking to the shameful desertion of the national cause, of which so many examples had been witnessed in the Peninsula, and the intrigues of French emissaries in America, it is probable he might have good reason for suspicion. His claim to be regarded as the sole depository of the royal power and authority gave deep offence to the Audiencia, and the European faction pretended that he favored the natives from a desire to make himself an independent sovereign.* However this may have been, the Audiencia determined to have him arrested and deposed; and, on the night of the 15th of September, 1808, accordingly, a band of Europeans, chiefly merchants, entered his palace, and seized his person as he lay in bed. After a short confinement in a neighboring convent, he was removed to Spain, and the Audiencia invested with the vice-regal functions Lizana, Archbishop of Mexico, whose vacillating and feeble policy tended only to exasperate the eagerness of the Mexicans for the contest which it was now evident had become inevitable.

Two years elapsed from the date of Iturrigaray's arrest, during which the absence of any concessions on the part of the government, and the insolence of the Europeans, aggravated the irritation produced by that event among the natives† An extensive conspiracy against the Spanish domination was organized, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics and lawyers, with some mil-

itary men. Dr. Hidalgo, curate of the small town of Dolores, was the leader of the conspiracy in the province of Guanajuato, which with that of Mechoacan or Valladolid, continued throughout to be the main support of the insurgent cause. Hidalgo was an intelligent, and, for his country and profession, well-informed man; enterprising, and of an austere turn of mind; of engaging conversation and manners, some of his chroniclers tell us, yet showing himself both cruel and vindictive in the sequel. He had private as well as public injuries to avenge, for having, among other projects for encouraging the industry of his parishioners, formed large plantations of vines, he had the mortification of seeing them rooted out by order of the government. The viceroy obtained information of the plot, and issued orders for the arrest of Hidalgo, with his associates Allende and other Creole officers in garrison at Guanajuato. Hereupon, the daring priest resolved instantly to raise the standard of revolt. On the 16th of September, 1810, he commenced the struggle by the seizure of seven Europeans resident in the town of Dolores, whose inhabitants, mostly of Indian descent, immediately joined his banner. The news of the outbreak spread like wildfire, and was hailed by the Indians of the neighboring territory as the dawning of their deliverance from their ancient oppressors. For them, it seemed, the day of retribution was come, and they obeyed with eagerness the call which their leader addressed to them for a sanguinary vengeance. In less than a fortnight 20,000 joined him—a proof of the intolerable nature of the sufferings under which they had so long groaned, and of the tenacious memory of wrong which distinguishes their race, impassive and resigned in outward seeming. To the incitement of patriotism and the prospect of revenge were added the figments of superstition; and the Virgin of Guadalupe, under whose standard they marched, was invoked as the patroness of their cause, and the guide of their arms. Hidalgo was soon joined by two Creole regiments, and found himself strong enough to march upon Guanajuato. This city, the second in the kingdom of Mexico, and the depository of immense treasures, the produce of the neighboring mines, fell an easy prey into his hands; the Europeans, with not a few of the Creoles, who made common cause with them, were put to the sword, and their property given up to plun-

* It was at least not from any natural aversion to arbitrary measures, for in his former post, of Administrador des Obras Pias, or steward of pious donations in Mexico, the severity of his exactions gave rise to loud complaints.

† Iturrigaray was released by the Central Junta, afterwards arrested by the Regency, and again set at liberty by a decree of the Cortes. This did not save him, however, from being condemned by the council of the Indies, in a residentia, to a ruinous fine of 224,241 dollars, which absorbed all his capital. His wife, who was afflicted with palsy, and family, were reduced to absolute destitution in the town of Jaen, where they resided.

der. So eager were the Indians in the work of destruction that, in less than twenty-four hours, not one stone of their houses was left standing. An enormous booty, to the amount of five millions of dollars, rewarded the zeal of the insurgents, who committed many excesses which their leader made no attempt to restrain. Like the *Jacquerie* of France, the Indians were infuriated by the thirst of vengeance, and Hidalgo was but too well inclined to give loose to their passions.

Various reasons have been assigned for the conduct of the rebel leader in encouraging the outrages which an ignorant and undisciplined rabble, such as that which followed his banner, is always prone to commit. Resentment for his personal grievances may have had its share; a powerful motive was supplied in the first instance by the wish to commit his followers irrevocably in the struggle with the Europeans. To these we may add the sanguinary instinct which the Spaniard has always betrayed in civil dissensions; more remarkable with that nation since the times of Ferdinand and Isabella than in days more ancient, and, perhaps, derived from the Arabs, so long the denizens of their soil.* Hidalgo's war cry was 'Death to the Gachupins,'† and he scrupled not to act up to its fearful import. One of the darkest tragedies of the revolution, was the massacre shortly afterwards perpetrated by his orders at Guadalajara; here the Europeans, to the number of 800, were shut up in the convents, and conducted at the dead of night, in parties of twenty and thirty, to lonely places amidst the hills lying round, where they were despatched by the

steel or the club, the use of fire-arms being forbidden for the sake of secrecy. But cruelty is always as impolitic as it is inhuman, and Hidalgo soon found that he had committed a fatal and irremediable error. The Creoles of wealth and influence, connected, many of them, by ties of affinity with the old Spaniards, were alarmed and disgusted by proceedings which outraged humanity, and seemed to menace with ruin all the possessors of property; the old Spaniards were reduced to despair, and seeing war to the knife was proclaimed against them, were not slow in resorting to retaliatory measures, which equalled or surpassed those of the insurgents in atrocity.

In Felix Maria Calleja, the military commandant of San Luis Potosi, to whom the new viceroy, Venegas, committed the charge of suppressing the rebellion, they found a hand ready to execute whatever their direst malevolence could prompt. He was a soldier of fortune, who had passed his life in the military service of the crown in America, where, by the vigor of his operations, and the relentless spirit in which he crushed disaffection, he approved himself a worthy disciple of the school of Cortes and Pizarro. He knew and cared little for any other rule of government than the sword; the 'extermination of the disaffected,' and the reduction of the country to order by the establishment of martial law, was the 'heroic remedy' which he unceasingly urged on the adoption of the Spanish government. Hidalgo, with an army of more than 50,000 men, Indians, with the exception of the Creole regiments already mentioned, armed principally with bows, clubs, slings, and such other weapons as are used at times when 'furor arma ministrat,' had advanced upon the capital, but shrank from attack, defended as it was by 7000 regular troops and numerous batteries. On a disorderly and ill-conducted retreat, he fell in with Calleja's force, composed almost entirely of Creoles. The fidelity of these to the royalist standards, in a contest with their countrymen, was doubtful, and, but for the imprudence and mismanagement of the insurgents in precipitating hostilities, the result of the ensuing battle, fought on the 7th of November, in the plains of Aculco, might have been very different. The royalist troops are said to have wavered in coming into action, and would probably have refused to open their fire on the opposite ranks. But the unwieldy array of the rebels, struck with ter-

* The Audiencia of Mexico, in their memorial to the Cortes (paragraphs 40 and 41), attributed 'the ferocious spirit that characterized Hidalgo's rebellion, exemplified in the massacres of Guanajuato, Valladolid, &c., to the motive of getting into his hands the resources of the Europeans; as if he could not have obtained them but by wholesale shedding of blood.' Without the riches of Europeans, he could not pay his own debts, much less undertake an expensive war; without these same riches as a bait, he could not gratify that thirst for plunder which possessed the immense legions by which he was followed. But the Spaniards have generally shown themselves incompetent to conceive the attainment of a political object without the most violent and extreme means. So far they have not even yet shaken off barbarism.

Gachupin, a nickname for a European Spaniard, from the Aztec word, gatzopin, a being, half man, half horse, applied by the Indians to their conquerors.

ror at the spectacle of a regular army, arranged in five columns, performing its evolutions with silent and orderly celerity, fell into confusion on their approach, and fired upon them at random. This insult provoked the Creole troops to take a bloody revenge, and from the day of this battle their line of action was decided against the rebels throughout the whole of the first period of the revolution. The latter fought with desperation, the Indians rushing with their clubs upon the bayonets of the regulars, and, so ignorant were they of the nature of artillery, trying to stop the mouths of the guns with their straw hats. They fell in heaps; in the battle and pursuit, not less than 10,000 perished. Calleja re-entered Guanajuato after an ineffectual resistance from a part of the rebel army under Allende. His stay there was signalized by a tragedy equalling in horror any that can be found even in the blood-stained annals of Spanish warfare. The populace of the town, furious at their desertion by Hidalgo's troops, had wreaked their rage on a body of 239 Europeans, the survivors of the first assault and capture of the place, who were put to death to a man. Calleja exacted a terrible retribution by the decimation of the inhabitants of this unfortunate town. Without believing the incredible tale of Robinson, that 14,000 of the inhabitants had their throats cut in the great square, while its fountains ran with blood,—though Mayer and other recent writers have been incautious enough to repeat the statement,—we may conclude that the amount of carnage was sufficiently great to glut even the wolfish appetite of the Spaniard, and almost to rival the atrocities of Cortes at Cholula.

Hidalgo, after his defeat, had occupied Guadalajara in the western country, in defence of which he resolved to make another stand against Calleja. With this view he fortified the bridge of Calderon, about fourteen leagues north-east of the city, on the road by which the royalist general was approaching from Guanajuato. It is thrown across a branch of the Rio Lerma, a swiftly-flowing stream with precipitous banks and hills rising upon the side of Guadalajara. Here Calleja attacked the insurgents on the 16th of January, 1811. They fought gallantly and repulsed several assaults, but, being thrown into confusion by the explosion of an ammunition waggon in their ranks, and having their flanks turned by the royalist cavalry, were in the end com-

pletely routed. Their army broke up. Hidalgo, Allende, and other leaders, endeavored to gain the frontiers of the United States, but being betrayed by one of their adherents, were taken and shot at Chihuahua.

Morelos, also a Creole ecclesiastic, was the next leader of the revolutionary troops, whose movements he conducted with greater forecast, skill, and success, than his predecessor. He disciplined his troops, and showed more of forbearance and humanity than belonged to Hidalgo. Fortune smiled for a considerable time on the patriot cause. Collecting a considerable force in the south-west territory, he advanced to Cuautla, within thirty miles of Mexico. It is an open town, but by availing himself of the advantages of the ground, and constructing trenches, and barricades, he rendered it defensible against attack, and was enabled for more than two months to resist all the efforts of Calleja to dislodge him. After a resistance signalized by many brilliant acts of heroism, want of provisions forced him to evacuate the place. In Puebla, Oaxaca, and the south and west, however, he retained the ascendancy for some time, defeating several Spanish divisions, and reducing Acapulco after a six months' siege. A congress of representatives of the Mexican people met at Chilpanzingo, in September, 1813, under his protection, and issued the declaration of Mexican independence. With 7000 men and 100 pieces of artillery he arrived before Valladolid, intending to besiege it. His lieutenant, Matamoros, imprudently ordered a review of the troops within half a mile of the town. The gallantry of Iturbide, then a colonel in the royalist army, improved the opportunity by a sally which threw the insurgents into confusion. A party of confederates arrived at the moment to the assistance of Morelos, whom his troops unfortunately mistook for enemies. Iturbide immediately charged them in flank, and put them to the rout with great slaughter. Another defeat by the same officer completed their disorganization. Matamoros was taken prisoner and shot, and after a year of ineffectual struggles against the tide of adverse fortune, which every where overwhelmed the arms of the patriots, Morelos shared the same fate. A Mexican historian relates a curious anecdote of Calleja, who had now replaced Venegas in the vice-royalty. He visited Morelos in disguise, while a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition, and being entreated

by the vice-queen to save his life, is said to have replied that he would do so, were he not afraid of being dealt with in the same fashion as Iturrigaray.

Morelos was the main stay of the patriot cause, and had he been duly supported by the Creoles, would, no doubt, have achieved the independence of Mexico. After his death, in December, 1815, the insurrection lingered on for two years more, reduced to a partisan war, conducted in different provinces under Guerrero, Victoria, Bravo, and Teran, all able and active chiefs of the guerilla school. But there was no unity or concert in their operations, and the isolated successes which they obtained led to no general result of importance. The congress was hunted from town to town, and finally from one hiding-place to another by the Spanish troops, till it was dissolved by General Teran, who found it impossible to satisfy the pecuniary demands of its members. Calleja's unsparing hand had all but crushed the rebellion, which was now in a great measure confined to the Baxio or central plains of the middle provinces. In 1819 occurred the expedition of the younger Mina, who had borne a gallant part in rescuing Spain from foreign domination. But he arrived at the most unfavorable moment, when the cause of those he wished to aid was at its lowest ebb; and he failed to rouse the sympathies of the Mexicans, for he came to proclaim the constitution, not independence. Disembarking at Soto la Marina with 400 men, chiefly English and Americans, he was joined by a few Mexicans, and effected a remarkable march of nearly 700 miles in thirty days over a most difficult country, fighting three actions on the way. Arrived at the Baxio, he found the various parties of insurgents scattered over that wide district, acknowledging the authority of Padre Torres; the elder chiefs of the insurrection having disappeared, except one or two who continued a precarious resistance in the desert fastnesses of the eastern and western coast. This man, who exercised absolute sway over the husbandmen of the Baxio, was one of the selfish and greedy tribe of public robbers, in whom all revolutions are more or less fertile. His sole aim was to enrich himself by rapine and extortion, and such was his disregard of the interests of those whom he professed to protect, that under pretence of cutting off the enemy's supplies, he laid in ruins, one after another, the towns and villages of the district over

which he tyrannized. With such co-operators as these, the fate of Mina's expedition may be guessed. An overwhelming force was sent against the insurgents; their strongholds were reduced by siege, and Mina, falling into the enemy's hands, met the same fate which had overtaken Morelos and Hidalgo.

Apodaca, who had succeeded Calleja in the vice-royalty, was disposed to milder measures, and the work of pacification appeared to be completed by the indulgence or amnesty granted to the insurgents, on condition of their return to obedience. In the autumn of 1819, he wrote to the home government that he would answer for the safety of Mexico without a single additional soldier being sent out, as the kingdom was perfectly tranquil and submissive to royal authority. But though active revolt was thus at an end, the spirit of independence, far from being extinguished, had gained strength from its enforced restraint; as the subterranean fire gathers force and volume from the pressure of the superincumbent mass. The establishment of the constitutional system in 1812 allowed a short interval of free discussion, during which a tide of liberal opinion had rushed in, whose influence soon pervaded all classes of society. The insurgents who had laid down their arms under the guarantee of the indulgence, labored in secret to make proselytes; the Creole troops were gradually gained over, and the patriots, with an immense accession of strength, prepared to seize the first favorable conjuncture for a new rising. They had not to wait long. In the autumn of 1819, an army of 18,000 men was assembled at Cadiz, destined to rivet the chains of the Americans. It was placed under the command of Calleja, who since his recall had been created Count of Calderon. But the soldiers beheld with dread and discontent the prospect of embarking for the scene of that fatal warfare, from which so few who took part in it ever returned, and disaffection soon became general in their ranks. Riego seized the opportunity to proclaim the constitution on the 1st of January, 1820, marched at night to Arcos de la Frontera, Calleja's head-quarters, and made him prisoner with the chiefs of his staff.

The re-establishment of the constitution in Spain led to its second promulgation in Mexico. Apodaca, however, openly showed his hostility to the new system, and a plot was speedily formed under his auspices and

those of the heads of the Mexican church, for the restoration of absolutism. Iturbide, the same officer who had defeated Morelos, and been mainly instrumental in upholding the Spanish sway, received a commission to put himself at the head of a small body of troops on the western coast, and proclaim a return to the old state of things. This is one of the first examples of that proceeding to which the Spaniards and Mexicans give the name of *pronunciamento*, a term familiar to us from numberless subsequent instances. Iturbide was one of those restless and aspiring soldiers, of whom the last half century, an age propitious by its civil discords, revolutions, and wars, to military ambition, has produced so many. But he showed few of the more generous or elevated features of the military character; he was the slave of fierce instincts and violent passions; his career proves sufficiently that as in similar instances selfishness rather than principle was the main spring of his conduct. His ambition had neither consistency nor grandeur; he was without the virtue to decline a crown, or the firmness and tact to preserve it when he had obtained it. Disposed by his birth (of a respectable family in the province of Mechoacan) and connexions to the independent cause, he made overtures to its leaders in 1810, when a young subaltern, in the provincial army; but he would be content with nothing short of an independent command, and found them not inclined to place so high a price on his services. Throughout the revolution he was conspicuous for his hatred and persecution of its adherents, equaling or exceeding in cruelty any of the Spanish commandants. The present position of affairs offered the most favorable opening he could have wished for his ambition. The patriots wanted only a leader; the Creole regiments, twenty-four out of thirty-five forming the military force of the country, were ripe for revolt, and would obey his call to arms in preference to that of any other chief; whilst in the existing state of Spain nothing was to be feared from that quarter. Iturbide determined, therefore, to employ his influence, and the forces placed under his command, for a very different purpose from that expected by the viceroy. On the 24th of February, 1821, he proclaimed in the small town of Iguala, not far from Acapulco, his famous 'plan,' by which he proposed to secure three objects: national independence; the exclusive maintenance of the Roman Catho-

lic religion; and the union of all classes of the population of Mexico, by preserving to the old Spaniards the rights and privileges of native Mexicans, and the possession of all public employments held by them at the time of their joining his party. These were the three guarantees which he offered to his adherents. His force did not amount in the first instance to 1000 men, and had the government taken a prompt and vigorous part, the movement might have been crushed in the bud. But Apodaca remained inactive; and the Europeans, incensed at his delays, suddenly deposed him as they had done Iturrigaray, placing an officer of artillery, named Novella, at the head of affairs. Iturbide effected a junction with Guerrero, who was still in arms on the west coast, and moved toward the Baxio, reinforced at every point of his march by the veterans of the first insurrection and bodies of Creole troops. The clergy and the people declared unanimously in his favor, while Novella shut himself up with the European troops in the capital, which was threatened with investment. Meantime a new viceroy despatched by the constitutionalists, Don Juan O'Donoju, had landed at Vera Cruz. Iturbide immediately sought an interview with him, and proposed to him the acceptance of the plan of Iguala, as the only means of averting a civil war, and the possible dangers to the lives and property of his countrymen. O'Donoju, seeing the hopelessness of attempting a renewal of the conflict on behalf of Spain, acceded to these terms, and by the treaty of Cordova recognized in the name of Ferdinand the independence of Mexico, giving up the capital to the army of the three guarantees.

Iturbide was for the moment unquestioned master of Mexico. By one of the articles of the plan of Iguala, it was provided, that its government should be a constitutional monarchy; by another, that a prince of the Spanish royal family should be called to the throne. The Cortes of Madrid having declared the treaty of Cordova, homologating the plan, to be illegal and void, the design of inviting one of the Infantes to the crown was soon abandoned, and in the congress which met in February, 1822, the number of Iturbide's partisans, who wished to offer the crown to himself, was considerable. Stormy discussions ensued on various subjects, and the reduction of the army from 60,000 to 20,000 was voted, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of

its chief. His influence was every day growing less, and his friends resolved to anticipate its decline, and to place him on the throne. On the night of the 18th of May, the non-commissioned officers of the garrison of Mexico, who were devoted to his person, assembled before his windows, attended by the rabble of leperos who swarmed in the streets of the city, and proclaimed him emperor; next day the congress passed a decree confirmatory of his mob-election. Iturbide was hardly on the throne, when he began to indulge his arbitrary predilections; claiming a veto upon the articles of the constitution which the congress were discussing, the right of appointing or removing judges at will, and the establishment of a military tribunal with formidable prerogatives in the capital. The congress resisted; and the consequence was, first, the arrest of fourteen of the obnoxious members, and next, the dissolution of the assembly, and the installation of a legislative junta appointed by the emperor. Insurrectionary movements broke out in various provinces; Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, declared in favor of the congress, and his example was followed by Victoria, Guerrero, and every military chief of importance, in rapid succession. Iturbide, deserted by the army, abandoned the throne without a struggle. Convoking the members of the congress resident in Mexico, he tendered them his abdication; they refused to accept it, because they wished not to appear to admit his right to the crown, but offered no obstacle to his departure from the kingdom. Next year, he attempted to re-enter Mexico, but set foot on its soil only to be outlawed, arrested and shot.

The story of the revolution has some breadth and dignity; for it is always interesting to watch the efforts and trace the progress of a people struggling for independence. But it would be a bootless and ungrateful task to enter minutely into the history of the civil wars by which, since her separation from the mother-country, Mexico has been continually torn; and this because they are for the most part destitute of any wide political significance, being rather contests of persons than conflicts of principle. What Milton said of the wars of the Anglo-Saxons may be applied with equal truth to those of the factions of Spanish America. 'Such bickerings to recount, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fight-

ing in the air?' In Mexico as in Spain, the political weather-glass is ever variable; the changes of position undergone by parties and individuals are as singular and sudden as tricks in a pantomime. Their revolutions have many features in common; both countries seem equally given over to be the prey of state-quacks and adventurers, since all who possess a sufficient share of audacity may aspire to supreme power. Yet the curse of barrenness lies on the Spanish race, for among the many who have had their brief day of ascendancy, not one has been acknowledged by the voice of Europe as a man of eminent skill in the science of government, or has achieved the civic laurel-wreath which, even in moderately-enlightened communities, sagacity in counsel, integrity in purpose, and administrative vigor, never fail to earn for their possessor. Grovelling selfishness, corruption, favoritism, the most flagrant dereliction of principle, and shameless tergiversation, are the general characteristics of their public men. In an impure state of the moral atmosphere, these qualities are no bar to popularity. The late regent of Spain is almost the sole exception that can be pointed out to this description, and we know what his reward has been.

Before we proceed with our sketch of Mexican politics, the reader may not be sorry to turn aside, for a moment, to glance at some of the books whose titles we have prefixed to this article. Mr. Ward's work is entitled to be placed beside Humboldt's as the foundation of our knowledge on the subject of modern Mexico. Though not free from official formality and dryness, this trifling defect is more than compensated by his accuracy, candor, and liberal feeling, and the authenticity of the sources from which his materials are drawn. He was the first to lay open to European readers the riches of this unexplored world, to which all eyes were then eagerly turned, as a store-house of wonders and romance. His sketch of the revolution, and the subsequent series of civil dissensions up to 1829, is a valuable contribution to history. Bullock and Lyon are amusing travellers, the former with much homely humor, the latter with a clear, easy, and lively narrative style, and much relish for natural beauties. Recent seasons have been unusually prolific of works on Mexico and the neighboring countries, and among all these records of travel, we do not know that one can be pointed out which is fairly chargeable with

the crime of dulness. It must be admitted that they have been fortunate in their subject; for a country as rich in striking contrasts, and startling novelties of character and manners, as in picturesque natural scenery, furnishes ample matter for description. Of the wide popularity attained by 'Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico,' we need not speak; it is an accession to our literature, and in our opinion the best book of travels by a lady which has appeared since 'Montague's Letters.' Nothing can exceed the grace and humor of her sketches of society, the rich coloring of her descriptions of nature,—so truthful and vivid, that, as we read, the fruits and flowers of the tropics seem to breathe their odors and array their lustrous hues around us,—or the unflagging spirit of enjoyment with which the fair authoress wings her way from one scene of gaiety to another, showing us Mexican life in all its *funcions*,* and in every phase; in the palace and the hacienda, the convent, the theatre, the bull-ring, the gambling-room, rural festivities, religious ceremonies, civic celebrations, or revolutions. Yet we might wish her less predilection for pomp and power, and more real sympathy with humanity and its rights, less sentimentality and more earnestness. The American diplomatist, Mr. Brantz Mayer, is always entertaining when he describes what he has himself seen, and his views on the political relations of Mexico are sound and well-judged; but his book is hasty and ill-digested, compiled in great part from well-known works, and containing some crude speculations on Indian antiquity, which would have been better omitted. Mühlenpfordt's work is the most complete account of modern Mexico extant. He has been much indebted to Humboldt, as well as to Ward and the English writers, but he gives us a mass of recent information as to the politics and commerce of Mexico; and on the topography of the country, to which the whole of the second volume is devoted, no other author has approached him in fulness and minuteness. There is not a single district or town of

any importance as to which he does not put us in possession of the whole stock of available information.

No other writer on Mexico has so well treated the extremely interesting and almost untouched subject of the condition of the Indian race, on which his long residence in the country, and ample opportunity of examination, make his testimony the more valuable.

"It is hardly possible," he says, "to judge of the true character and intellectual capacities of the Indian, at a time when he has but just partially recovered his rights as man, and has had little opportunity of giving independent culture to his mental faculties. Though the civic oppression under which the Spaniards and Creoles held the copper-colored race, and the colored people generally, before the revolution, for the most part disappeared, yet their emancipation has, as yet, only nominally taken place. Hierarchical oppression has yet hardly decreased, and the clergy, both the inferior secular priests, and the monks, who have the greatest influence over the Indians, find their account in declining to promote, if they do not positively retard, their intellectual development. Time only can inform us what advantages will accrue to the Indians from the new order of things. Up to this time, the introduction of the boasted civilization of Europe as well as of the Catholic religion, has been of but trifling benefit to them, and only a trace here and there of progress to an amelioration of their condition is to be remarked."

In the following passage we have a striking portrait:—

"The Mexican Indian of the present day, is generally grave and taciturn, and almost sullen, when not excited by music and intoxicating drinks to joviality and loquacity. This serious character may be remarked even in the children, who appear more knowing at the age of five or six, than those of northern Europeans at that of nine or ten. But this appearance of steadiness is by no means consequent on a quicker development of mind, and the looks of these young people, dejected and void of all the cheerfulness and confidence of children, have nothing that gladdens. Gruffness and reserve appear to be essential features of the Indian character, and it cannot, I think, be assumed that these qualities were implanted in them exclusively by the long oppression which weighed down the Mexican race, first under their native rulers, and afterwards under the Spaniards; since they recur among the aborigines almost universally throughout America, even where these have never suffered any curtailment of their political liberty. To that cause may rather be attributed the stubbornness and selfishness which constitute a striking trait in the character of the present

* It may be as well to explain, that we do not use this term, as might be supposed by the unwary, in its scientific sense of functions, but in the Spanish meaning, which makes it the exact equivalent of our homely vernacular *row*, evidently the same with the Swedish *oro*, unquiet, disorder or *dust*—a venerable old Gothic word, by no means to be confounded with the other dust, but meaning noise, or tumult.

Indians. It is almost impossible to move an Indian to any thing which he has once resolved not to do. Vehemence, threats, even corporal punishment, are of as little avail as the offer of gold or reward; persuasion, entreaties, and coaxing help as little. The Mexican Indian loves to give an appearance of mystery and importance to his most indifferent actions. If stirred up by weighty interests, he breaks his customary silence, and speaks with energy, but never with fire. Jokes are as rare with him as raillery and laughter; I never heard an Indian laugh heartily, even when excited by spirituous liquors. His uncommon hardness of character allows him long to conceal the passions of indignation and vengeance. No sign betrays externally the fire that rages within, until it suddenly breaks out with terrible and uncontrollable violence. In this condition the Indian is inclined to practise the greatest cruelties, the most fearful crimes. The Mexican aborigines bear always with great patience the taunts which the whites were formerly, and still are, apt to indulge in against them. They oppose to these a cunning, which they dexterously hide under a highly deceitful semblance of indifference and stupidity. Despite their long slavery, despite the means which have been employed to rob the Indians of every historical recollection, they have by no means forgotten their former greatness. They know right well that they were once sole lords of the land, and that those Creoles who are so fond of calling themselves Americans, are but the sons and heirs of their oppressors. I have myself frequently heard Indians, when their ordinary reserve has been overcome by spirituous liquors, declare that they were the true masters of the country, and all others mere foreign intruders; and that if the Creoles could expel the Spaniards, they had themselves a far better right to expel the Creoles. May the latter be taught by their own acuteness to grant the Indians, while it is yet time, the practical exercise of those equal civic rights theoretically conceded to them, for a revolt of the copper-colored natives would be a fearful spectacle! Once broken out on one point it would quickly spread over the whole country, and undoubtedly end in the utter extermination of the whites."

Connected with this subject, and as a specimen of the kind of information Mühlentfordt has amassed in the topographical portion of his work, much of which is scarcely elsewhere to be found, we will quote an interesting passage from his account of Tlascala, the territory which was the seat of the old Indian republic, whose inhabitants became so famous in the history of the conquest.

"Tlascala was one of the first Mexican states which joined the foreign invaders for the overthrow of Tenochtitlan, and it is well-known what important service the Tlascaltecs, ever the faithful allies of Cortes, rendered to him in

his undertaking. After the conquest, these powerful confederates were the objects of especial vigilance on the part of their conquerors, and the Machiavelian maxim of 'divide et impera' was applied towards them in a certain sense. Strong and numerous divisions of Tlascaltecs were transplanted to San Luis Potosí, and other quarters of the north country, to settle there, and by persuasion and example to civilize and reduce under Spanish dominion the still unsubdued savage inhabitants. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were compelled from political motives to show some friendliness and gratitude to the Tlascaltecs, zealous for freedom, and inclined to civil divisions. Hence their state was allowed to subsist in its entirety, preserving its republican constitution, but under Spanish superiority, and subject to the payment of a yearly tribute, in the first instance small. The country was governed by its own cacique, an Indian, with four *alcaldes* as assistants, the representatives of the former chiefs of the four quarters of the town, which are still named as they were before the conquest.* The cacique was immediately subordinate to the *audiencia* and vice-king of Mexico, and had the rank and privilege of a royal lieutenant (*Alferez Real*). According to a royal decree of April 16, 1585, no white man could be admitted into the municipality of Tlascala. By the revolution the former privileges of this province lost their importance, having partly become the general rights of all portions of the republic, and partly ceased to be compatible with these; but the Tlascaltecs held themselves entitled to claim compensation for their loss, and demanded as such their political independence. The population being too small to form a separate state, the province was obliged to be content with being placed as a so-called territory, preserving the most important of its ancient institutions, under the immediate superiority of the general congress."

Tlascala, whose Indians are said to be distinguished by their lofty and regular figures, animation, and energy, has not been visited, so far as we recollect, by any modern traveller, though enough might probably be found to repay the researches of an enthusiastic antiquarian. We cannot help pointing out, as among the *desiderata* of historical literature, a good history of the settlement of Mexico, subsequent to the conquest, and of the administration of the viceroys up to the revolution. Upon the former subject we had expected some light from the recent work of Mr. Prescott; but he seems to suppose that the conquest ended with the reduction of the capital, where he has, most unwarrantably we think, and

* Its population is stated to have then been 100,000; it has now sunk to 4000.

to the injury of his own reputation as a historian, stopped short. Madame Calderon mentions that Señor Cuevas, keeper of the archives of Mexico, had composed a long and elaborate history of the viceroys, which was stolen or destroyed in one of the late revolutions. Very much also remains to be done for the exploration of the Mexican territory, and in particular that portion of it lying between California and New Mexico, which is only nominally subject to her authority and remains in undisturbed possession of the Indians. Large tracts of this immense region have, perhaps, never been traversed by a man of European race, and the uncertain rumors which wandering missionaries and hunters have furnished as to the portions they have visited, whet our curiosity as to its internal condition. It is the only portion of the earth which the darkness still hanging over it, and the traditional greatness of its indigenous race of inhabitants, combine to invest with an aspect of mystery and romance. Here it is possible the remains of the Aztecs, left behind in their migration to the south, may yet be traced. On the banks of the mighty stream of the Zaguuanas, ruins of ancient cities or palaces, and inhabited towns resembling in structure and arrangement the remains of Aztec architecture in Mexico, are said to have been found by the missionaries. The Indians possessing this country are still unconverted and unsubdued; their religion and customs are unknown, and by an examination of these much light would very probably be thrown upon the mythology and character of the Aztecs. Even in the long settled territory of the republic are Indian villages in various quarters, as Acapantzingo, near Cuernavaca, not 100 miles from the capital, whose inhabitants preserve their own blood, laws, and customs free from foreign admixture, are governed by caciques of their own, and avoid as much as possible intercourse with the Spaniards. Mr. Stephens heard of an Indian city among the mountains of the south, unvisited by white men; similar reports may be heard among the natives of Peru. It would be idle to speculate as to the truth of these rumors; it is sufficient that they may possibly be true—and this, we think, cannot be denied—to induce an eager desire that the obscurity in which so great a part of the American continent is still wrapped may speedily be dispelled. As some earnest of what an industrious search may be expected to produce, let our read-

ers take, on the authority of Mühlenpfordt, the following wild scene of Indian necrology:—

“In the state of Durango, especially in the yet entirely unknown tract called the Bolson de Mapimi, many considerable relics of antiquity, important for the old history of the country, are probably hidden. It was here that in the summer of 1838, an extremely remarkable old Indian place of sepulture was discovered. Among the few establishments which enterprising settlers have founded in that territory, overrun by savage Indians, one of the most important is the estate of San Juan de Casta on its western border, eighty-six leagues north of the town of Durango. Don Juan Flores, the proprietor of this estate, was taking a ramble one day with several companions in the Bolson, far towards the east, when he remarked an entrance into a cave on the side of a mountain. He went in and saw, as he supposed, a great number of wild Indians sitting round in silence on the ground of the cave.—Flores rushed in affright from the cave to communicate his discovery to his companions. These took the whole for imagination, nowhere observing any footpath or trace to show that any one had visited the spot. They entered the cave with lighted pine-splints. The sight that met their eyes was more than a thousand corpses in an entire state, the hands folded under the knees, sitting on the ground. They were clad in a kind of mantle excellently woven, and wrought of the fibres of a bastard aloe, indigenous in these regions, named lechuguilla, with bands and scarfs of different variegated stuffs. Their ornaments were strings of small fruit-stones, with balls formed of bone, ear-rings, and thin cylindrical bones polished and gilt. Their sandals were woven of a kind of liana.”

Mexico emerged from the struggles of the revolution, with little or no change in the institutions that have the most important influence in regulating national life, and forming national character. A federal commonwealth, she retained much of her old monarchical organization, and under the guise of republican simplicity hides the trappings of regal and oligarchical pomp. Her church is richly endowed, though not, perhaps, beyond the religious wants of the population; but the monstrous inequality with which its revenues are distributed has no parallel in any other ecclesiastical establishment in the world, not even in that of England. Her army is out of all proportion to the public necessities, and the proprietary aristocracy is of the most powerful and opulent in the world. The causes of this state of things are obvious. The Mexican revolution was lighted up and carried

on under priestly influence and sanction, and brought to a conclusion by the army; nor has there yet sprung up any enlightened public opinion sufficient to counterbalance the power thus thrown into the hands of these bodies. Both the army and the church, however, are now recruited from the democracy, whilst under the old system they were aristocratic preserves. The great incubus on the national resources, and the origin of those financial embarrassments into which Mexico is plunged, is the enormous expense of the military force. In 1840, it consisted of 35,000 men, and absorbed 8,000,000 of dollars out of a revenue not amounting to 13,000,000; whilst under Santa Anna's administration, the outlay on account of this branch of the public service was considerably increased. To reduce the army, to curtail the superfluous riches of the church, to adopt the wholesome and necessary measure of subdividing landed property which would call forth the energies and elevate the moral character of her population, would have been a legislative scheme befitting a wise and patriotic statesman, if Mexico had ever really possessed one; and would speedily raise her from her present stationary and inert condition, into one of healthful activity and progress. Of the effects of the latter measure, when tried upon a small scale, Mühlenpfordt gives a remarkable instance, which convincingly demonstrates the potency of the remedy. In the department of Orizaba, the increase of population has led to the division of extensive estates formerly belonging to the municipalities among a number of small proprietors, though we are not informed by what process or upon what conditions, except that the partition was made in a strictly legal form, and that each participant became the possessor in fee simple.

"New divisions," he continues, "at the convenience, and by the free consent of those interested, followed the first; small properties were enlarged and larger diminished; the spirit of private speculation fastened on estates withdrawn from the mortmain tenure of the corporations; a new class of landed proprietors arose, new establishments and enterprises of every kind were undertaken, and the beneficial results appeared after the lapse of a few years. The condition of the lower orders of people was speedily improved; the necessaries of life became cheaper; the dwellings were enlarged and beautified, new water-works constructed, mulberry and olive plantations formed. Those of sugar and tobacco have considerably increased, while the maize-crops exceed the wants of the locality."

With such privileged classes holding in their hands the wealth of the country, no middle class which could counterbalance their weight, and a population ignorant to the last degree, impulsive, and totally unaccustomed to self-government, it is not surprising that the public liberties should have been surrendered to be the sport of unscrupulous adventurers, whose selfish and unprincipled ambition availed itself of the support of the anti-popular elements we have pointed out. The weight of the sword in Mexico was demonstrated, fatally for its peace and prosperity, by the closing scenes of the revolution, and afterwards by the events of November and December, 1828; when Pedraza, head of the aristocratic party or *Escoceces*, having been constitutionally elected president, the *Yorkinos*,* or pseudo-democrats, took up arms to annul his election, and the installation of their candidate, General Guerrero, was celebrated amidst the orgies of a pronunciamento, in which the city of Mexico, abandoned for the better part of a day to the tender mercies of its mob of leperos, was given over to the horrors of sack and pillage. The events of this year, too plainly revealing the anarchical passions by which the country was torn, encouraged the Spanish government to make an attempt for the recovery of its forfeited ascendancy: and an invading army under General Barradas disembarked from the Havanna, July 27th, 1829, on the coast near Tampico. Guerrero, who was a *Zambo*, or man of mixed Indian and African blood, and popular from that circumstance with the colored races, showed but little of his old revolutionary energy; and though armed by congress with extraordinary power for the assembly of troops and the deportation of the old Spaniards, remained inactive in the face of the enemy. The danger was averted by the activity of Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, who collected a force of several thousand men, routed the enemy, and obliged them to capitulate before the government troops had rendezvoused at Xalapa. The legislatures of the states of Yucatan and Tabasco, provoked by the imbecility of the administration, declared in fa-

* The names of these factions were derived from two politico-masonic clubs, or lodges, one of which was supposed, on what account does not appear, to be of Scottish origin; the other was affiliated to an association in New York, and influenced by Mr. Poinsett, formerly American minister in Mexico.

vor of a central constitutional government, and requested Santa Anna to place himself at the head of the movement. The proposal, however, failed of obtaining any general support, and the commanders of the government troops, assembled at Xalapa, who were in the Escocce interest, entered into an agreement pledging themselves to restore the constitution and laws of the republic to their original purity. The result was the annulment of the illegal election of Guerrero, and the committal of the executive powers to the Vice-President Bustamante; but the interests of Pedraza, who was clearly entitled to the presidency, in this view of affairs, were for the time forgotten. All the states, with the exception of Yucatan, which adhered to its former sentiments, and continued at variance with the general government, intimated their acceptance of the Plan of Xalapa, as this convention was termed. In the course of the year 1830, several risings of the military occurred and were suppressed; at the head of one of these was the deposed President Guerrero, who was betrayed into the hands of the government, tried by court-martial at Oajaca, and shot. The new administration had not a more easy tenure than its predecessors. In January, 1832, the garrison of Vera Cruz, influenced by the intrigues of Santa Anna, pronounced against the government on pretence that they had unduly favored the old Spaniards, expelled by a decree of Congress under Guerrero's presidency, and intrigued against the independence of Mexico; they demanded, likewise, the recall of General Pedraza, who had retired to the United States, and his reinstatement in the chief magistracy until the expiration of his term of office. Santa Anna put himself at their head, and declared that he would not lay down his arms until a new congress should meet, and investigate the conduct of the government since its accession to power by the plan of Xalapa. A bloody civil war ensued, which was terminated at the beginning of 1833 by the reconciliation of Bustamante and Santa Anna, and their agreement to recall Pedraza, who accordingly returned from exile, and filled the presidency during the brief remainder of his term. Santa Anna was elected to succeed him, but scarcely had he entered office when a centralist insurrection broke out, the pretence of which was an act passed by congress for the regulation of the right of ecclesiastical patronage. This was suppressed for the moment, and the

executive power was committed to the hands of Gomez Farias, a man of strong and sincere democratic opinions, during a temporary retirement of Santa Anna to his estate of Mango de Clava near Xalapa, the motive assigned for which was a wish to arrange his private affairs. This was a step to which he resorted at critical moments in the fluctuation of politics in order to gain time to watch events, and re-appear on the stage to throw his weight into the scale, which seemed likely to preponderate. Congress now proceeded to discuss a measure for the appropriation of part of the monastic estates to the payment of the national debt. This was the signal for a new centralist outbreak, instigated by the priesthood under General Bravo.

Santa Anna had hitherto been regarded as the leader of the federalists, with whom he generally acted, though his conduct in the latter part of 1829 had sufficiently shown that he was only to be counted upon so long as he could make them subserve the purposes of his ambition. Now that the tide seemed setting in the opposite direction, he suddenly abandoned that party, and declared his adhesion to the centralists, dissolving the congress by an unconstitutional assumption of power. A new congress met in July, 1835, and passed an act for the establishment of the central form of government, with a president eligible for eight years, and re-eligible for life; a senate consisting of six generals and six bishops, named by the president; abolition of the state legislatures, and their conversion into military prefectures. The result was the separation of Texas, Yucatan still refusing to acknowledge the authority of the general government, and a general insurrection of the northern provinces, not quieted without much bloodshed in Zacatecas and Durango. Santa Anna lost his army and his liberty at the battle of San Jacinto, April 22, 1836, and when released by the humanity of the Texian president, Houston, found that he had irretrievably forfeited his popularity with his countrymen. He had been suspended from the exercise of his functions during his captivity, by a decree of congress, and did not recover them on his liberation; the friends of Bustamante having availed themselves of the opportune disgrace of his rival, to elect him to the presidency. Under the new administration occurred the federalist pronunciamento of 1840, in Mexico, under General Urrea and Gomez Farias, of which we have so graphic a descrip-

tion in the letters of Madame Calderon. In 1841 occurred that of Guadalajara under Paredes, which, after some bloodless military promenades, terminated in the abdication of Bustamente, Santa Anna being invested with dictatorial power for the remodelling of the constitution. It was evident, however, that to this arrangement the people were no parties; it had been brought about by private contract between the rival chiefs, while the public had remained idle spectators of the issue. The acute and intelligent observer to whom we have just referred, witnessed the entry of Santa Anna into the capitol after the conclusion of the plan of Tacubaya, and saw his public appearance at the theatre, and on other occasions. Not a single viva greeted his triumph; indifference or aversion were the only feelings common to the mass of the public. A convention elected by the municipal bodies was returned, to agree on a new constitutional scheme; but as it did not show the due measure of subserviency, it was dissolved, and a junto of notables, composed of his own creatures, was convened in December, 1842. The result was the promulgation of the scheme known as the 'Basis of political organization of the Mexican republic,' a compromise between the federalist and centralist, or unitarian principle, more equitable than might have been expected under the circumstances, and which seemed to give promise of a moderate and constitutional administration. The events of the last winter, which attended the overthrow of his power, and the return of the moderate party to office, are still fresh in the recollection of our readers, and it would be very unprofitable to enter on a minute discussion of them. Revolution was again begun by Paredes, the Commandant of Guadalajara, who is well known to have been discontented with the results of the pronunciamiento of 1841, from which he derived no accession of power or consequence, though it was supposed at the time that most men would have rather seen him president than either Bustamente or Santa Anna. He is a man of liberal views, in favor of religious toleration, and granting permission to foreigners to hold property,—a favorite scheme with the northern departments, who are conscious that their interests have been sacrificed to those of the south, and their immense resources left undeveloped by the exclusive and anti-social policy followed by the centralists, who have ever cherished a truly Spanish hatred of

foreigners. If we are to believe the charges advanced in the November manifesto of Paredes, and subsequently enforced against him, Santa Anna is to be ranked among the most corrupt and tyrannical rulers of ancient and modern times; embezzlement and peculation of the public funds have been carried on under his auspices to an enormous extent. For the other charges of jobbing military patronage, financial embarrassment, and disorder in the public offices, Santa Anna is no more responsible than any of his predecessors of the government. But his obstinate persistence in the Texian war, the extorted contribution of four millions levied for its support, and enforced with the utmost rigor of exaction, the waste of the public resources in the discreditable hostilities with Yucatan, and the odium justly incurred by Santa Anna, as the main violator of the public peace, and disturber of the country, during the last twelve years, are causes sufficient to account for the outburst of public indignation which has hurled him from power. As to infractions of the constitution, it would be hard to point out any public man in Mexico, who is not chargeable with them. We do not regard Santa Anna as much more guilty than his rivals, but we do not lament his fall, and we rejoice that he has been replaced by a government formed of men of principle and integrity; who, though some of them are untried or of limited experience are not personally obnoxious to any great body of their countrymen by the parts they have hitherto played in the political arena. It remains to be seen whether they will exhibit greater administrative vigor and capacity than their fallen opponent.

Santa Anna has twice held the destinies of Mexico in his hands, in 1835 and 1841, and on each occasion shown himself unequal to the trial. Never had ruler a nobler field for the gratification of an exalted philanthropy, or the exercise of legislative skill, in healing the wounds of civil war, and giving peace and prosperity to his country under the protecting ægis of a strong government. Among such a population, accustomed to command, supine and ignorant, heedless of the restraints of moral discipline and self-control, it admits of doubt, whether the central form of republicanism would not be best adapted to their wants and character, as well as to their comprehension. The federal system of the United States requires for its operation, defective as that has been proved to be, an energetic, intel-

ligent, and informed community; but in Mexico, a government justly administered, in the hands of a chief at once competent and well intentioned, would have been blessed in the insurement of present repose, and the preparation of a happier future. But never was there a more signal exhibition of incapacity for any of the nobler purposes of statesmanship than has been witnessed in Santa Anna. Boasting himself the Napoleon of the New World,* he was foiled shamefully at San Jacinto by a force not amounting to one-fourth of his own, and was reduced to beg abjectly for life from men whose dearest relatives he had butchered, and whom he had threatened with a like fate if they fell into his power. His administration satisfied not one of the national requirements, and only aggravated the embarrassments into which Mexico has been thrown by a long course of civil dissension and misrule. His fall has been complete and irretrievable,—*Ζενς γὰρ μέγας γλωσσῶς κορπονς ὑπερῆχθαιρε*.

It is to be hoped that the government which has succeeded him will see the necessity of staying, by firm and vigorous measures of reform, the progress of internal disorganization, and the advancing wave of foreign aggression, which threatens to overwhelm them. Mexico has hitherto seemed unable either to govern or defend itself, and if it escape domestic tyranny, is in peril of foreign dismemberment. Texas and Yucatan have for ever separated from the confederacy, and the northern provinces have more than once within the last ten years attempted to follow their example. Armijo set up, as Kendal informs us, a separate tyranny in New Mexico, scarce yet suppressed. The incursions of the Indians in the states of Chihuahua, Durango, and Coahuila, are becoming every year more formidable; the inhabitants are left without protection against their attacks, and the latter State has in consequence recently given notice of refusal to pay its quota of taxation to the general government. The latest accounts further inform us, that the Yankee squatters and sympathizers of California have driven out the Mexican governor and his guard, and intend to deal with that magnificent province, remote from and almost unknown to the Mexican govern-

* When taken prisoner by the Texians, and introduced to their president, Houston, his vain-glorious exclamation was: 'You may esteem yourself fortunate, in having conquered the Napoleon of the New World.'

ment, as they did with Texas. Disaffection to the general government pervades all the northern and western States, and there seems an increased probability of their separation, especially if the federal system be again adopted by the congress. But if the present cabinet of Mexico be composed of men, who will boldly look the difficulties of the country in the face, and set themselves to apply effectual remedies, abandoning the chimerical hope of recovering Texas, devoting themselves to the task of restoring order, purifying their vicious administration of justice, and elevating the moral condition of the people, there is yet a chance that the dismemberment of Mexico may be averted, and that the American vulture, which waits to swoop upon its lifeless carcase, may be disappointed of its prey.

In this good work, we trust they will have the aid of the British government. It remains to be seen whether we will acquiesce in the occupation of California by the Americans, as we have in that of Texas. The views of the United States have long been directed to that beautiful and fertile territory, with its immense line of sea-coast, and noble harbors unrivalled on the whole western coast of the continent. An active minister who had a forecast of the future, might secure it as an appendage to Oregon, our unquestionable right to which is too clear to be surrendered. The Mexicans would not be sorry to part with it to us upon fair terms. But this is a degree of energy that may be vainly expected from the nerveless hands to which the direction of our foreign relations is at present confided.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ROMANS.

Two broad lines of distinction separate the Greek from the Latin life; the household interiors of Athens and Rome,—Pericles and Augustus. The Athenian would find his aptest representative in the modern Parisian; the forum, the temple, the porticoes, the gymnasia, the schools of philosophy, would be reflected in the boulevards, the churches, and the Louvre. The same electricity of temperament pervaded both; alike sensible to the faintest shock of fashion; alike brave, restless, sympathetic, tasteful, and inconstant. Indoor life was loved by neither. The true domestic inte-

rior is to be sought and found at Rome. In the highest orders of society the charms of home were pre-eminently conspicuous. Within that small circle, the most important economy of life was transacted. There the nobleman discharged the harmonious duties of courtesy and legislation; there the weak found a defender, and the litigious a reconciler of their differences. Nor were the milder graces of literature wanting to embellish the sterner offices of the judge and the avenger. In the Augustan age especially the torch of Athenian fancy and art might be seen rekindled in many a Roman hall, and shedding the illumination of Sophocles, Plato, or Zeuxis, over the unostentatious endearments of the father, the mother, and the child. These pictures of domestic life in ancient Rome are not to be looked upon as colored by the imagination. The literature, and particularly the poetry, of a people and an age, are justly regarded as the reflection of its temper. If we read the two most popular poets of those times, Virgil and Horace, we discover numerous sketches of this home-life, full of simple beauty and truth. The orator and the historian confirm the poet; and the sumptuous eloquence of Cicero and the coarser narrative of Suetonius may be examined for illustrative testimony. Pliny is a powerful and elegant witness. The satirists, as might be expected, give for the most part only distorted reflections of the features of private life; yet even from Juvenal and Martial much may be learned of the gentleness and affection, as well as of the vice and abandonment, of their times.

It must be confessed that, viewed only in their out-of-door existence, the Athenian populace far excelled their Roman rivals in the refinement of their occupations and amusements. The poor Athenian—sitting for twelve hours at a theatrical exhibition, cracking his nuts, or eating his cakes—contrasts very favorably with the Roman rushing from some rude imitation of Greek farce, to the dearer atrocities of the gladiatorial show. Mr. Churton compares the Roman manners, under Augustus, with those of our own Elizabethan age; while Athens, enchained and fascinated by Pericles, reminds him of England in the days of Charles II. Nor can we fail to remark in both the presence and influence of the same spirit of gay and careless dissipation, of volatile and fiery enthusiasm, inflaming by its contact every element of thought that came within reach of its heat. Aristophanes and

Farquhar ruled the popular mind. The national corruption was concealed beneath the drapery of national merriment and polish. Whatsoever was grave and sober, whatsoever was lovely and of good report, was neglected and scorned. The dignified chastity of a pure and retiring spirit was fanatical and republican in England, Spartanlike and aristocratic in Athens. If, then, fiction be justly divided into three great classes—1, the fiction of incident, 2, of character, and 3, of description—we may well express our astonishment at the general preference of the rude to the polished ages of history; of Arcadia and rusticity, to Athens and refinement. We look upon the reign of Augustus as peculiarly rich in golden opportunities for the novelist; whether in incident, character, or description; with just enough of war and excitement to relieve the colder elegance of literature, and just enough of coarseness to furnish a back-ground for the splendid costume and attitude of the courtier. Several attempts have been made to reanimate this celebrated pageant of history, but without any striking success. Dèzobry's *Rome du Siècle d'Auguste*, we have not seen, but it is said to be agreeable, without being deep.

A path of learning so fruitful, yet so neglected, was certain to attract the watchful eye of such a scholar as Becker. From his predecessors he had not much to fear; he mentions with just commendation the *Sabina* of Böttiger, and Professor Båor's treatise on the meals and funerals of the Romans. The materials for domestic interior were, in a great measure, collected; Becker determined to put them together. He did this in the happiest manner. Feeling that it is only from the higher grades of society that we can compose a portraiture of Roman manners, he selected for his subject the history of Cornelius Gallus; a man eminent at the court of Augustus for his talents, his fortune, and his friends; *

"In dividing the work into twelve scenes, the author disclaims all intention of writing a romance. This would no doubt have been a far easier task than the tedious combination of a multitude of isolated facts into a single picture, an operation allowing but very little scope

* Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Times of Augustus, with Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the manners and customs of the Romans. Translated from the German of Professor Becker, by Frederick Metcalfe, B.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. London, 1845. Parker.

to the imagination. It was, in fact, not unlike putting together a picture in mosaic, for which purpose are supplied a certain number of pieces of divers colors. What the author has interpolated to connect the whole together, is no more than the colorless bits, indispensable to form the groundwork of the picture, and bring it clearly before the eye."

Thus the story of Gallus possesses even a more peculiar and lasting interest than that we ascribed to Charicles; and delights us, in the words of Becker's translator, with a flesh-and-blood picture of the Roman as he lived and moved, thought and acted.

The history of Gallus opens with a night-scene in Rome. Wordsworth might have said of it, with more truth than of London, that the very houses seemed asleep, *and all that mighty heart was lying still*. The footstep of some triumvir going his rounds, or the gayer tread of a gentleman anxious to find his lodgings, were the only sounds. The last ray of moonlight was fading from the Capitol, while the soft odors from the palace-roofs came deliciously in the air. There was, however, one house that did not look asleep, and that was the dwelling of Gallus. The interiors of ancient Italy corresponded in some particulars with the modern. The sole occupation of a large house depended, of course, upon the income of the individual. The Parisian system seems to have been very general; the poet Martial had a poor lodging in the third story; and Sulla, before he became famous, only paid 24*l.* for his rooms. Some of these floors obtained a very high price; the largest rent for lodgings is probably that mentioned by Cicero, *i. e.* 30,000 sesterces, or 240*l.* The complete anatomy of a Roman house is considered to be one of the most admirable achievements of scholarship. Among the illustrations collected by Becker, we have been struck by one beautiful custom. It has been ascertained from remains in Pompeii, that a Roman visitor was saluted on his entrance by a *salve*, drawn in mosaic upon the lower threshold, and generally uttered at the same time by a bird suspended over the door, and carefully educated for the purpose. This was a great improvement upon the ancient custom of chaining the porter to his place in the hall, that he might be constantly ready. The arrangements of the house increased, of course, in splendor, as civilization and refinement introduced luxury and voluptuousness. The bed furnishes an example. Of this necessary article in furniture something was said

in a former paper. But the Romans surpassed the Athenians in their extravagance. The coverlid was the object of peculiar ambition. Martial represents a vain man feigning sickness, that he might introduce visitors to admire the costly fitting up of his chamber. Originally, the bolster was filled with wool. The hardy head of the early Roman soldier required no allurement to repose. The mattress was stuffed with straw or sedge. This harsh material presently gave way to feathers, which, in their turn, yielded to still softer refinements in ease. Particular geese were chosen for their white feathers: and Becker notices that prefects were accustomed to send out whole cohorts of soldiers to hunt them. These feathers brought five denarii, or two shillings and twopence a pound. The Roman bedroom had charms even greater than the down-pillows; the light was carefully excluded by curtains and shutters. Pliny mentions a bedroom in his own beautiful villa of Laurentinum which neither the voice of servants, nor the murmur of the sea, nor the roar of the tempest, nor light, nor the day itself could reach, except you opened the windows. He had also a sitting-room, that he calls his garden-apartment, into which even the revelry of the Saturnalia found no admittance. Let us add to the advantages of Roman houses the exquisite choice of situation, and taste in selecting the finest prospects, for which their country residences were always remarkable. They usually contrived to have one room at least, that enjoyed the winter sun, from its rising till the afternoon.

The morning scene in the house of a Roman of rank and fortune is a very lively spectacle. The slave domestics are busy in their various callings. The commonest implement of the housemaid has something poetical in it; the besom was made of branches of the wild myrtle or tamarisk, and sponge, fastened to long or short handles, according to their employment. The dusters were frequently of the same coarse purple cloth of which, covers for the tables were made. The table was the supreme object of Roman connoisseurship; cedar-wood and ivory were the favorite materials,—the wood being cut in plates of four feet in breadth, by half a foot in thickness, supported by a single column of ivory. "Here the wood was like the beautiful dappled coat of a panther, there the spots, being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock, a third resembled the luxuriant and

tangled leaves of the apium." For one of these tables, Cicero paid the almost incredible sum of 8000*l*. The drinking cups seem to have occupied the next place. Glass from Alexandria was in high request; Becker thinks that the skill of the artificers of that city in working objects in glass is not to be in any degree matched by the English or Bohemian glass-polishers. "They had the secret of making glass of differently colored layers joined together, which they then cut into cameos like the onyx. The renowned Barbarini or Portland vase, which was long considered a genuine sardonyx, is of this description."

We catch our next glimpse of Gallus in his library, of which Becker gives a very interesting and learned description. The room was carefully secluded from the noises of the street, and from some of the attractions that wasted so much of the Roman day, and induced Pliny, amid the shades of Laurentinum, to reflect "*how much of my life has been lost in trifles!*"

"A lofty window, through which shone the light of the early morning sun, pleasantly illuminated the apartment from above, the walls of which were adorned with elegant arabesques in light colors; and between them, on darker grounds, the luxurious forms of attractive dancing girls were sweeping spirit-like along. A neat couch, faced with tortoise-shell, and hung with Babylonian tapestry of various colors, by the side of which was the *scrinium*, containing the poet's elegies, which were as yet unknown to the majority of the public, and a small table of cedar-wood, on goats' feet of bronze, comprised the whole of the *supeller*. Immediately adjoining this apartment was the library, full of the most precious treasures acquired by Gallus, chiefly in Alexandria. There, in presses of cedar-wood, placed round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment, and partly of the finest Egyptian *papyrus*, each supplied with a label, on which was seen, in bright red letters, the name of the author and title of the book. Above these again were ranged the busts, in bronze or marble, of the most renowned writers,—an entirely novel ornament for libraries, first introduced into Rome by Asinius Pollio, who perhaps had only borrowed it from the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. True, only the chief representatives of each separate branch of literature were to be found in the narrow space available for them; but to compensate for this, there were several rolls which contained the portraits of seven hundred remarkable men. These were the hebdomades or pepigraphy of Varro, who by means of a new and much valued invention was enabled in an easy manner to multiply the collection of his portraits, and so to spread copies of them with short biographi-

cal notices of the men, through the whole learned world."

A curious library has been discovered in Herculaneum. Cupboards, containing the rolls, are ranged round the room. It is said to be so small that "a man could, by extending his arms, touch the walls on either side."

In one of his condensed and valuable appendices, Becker increases our knowledge of the Roman books and libraries. The ink was thicker than ours, resembling that of the Chinese. Instead of pens, reeds similarly shaped were employed. Of these the best sort was imported from Egypt. The back of a book was dyed yellow. When a book was completely written,—

"A stick or reed was fastened to its last leaf or strip, and around this it was coiled. Those reeds, which are still visible in the Herculanean rolls, did not project on either side beyond the roll, but had their extremities in the same plane as the base of the cylinder. They are supposed to be what the ancients called *umbilicus*."

The roll, its ends having been smoothed with pumice-stone and dyed black, was enveloped in parchment of a purple or yellow color. The title of the work was written in red letters on a narrow slip of parchment, and attached to the roll. The portrait of the author generally filled the opening page. This is a very curious subject of investigation, of which we should be delighted to possess a wider knowledge.

Becker examines with his wonted patience and sagacity, Varro's discovery of the art of multiplying portraits, which is mentioned with great praise by Pliny, and is evidently referred to in one of the familiar letters of Cicero. The opinions of learned men, as might be expected, are many and discordant. Becker analyzes and rejects them. Brotier, Falconet, and Visconti, imagine the art to have consisted of parchment or canvass-drawings. The speculative De Pauw thought that it was copper-plate engraving. This hypothesis is partially countenanced by Müller and Quatremere de Quincy, who, however, seems disposed to substitute ivory for copper. Whatever may have been the medium of representation, the power of transferring and multiplying likenesses is unquestionably claimed for the invention. The words of Pliny are decisive. He speaks of the transmission of portraits to every region of the world, so

that an universal presence of the celebrated or the loved might be secured. Becker suggests that the portraits may have been done Silhouette-fashion, or painted by means of shabloons, or something similar. It is singular that the discoveries in Pompeii should have thrown no light on the mystery.

The nature of the Roman book trade is imperfectly known. The demand created the supply, and the publisher rose as the reader appeared. It had grown into a distinct branch of commerce in the time of Augustus, before whose reign literature could not be said to have attained to any magnitude or importance. The Roman bookseller was necessarily his own printer, in a day when press and types were alike unknown; that is, he multiplied books by *transcription*, and, when the demand was considerable, obtained the aid of clever assistants in the same craft. We can fancy that Horace's booksellers, the brothers Sosii, must have frequently felt the pressure of a rapid run. In such a case a very correct edition was not to be hoped for; and Mr. Barclay would feel justly indignant if OLIVER YORKE were to open his October number with the same apology which Martial offered for his rhymes, mutilated by the impetuosity of the transcriber. A purchaser, therefore, was often obliged to submit the copy of a book to the author, and to depend for accuracy upon his emendations. Of course this favor could only be asked from friends; and if Mr. Moore had lived with Virgil, one would scarcely have known where to look for a correct version of the "Light of other Days," except in the library of a Lansdowne, a Rogers, or a Blessington. The Roman booksellers had their *Row*, but they must have found great difficulty in making their commodities public. No enterprising Colburn of the Argiletum could stimulate a country reader with a paragraph in the *Times*, or a more insidious puff in the *Post*. To remedy this deficiency in the best manner, they hung the titles of the books to the shop-door, just as we see the list of novels on a sheet of foolscap at the door of circulating libraries; or to the pillars in front of a portico, when the shop happened to be under one. And this will explain a line in Horace, which we suspect has been very dark to many who quoted it, where he says to mediocre poets,—

"Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ."

Horace, from an expression in his first satire, appears to have disliked this mode of publication.

The prices of books were small, considering how smartly they were often gilt and lettered. One hundred and nineteen epigrams of Martial cost only five *denarii*, or about two shillings and twopence, for which it would be difficult to procure a damaged *Fudge Family*. The question of copyright is involved in much obscurity. There can be no doubt that the position of the Roman author under Augustus resembled that of an English writer in the time of the second Charles or Anne. His chief prospect of pecuniary profit would be either from the private munificence of individuals, as in the noble gift of the Duchess of Ormond to Dryden; or from the patronage of the government, as in the elevation of Addison and the preferment of Parnell. The relation of Mæcenas to Virgil has become a proverb in literary history. How far the purchase, by the ædiles, of the comedies of Terence and Plautus may look like a national support of literature from the public purse, we shall not now stop to inquire. The Roman patronage of letters sometimes assumed a peculiar form, which it is not easy to illustrate by any thing in modern habits of authorship. Thus Pliny, as we learn from his own epistle, was offered the large sum of 3200*l.* for a single work. But Becker shows from Martial that commercial arrangements certainly took place between the bookseller and author. Thus the epigrammatist very properly tells a friend who wishes to borrow his poems, that the bookseller Tryphon has plenty of copies to dispose of. A more decisive evidence is furnished by another passage of the same writer (xi. 108), where he intimates, the necessity of finishing his book, in order to obtain an advance. Perhaps Tryphon's boy was at the very moment waiting for *copy*, with a small bag of sesterces to be given in return:—

"Quamvis tam longo poteras satur esse libello,
Lector, adhuc a me disticha pauca petis.
Sed Lepus usuram, puerique diaria poscunt.
Lector, solve, taces, dissimulasque? Vale."

This arrangement with a bookseller would not, however, protect the author in the provinces, much less in foreign countries. The international copyright, at any rate, was wanting. It is not surprising to find Martial complaining that his popularity in Britain, Spain, and Gaul, brought him no advantage. It would be curious to know how many books of the Augustan

age died in their birth, and how many authors ruined their publishers. Certainly there seems to be nothing new under the sun. Byron recognized one entire book of an epic poem nicely lining a trunk he opened at Malta; and we learn from Martial, that the cooks were the chief buyers of learned poems in his time, while numerous copies found their only circulation round small pieces of salt-fish sold to children.

The fourth scene in Becker's narrative exhibits his hero upon a journey to his country villa. The carriage he selected was called a *lectica*, answering in many respects to the palanquin of India, from which country it had probably been introduced into Italy; it had a head and curtains, and was borne by six or eight slaves, according to its size. Opulent persons clothed their bearers in a regular livery, generally red. For those who were too poor to keep a *lectica* for their single use, there were *stands*, where a fatigued pedestrian might hire one, as we call a Hanson's safety-cab. Indeed, *hack-carriages* of various descriptions were to be obtained, not only in Rome, but in the principal country towns. The *rheda* was probably the travelling-carriage. It has been questioned whether any carriage was allowed to pass through the streets in the time of Augustus. Accordingly Gallus is properly represented to have quitted his palanquin for the travelling-carriage, when, after clearing all the obstructions of the tumultuous city, he had reached the gate that led to Capua. Here he ascended the *rheda*; "the body was ornamented with beautifully wrought foliage in bronze, and Medusa's heads, of the same metal, peeped from the centres of the wheels. The head of leather served as a protection against the hot rays of the mid-day sun, whilst the purple hangings being fastened back, admitted an agreeable current of cool air." Gallus rested at an inn, where it was possible to obtain a decent repast. Something has been previously said of the Athenian tavern. The accommodation was certainly known to the Romans, though in a very elementary form. Refined travellers carried the necessary articles of plate with them. Our chief authority on the subject is the famous journey of Horace to Brundisium. It is necessary to distinguish between the *popinæ*, shops for the sale of beer to be drunk on the premises, and the more respectable *caupona*. In one of these houses the poet and Mæcenas passed a night.

"Such inns were not only to be found in towns, but also standing isolated along the roads, as on the Via Appia, not far from the Pontine Marshes," where St. Luke speaks of the Three Taverns, whither the brethren from Rome came to meet them. "Other houses were naturally built about them, and thus arose a hamlet which obtained the name of the inn. Such taverns were probably attached to the various villas along the road for the profit of the owners, as they thus disposed of the wine produced on their estates."

The villa of Gallus lay in one of the most delicious corners of Campania; woods, water, and the blue Auruncan hills in the distance, composed a charming landscape. The farm, attached to the residence, imparted a picturesque variety to the scene. Pre-eminent above its winged companions, the splendid peacock strutted up and down the yard. The breeding of this bird was the great delight of Roman country gentlemen. Hence a single egg cost more than two shillings. Here, too, were the red-feathered flamingo and the fierce hen from Rhodes; while the eye of the gourmand revelled upon the anticipated delights of the delicious field-fares, as they fluttered in the cages where they were fattened for the table throughout the year. They were never seen except at the dinners of the rich, their price being about sixteen shillings a dozen. The orchards were laden with golden fruit; of pears alone the Romans cultivated thirty sorts. On every side the sounds of happy and contented industry met the eye of the returning landlord. Becker has constructed, chiefly from the description of Pliny, a pleasant country residence for a man of distinction and taste:—

"A broad alley of plane-trees led by a gentle slope up to his house, which was built not so much on a magnificent scale as in conformity with good taste and utility. The front, situated to the south-east, formed a roomy portico, resting on Corinthian pillars, before which extended a terrace planted with flowers, and divided by box-trees into small beds of various forms, while the declivity, sloping gently down, bore figures, skilfully cut out of the box-trees, of animals opposite to each other, as if prepared for attack, and then gradually became lost in the acanthus which covered with its verdure the plain at its foot. Behind the colonnade, after the fashion of the city, was an *atrium*, not splendidly but tastefully adorned, the elegant pavement of which, joined to imitate lozenges, in green, white, and black stone, contrasted pleasantly with the

red marble that covered the walls. From this you entered a small oval *peristyle*, and an excellent resort in unfavorable weather, for the spaces between the pillars were closed up with large panes of the clearest *lapis specularis*, or tale, through which the eye discovered the pleasant verdure of the soft, mossy carpet that covered the open space in the centre, and was rendered ever flourishing by the spray of the fountain. Just behind this was the regular court of the house, of an equally agreeable aspect, in which stood a large marble basin, surrounded by all sorts of shrubs and dwarf trees; on this court abutted a grand eating-hall, built beyond the whole line of the house, through the long windows of which, reaching like doors to the ground, a view was obtained towards the Auruncan hills in front, and on the sides into the graceful gardens; whilst in the rear a passage opened through the *carædium*, *peristyl*, *atrium*, and colonnade, beyond the *xystus*, into the open air. The Cyzicæan saloon was bordered on the right by different chambers, which, from their northerly aspect, presented a pleasant abode in the heat of summer; and more to the east lay the regular sitting and sleeping-rooms. The first were built outwards semicircularly, in order to catch the beams of the morning light and retain those of the mid-day sun. The internal arrangements were simple but comfortable, and in perfect accordance with the green prospect around; for on the marble basement were painted branches reaching inwards as it were from the outside, and upon them colored birds, so skilfully executed that they appeared not to sit but to flutter. On one side only was this artificial garden interrupted by a piece of furniture, containing a small library of the most choice books. The sleeping apartment was separated from it only by a small room, which would in winter be warmed by a *hypocaustum*, and thus communicate the warmth to the adjoining rooms by means of pipes. The rest of this side was used as an abode for the slaves, although most of the rooms were sufficiently neat for the reception of any friends who might come on a visit. On the opposite side, which enjoyed the full warmth of the evening sun, were the bath-rooms and the *sphaeristerium*, adapted not merely for the game of ball, but for nearly every description of corporeal exercises, and spacious enough to hold several different parties of players at the same time. There Gallus, who was a friend to bracing exercises, used to prepare himself for the bath, either by the game of *trigon*, at which he was expert, or by swinging the *halteres*; and for this purpose the room could be warmed in winter by means of pipes, which were conducted from the *hypocaustum* of the bath under the floor and along the walls. Lastly, at both ends of the front colonnade, forming the entrance, rose turret-shaped buildings, in the different stories of which were small chambers, or *triclinia*, affording an extensive view of the smiling plains."

Becker has, of course, drawn his chief information respecting the Roman system of gardening, from the graceful communications of Pliny. It is needless to remind the reader that an English garden, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, offers the loveliest image of one in Italy in the time of Cicero. The Roman taste, however, possessed a harmony of adaptation to the climate, of which ours is entirely destitute. It sought to exclude the glare of sunshine by every ingenuity of verdant tracery and screen; while in our damp and misty place of habitation, the more obvious plan would be, to open every bower to its approach. The great object of the Italian connoisseur consisted in relieving his eye with a luxuriant amplitude of greenness. Accordingly, we find in Pliny's charming villa in Tuscany, that one walk was entirely surrounded with plane-trees; the ivy, twining round the trunk and branches, spread from tree to tree, and so connected them into one cool and leafy wall; trunk and head being alike covered with the same refreshing color. The *pal-lentes hederæ* of Virgil probably corresponded with the silver-striped ivy of our own woods. The warmth and beauty of an Italian atmosphere enabled the tasteful designer to impart a cheerfulness and lustre, almost unattainable in one of the old English gardens. Thus, in the Tuscan villa of Pliny, the gloomy shade of a cypress-grove, in which the avenue of ivy-grown plane-trees appears to have terminated, was relieved by the intermixture of several inward circular walks, lying open to the genial influence of the sun, and deliciously scented with roses. We are obliged to number with the anomalies of national taste the prevailing passion of the Romans for cutting box-trees into different shapes. Not the least curious feature, in this aberration of horticultural reason, is its introduction and popularity during the golden days of Augustan delicacy and taste. Poverty may, after all, be the proper explanation of this eccentricity. The Romans had no Lee to enrich their scrolls with the loveliest varieties of five hundred roses;—no Loddige to dazzle their eyes with the colors of the camelia. They were compelled to supply by art what the horn of tropical beauty had never been opened to bestow. The carving in trees, however, seems to have been exquisitely grotesque. Pliny descended into a sheltered lawn from his terrace-walk, along a

slope embellished by the figures of different animals, in all the leafy vivaciousness of box. A bear with a snake in his jaw seems to have been a favorite illustration. On this tree you read in large letters the name of the proprietor; on that, of the gardener. Becker conjectures that the vacant spaces, being set with flowers, were separated into various formal enclosures, as in the French gardens of our own time. In this way he understands an obscure allusion of Pliny. The borders he supposes to have been raised in terrace-fashion, "in which case, the margin rising in the form of an arch (the *torus* of Pliny) was covered with ever-green or bears' foot." Another resemblance to French taste will be recognized in the abundant supply of water, in the employment of which the Roman landscape-gardener was singularly happy. There seems to have been in large establishments a slave, whose special task was the care of the different water-works, and who might be called the "fountain-over-seer." Some of the inventions were very elegant. In a marble alcove at Pliny's Tuscan residence, which was shaded by vines, the water gushing out from several small pipes—to adopt the words of his own description—as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons reposing upon the seat, fell into a marble basin exquisitely polished, and so constructed that it was always full without ever flowing over. Pliny tells us, that this basin served him for a table; the larger dishes being placed round the margin, and the smaller ones floating about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl.

The rose and violet were the chief ornaments of the Roman garden. They are the flowers which Virgil seems to have preserved with peculiar affection in the exquisite crystal of his verse. But Becker denies that the classical Flora was so meagre as many writers have asserted it to be. He enumerates the bulbous plants, the crocus, the narcissus, several kinds of lilies, gladiolus, irides, and hyacinths. He finds the earliest mention of green-houses in the first century, and lays his finger upon numerous allusions to them in the amusing epigrams of Martial. Flowers were certainly forced in them; and the notice of roses in December is to be explained on this supposition. Not that the winter rose of poets is always to be interpreted by the produce of artificial heat or protection. "The roses of Pæstum bloom-

ed for a second time in the autumn; and when in mild winter, the *rosa pallida* is seen to bloom in Germany in the open air of Christmas, and even in January, why should not the same thing have been possible in a milder climate?" The country in the window—the *rus in fenestra* of Martial—reminds one of the lines of Cowper:—

"What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling? Are they not all
proofs
That man, immur'd in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplementary shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-work
bounds,
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered daily."

The employment of glass to protect and quicken the growth and the maturity of flowers and fruits, seems to be naturally suggested by the cultivation of them in the open air. Cowper has elegantly said,—

"Who loves a garden, loves a green-house too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
The springing myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal, and Western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear."

Martial, in a very pretty couplet, which Becker quotes, alludes to this artificial covering of the lily and rose. These green-houses filled also, however imperfectly, the place of *forcing-houses*. Pliny notices the *specularia* in which the melon-beds of Tiberius were sheltered from the cold. Grapes were produced in a similar manner. We have used the phrase of forcing-house without intending to suggest any comparison with the complicated expedients of modern science. The assistance rendered to the flower or the plant seems to have been of a *negative* character; nothing is to be looked for like the subterranean wonders of Chatsworth, where the passages connected, with the flues of the conservatory, are two miles in extent. Nor would Loudon have been able to re-

cognize a fancy-gardener in the ingenious *topiarius*, although one of the scenes in the grounds of the villa of Gallus might have furnished no unfavorable specimen of landscape-gardening:—

“Not far from hence was the most captivating spot in the garden, where tall, shady elms, entwined with luxuriant vines, enclosed a semicircular lawn, the green carpet of which was penetrated by a thousand shooting violets. On the farther side rose a gentle ascent, planted with the most varied roses, that mingled their balmy odors with the perfume of the lilies blooming at its foot. Beyond this were reared the dark summits of the neighboring mountains, while on the side of the hill a pellucid stream bubbled down in headlong career, after escaping from the colossal arm of a nymph, who lay gracefully reclined on the verdant moss, dashed over a mass of rocks, and then with a gentle murmur vanished behind the green amphitheatre.”

This description is partly copied from an antique painting, and it might be taken for a transcript of one of the dark landscapes of Poussin.

His seventh scene, “A Day in Baïæ,” enables the author to introduce us to one of the most delicious watering-places of antiquity, and at the same time to embellish his scenery with the beautiful figure of Lycoris, the friend of Gallus, then supposed to be in the blooming ripeness of womanhood, and whose name, with that of her lover, still lives in the muse of Ovid. In one of the early essays of Mr. Sewell, of Exeter College, occurs a striking passage upon the influence of the female character on the virtues and happiness of mankind. He discovers in it a principle of action so versatile, multifarious, and universal, that, like the eye of a portrait, it turns upon us in every change of position; bearing upon and shaping our instincts, our passions, our vanity, our tastes, and our necessities. The cradle is a second place of birth, and the child is again born from the infant. Education is the gate through which a nation marches to its renown, and the key of the gate is in the hand of the mother. It was so even in Greece among the choicer spirits of the time; and the mother who told her son to bring home his shield or be borne back upon it, was the eloquent representative of her race. But it cannot be pretended that the female character had been elevated into this dignity in the cities of Greece. It did not form an element in the economy of national or domestic juris-

diction. The mother who shaped, or the wife who stimulated and directed, the impulse of her son or her husband, was the exception not the specimen of the class. There might have been many Gracchi, but history has scarcely given us a record of one Cornelia. Thus, in any Grecian story, it would be necessary to place the feminine interest in the development of the filial or brotherly and sisterly affections. If we seek to soften the gloom of Orestes, it must be with the smile of Electra. It would be very difficult, indeed, to make love, in its popular sense, the hinge of the fable. The Roman habits of feeling furnish the novelist with ampler opportunities. Becker has not used them—indeed he could not avail himself of this advantage. The historical outline of Gallus confines his pencil, and the Lycoris of the Roman is only the Aspasia of the Greek. Her appearances on the stage of Romance are not very important, but they are gracefully described; as, for example, in the excursion with Gallus:—

“On the shore of the Lucrine lake, whence these expeditions generally started, Gallus found, among many others, the boat hired for him. It was the prettiest there, and had Aphrodite herself designed it for her own use, she would not have decorated it otherwise. The gay painting of the planks, the purple sails, the rigging entwined with garlands of fresh leaves and roses, the merry music sounding from the prow, every thing, in short, invited to joy and pleasure. In the after part of the skiff a purple awning was erected on tall thyrsus-staves, and under it stood a richly-loaded table, offering all the enjoyments of a most perfect *prandium* that the *forum cupedinarium* of Baïæ could supply. Lycoris went the short distance to the lake in a *lectica*, whilst Gallus repaired thither on foot with two friends whom he had accidentally met. The lady looked lovely as the goddess of flowers as she alighted. Over her snow-white *tunica* were thrown the ample folds of an amethyst-colored *palla*; round her hair, which was most skilfully arranged, and fastened with an elegant gold pin in the shape of a winged *amor*, was entwined a chaplet of roses; a gorgeous and curiously twisted necklace adorned her fair neck, and from it depended a string of pearls also set in gold, while golden bracelets in the form of serpents, in whose eyes glittered fiery rubies, encircled her well-rounded arms. Thus led by Gallus, with her right foot first, in compliance with the warning cry of the boatmen, she entered the festive boat. The light vessel started merrily into the lake, where the occupants of a hundred others exchanged greetings as they passed. They rocked for some hours on the tranquil mirror, during which the men

indulged with uncommon relish in fresh oysters from the lake, which they washed down with the noble Falernian wine."

This is a sketch of the Roman fashions very prettily colored. Böttiger is the great authority on the subject, but Becker has collected some interesting fragments. The gold pin in the hair of Lycoris was a bodkin or crimping-pin. A very curious necklace, answering in many respects to the one described, was dug up at Pompeii; bracelets in the serpent shape, with ruby eyes, have also been found in the same wonderful city of the dead. But we question if the serpent form ever supplied the jeweller with so ingenious a device as we remember to have observed in a small timepiece at Blenheim, in which the sting of a serpent points immovably to the lapse of every minute. Surely no happier moral was ever suggested. With regard to the boat in which Lycoris is represented to have enjoyed her excursion, we shall only say that the ancients appear to have made vast improvements upon our wherry. In this respect, as in many others, they possessed the true *prophetic eye of taste*. The sparkling current of the Thames at Richmond is certainly as lovely as the Lucrine lake; yet who ever thought of sending Beauty and Love to glide over it with a purple sail, or embellished the prow with that burnished splendor which gilds the drawings of Turner? Perhaps Seneca's picture of the lake floating with roses realizes very nearly the warm and sunny surfaces of the English painter. We will just add, as amusingly illustrative of the extravagance of the Roman ladies in dress, that Pliny notices the request of Regulus to one Aurelia, to leave him a *legacy of the clothes in which she had dressed herself to execute her will*. There is a calculation of Arbuthnot, that a single gown of one particular fabric would cost 49*l.* 12*s.* the pound avoirdupois. The milliner's bill for a Latin Widow Barnaby would have been a serious visitation, indeed; and might have made, as Alderman Cute would express it, a Consul look after his consols!

We do not follow the tale of Gallus with any more closeness, than may seem to be required by our design of offering a few vivid and accurate illustrations of the private life of the Romans. Born of humble and poor parents, he rose by the elastic energy of his genius, to the favor of Au-

gustus and the friendship of Virgil. The inscription of the tenth eclogue has bestowed immortality upon his name. A few particulars of his life may be gathered up from the narratives of Dio Cassius and Suetonius; but the obscurity that envelopes his history cannot be dispersed. His fall may be justly attributed to the intemperance of some of his political remarks, when the friend of the poet forgot the favorite of the emperor. Becker represents the intelligence of Augustus's displeasure breaking suddenly upon Gallus in his voluptuous seclusion on the shores of the Mediterranean. Eagerly and in wrath he returns to Rome, and instead of seeking to propitiate the incensed Augustus, he resolves to brave him in his own metropolis. For this purpose he arrays himself with peculiar care, and determines to go abroad into the city. The dressing-room of a Roman gentleman is a very amusing domestic interior:—

"The slave came with the *tunica* and followed by two others bearing the *toga*, already folded in the approved fashion, whilst a fourth placed the purple dress-shoes near the seat. Eros first girded the under-garment afresh, then threw over his master the upper *tunica*, taking particular care that the broad strip of purple woven into it might fall exactly across the centre of the breast; for custom did not permit of this garment being girded. He then, with the assistance of another slave, hung one end of the *toga*, woven of the softest and whitest Milesian wool, over the left shoulder, so as to fall far below the knee and cover with its folds, which gradually became more wide, the whole of the arm down to the hand. The right arm remained at liberty, as the voluminous garment was passed at its broadest part under the arm, and then brought forward in front; the *umbo*, already arranged in an ingenious fashion, being laid obliquely across the breast, so that the well-rounded sinus almost reached the knee, and the lower half ended at the middle of the shin-bone, whilst the remaining portion was once more thrown over the left shoulder, and hung down over the arm and back of the person in a mass of broad and regular folds. Eros was occupied for a long time before he could get each fold into its approved position, he then reached for his lord the polished hand-mirror, the thick silver plate of which reflected every image with perfect clearness. Gallus cast but a single glance at it, allowed his feet to be installed into the tall shoes, latched with four gold thongs, placed on his fingers the rings he had taken off over night, and ordered Chresimus to be summoned."—pp. 117, 118.

It accorded with the inflamed temper of Gallus to seek the busiest thoroughfare.

Accordingly he bent his steps towards the Forum. An officer, reprimanded by the commander-in-chief and leisurely enjoying the sun before the Horse Guards, will illustrate the audacity of Gallus. Here were some of the most fashionable shops of Rome, and here might be seen, in the swarming visitors, types of life in all ages, from the virtuoso, who pretended to admire some curious work of art,

"Stationed there
With glass at eye and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplished in the fulsome cant
And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease,"

down to "miss the mercer's plague," smiling and chattering over the littered counter,—

"And promising with smiles to call again."

All these features of Roman life, and many others of similar expression, may be found in the satire of Martial. Here is the interior of an upholsterer's shop:—

"Expensive cedar tables, carefully covered and supported by strong pillars veneered with ivory; dinner-couches of bronze, richly adorned with silver and gold and inlaid with costly tortoise-shell; besides *trapezophoræ* of the most beautiful marble, with exquisitely worked griffins, seats of cedar-wood and ivory, candelabra and lamps of the most various forms, vases of all sorts, costly mirrors, and a hundred other objects, sufficient to furnish more than one house in magnificent style. Some one who hardly meant to be a purchaser was just getting the covers removed from some of the cedar tables by the attendant; but he found they were not spotted to his taste. A *hexaclinon* of tortoise-shell seemed, however, to attract him amazingly; but, after measuring it three or four times, he said, 'That it was, alas! a few inches too small for the cedar-table for which he had intended it.'"

The marble *trapezophoræ* are understood to have been a sort of table-frame; the *hexaclinon* was connected with the dining-table. It is rather curious to find the early Roman custom of sitting at meals gradually becoming refined into the oriental posture. The original name of the dinner-couch was *triclinium*, which accommodated nine persons. Becker notices that the introduction of round tables led to an alteration in the mode of seating the guests. Semicircular sofas, called from their shape *sigma*, being substituted for the *triclinia*. The round tables were small, and the sofas were adapted to hold less than nine persons. The Roman table was much lower than

ours, which Becker accounts for by the height of the tray that was placed upon it. An epigram of Martial informs us that our own custom of having the dishes handed round by a servant prevailed at Rome.

This, however, is a digression. Returning to Gallus in his shopping excursion, we find him in the establishment of a jeweller, where cups of precious stones, Babylonian carpets, splendid bracelets, or silken dresses, tempted and bewildered the opulent purchaser. Becker has ascertained that the raw silk was manufactured at Rome, and that the most celebrated weavers lived in the *Vicus Tuscus*.

The ninth scene introduces us to a splendid banquet in the house of Lentulus. We look upon the account of this entertainment as the most elaborate and vivid picture which the pen of Becker has given to us of Greek or Roman life. It breathes all the warmth and animation of personal observation. We are first led to observe the preliminary arrangements. In a saloon, looking to the north, superb sofas are placed round a cedar table; the lower parts of these sofas were decorated with white hangings embroidered with gold, while the pillows, yielding deliciously to the slightest pressure, were covered with purple. Silken cushions separated the guests, who were limited to six, one of the numbers which "Original Walker" justly deemed to be most agreeable. We are naturally struck with the vivid and elegant reminiscence of some supper with Augustus or Mæcenas, which Virgil displays in his description of Dido's entertainment to the Trojan heroes,—

"Stratoque super discumbitur auro."

and in the splendid goblet—*gravem gemmis auroque*—in which she pledges her distinguished visitors, we recognize one of the costly ornaments of a Roman sideboard in the magnificent days of the empire. The decoration of the dining-room marks the polished taste of the host. Satyrs celebrating the vintage, in all the flush and abandonment of the season; a scene from *Lucania*; and boughs, that almost seemed to shake under the weight of the thrushes that perched upon them, were scattered about the apartment. It will be remembered that in the selection of this bird, the artist was flattering the taste of Roman festivity; the thrush being as popular a remove in the first century, as the blackcock in the nineteenth. The guests, having

taken their places upon the couches, resigned their sandals to the attendant slaves, and dipped their hands in silver bowls of water. There is a slight pause, and the first course enters. It is some time since we dined at Devonshire House, but we fancy that the following specimen of family plate would be very difficult to match. We must look for its companions among the old college chests of Corpus or Trinity, of which our recondite friend, the excellent tutor of Caius, has recently issued such admirable copies:—

“In the centre of the *plateau* ornamented with tortoise-shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panners, filled with white and black olives, preserved by the art of the cook until this period of the year; on the back of the beast sat a Silenus, from whose skin the most delicious *garum* flowed upon the *sumen* beneath. Near this, on two silver gridirons, lay delicately dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plums, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around stood silver dishes, containing asparagus, *lactuca*, radishes, and other productions of the garden, in addition to *lacerta* flavored both with mint and rue, and with Byzantine *muria*, and dressed snails and oysters, whilst fresh ones in abundance were handed round. The company expressed their admiration of their host's fanciful invention, and then proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time slaves carried round, in golden goblets, the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines. They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In an elegant basket sat a hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching in the chaff which filled the basket, and, taking out some eggs, distributed them amongst the guests. ‘Friends,’ said Lentulus, smiling, ‘they are pea-hen's eggs, which have been put under the hen; my only fear is that she may have sat too long upon them, but let us try them.’ A slave then gave to each guest a silver *cochleare*, which was, however, found almost too large and heavy for the purpose, and each proceeded to break an egg with the point of it. Most of the party were already acquainted with the jokes of Lentulus, but not so the Perusians. ‘Truly my egg has already become a hen!’ cried one of them in disgust, and about to throw it away. ‘Examine a little more closely,’ said Pomponius, with a laugh, in which the guests at the upper sofa, who were better acquainted with the matter, joined; ‘our friend's cook under-

stands well how to dress eggs that have been already sat upon.’ The Perusian, then for the first time remarked that its shell was not natural, but made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was strongly seasoned with pepper.”

The first course of the *cæna* follows after a brief interval,—

“A circle of small dishes covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the tables of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honeycomb. A slave carried round the bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, though with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when, at a sign from Lentulus, two slaves hurried forward and took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. There were ring doves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds weight, and turbot: and in the centre a fattened hare, which, by means of artificial wings, the *structor* had ingeniously changed into a pegasus. The company, on the *lectus summus*, was agreeably surprised, and applauded the host with clapping of hands, and the *scissor* immediately approached, and with great solemnity and almost in musical time, began to carve. On the disappearance of the first course, much conversation was kept up, but no long interval was allowed for talking. Four slaves soon entered to the sound of horns, bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded by eight sucking pigs, made of sweet paste by the experienced baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven with palm-twigs, and containing Syrian and Theban dates. Another *scissor*, resembling a *jäger*, in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife, commenced cutting up the boar, pronounced by Lentulus to be a genuine Umbrian. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as *apophoreta*. On a given signal, the slaves removed the dish, and brought another containing peacocks, pheasants, the livers of geese, and rare fish. At length this course also was removed, the slaves wiped the table, and cleared away with besoms of palm-twigs the fragments that had fallen on the floor, strewing it at the same time with sawdust dyed with *minium* and pleasant-smelling saffron. Whilst this was being done, the eyes of the guests were suddenly attracted upwards by a noise overhead; the ceiling opened, and a large silver hoop, on which were ointment-bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully chiselled leaves and circlets and other trifles, to be shared among the guests as *apophoreta*, descended upon the table. In the meantime the dessert had been served wherein the new baker, whom Lentulus had purchased for 100,000 sesterces, gave a

specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial mussels, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modelled Vertumnus, who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces, stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut into various shapes. Whilst the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round tooth-picks, made of the leaves of the mastich-pistachio, and Lentulus invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionary and fruits with which the god was loaded. The Perusians, who were particularly astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at such a season, stretched across the table and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright, when, as they touched them, a stream of saffron, discharged from the fruit, besprinkled them. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red stream shot forth."—Pp. 127-140.

This is at once one of the liveliest and most instructive accounts of a Roman banquet, which it has ever been our fortune to read. It has of course none of the fiction of Smollett, being a careful compilation of particulars from Latin authors; a curious specimen of mosaic gastronomy, in which each piece bears the mark of the manufactory from which it was taken. Petronius, Martial, and Plautus, are among the chief authorities. But the most diligent discrimination and industry cannot preserve a description of Roman festivity altogether free from the appearance of exaggeration. One of the tempting dishes of the supper which Pliny had prepared for his friend S. Clarus, consisted of three snails; a famous delicacy of the Latin table, and sometimes raised by the skilful breeder to so marvellous a size, that a single shell is said to have been capable of holding ten quarts. Certainly Lord Spenser's prize ox is a more agreeable spectacle than Hirpinus's prize snail.

The culinary economy of Gallus may admit of some slight illustrations which Becker has himself occasionally supplied in his notes; these we shall embody and expand. The *garum* was a popular sauce, supposed to correspond with the modern *caviare*, being, like it, the produce of a sea-fish. Every reader of Horace knows the fame of the *mullus*. The price of particularly fine fish of this species would have astonished the Mansion House; one weighing six pounds brought 74*l.* in solid money,

being 12*l.* 6*s.* per pound. Perhaps the Chinese are the only modern nation whose cookery would furnish a fair parallel; to say nothing of their edible birds'-nests, for which exorbitant sums are given, a little plate of roasted ice costs at Peking about forty shillings. The oysters were imported from England, and an educated Apicius distinguished immediately a true native from an alien or foreigner; just as the same practised lip would assign the proper birthplace—whether Umbrian, Lucanian, or Tuscan—of the majestic boar. The boar of the Roman table was our venison, and was regarded in the same light as those noble haunches which county M. P.'s distribute among the neighboring manor-houses. The present of a boar to a gentleman in lodgings was often more flattering than convenient. Becker refers to Martial for an account of the expense of serving up this important dish. Martial, who was great among the Fudge family of Rome, sometimes received a basket of this sort from the Lansdownes of the Aventine. Of course the boar was *the* dish of a dinner. The heart turned to it as to the final object of the day's existence. It was proper that such a luminary should be encircled by his attendant stars. Accordingly, the eight sucking pigs, composed of paste, had a very charming appearance. Occasionally, these piglings were made in a different way. Becker compares those mentioned in Petronius to the rye-bread of Westphalia, very hard, and capable of being sent to a great distance.

The fitting up of the table scarcely corresponded with the luxuries piled upon it. The Romans had no word for table-cloth in the language. Even Augustus could not please the eye of Virgil with a beautiful pattern in damask. The interposition of a purple duster between the various pauses of the repast, afforded a very poor substitute. In fact, the linen department seems to have been supplied on the same principle that regulates an establishment at Stockwell or Chelsea—every guest brought his own napkin; and why not his fork and silver spoon? The absence of knives was simply owing to taste—they had them; but only the carver thought it worth while to employ them. In the mode of serving a dinner we notice one peculiarity that might be imitated with advantage; the dishes were not brought in singly, but a complete course was placed on the table in trays, which were frequently remarkable for the splendor and costliness of the workmanship and materials. The

dishes varied from clay to silver, adorned with engravings, and the most delicate curiosities of the chaser. The Roman side-board surpassed any article of that kind in an English dining-room, its slab being formed of marble or silver, on which the most magnificent pieces of family plate were conspicuously displayed. Thus Virgil,—

“*Ingens argentum mensis, cœlataque in auro
Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum.*”

The sweet-smelling saw-dust, swept by a palm-twigg besom, is nevertheless very pleasantly replaced among ourselves by the soft and yielding Turkey carpet. The rush-floor of our magnificent nobles in the sixteenth century will be recollected. The same mixture of squalor and luxury may be traced in the Roman manner of *lighting*.—The use of the oil-lamp was universal, and every grace of invention was exhausted to shape and decorate the lamp, at the same moment that the ascending vapor was defacing the beauty of the ceiling. The simple and obvious precaution of “glass cylinders to consume the smoke,” seems never to have occurred to a Roman upholder.—They were made of bronze, marble, gold, silver, and *terra cotta*. “As the orifice for pouring in the oil was small, special, boat-like vessels, *infundibula*, having in front a small hole only, were used. Instruments were also used for snuffing the wicks, and were fastened by a chain to the lamp; small pincers for raising the wick have also been found at Pompeii in great numbers. When a figure stood upon the lamp, it sometimes held its instrument by a chain in its hand.” The picturesque of light, if we may so speak, was admirably understood and realized by the Romans. Mr. Rogers has pointed out the exquisite arrangement of the lights in the banquet-hall of the Carthaginian queen. The poet makes the lustre fall from the ceiling,—

“*Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis,
Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.*”

The use of wax candles, as in this passage, obviated the unpleasantness of the oil-fed lamp. In a similar manner, the “starry lamps” of Milton from the arched roof “yielded light as from a sky.” The most learned criticism of painting has established the truth of this ancient rule of poetic art, and hence the remark of the profound Da Vinci,—“*Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le*

particole de' corpi molto grate.” It is easy to conceive how exquisitely this faint yet rich twilight harmonized with the delicate colors of costume, “*et pictum croceo velamen acantho;*” and how the glowing countenance of Julius must have shone into the voluptuous eyes of Dido pressing the child to her heart!* And, perhaps, by regarding it in relation to the general character and decoration of their domestic interiors, we shall see additional reasons for believing the custom of wearing garlands at festive entertainments to have been a graceful characteristic of Roman manners. Very little, however, is known of their composition or distribution; and we shall only observe that a Latin exquisite, with a festoon of flowers round his neck, might afford to smile at a Young Englander from the Albany in a white stock and steel buckle; and assuredly the poorest citizen, with his head bare, would have had great difficulty in restraining the action of his risible nerves at the glossy pyramid of a four-and-nine!

The description of a Roman dinner-party would not be complete without a specimen of the conversation; we quote, therefore, two little stories which remind the reader of some of the strange narratives in our fairy-history and popular demonology. The straw doll left in the place of the child bears the true sign of the good people of our own meadow-rings. We may add, though every scholar remembers the fact, that one of the letters of Pliny contains the rudiments of all the famous ghost-stories of modern times, from the Cock Lane speci-

* Becker gives us a very good specimen of lighting in one of the saloons of Gallus,—“The lamps had been long shining in the marble panels of the walls of the *triclinium*, where Earinos, with assistants, was making preparations under the direction of the tricliniarch, for the nocturnal *commissatio*. Upon the polished tables between the tapestried couches stood an elegant bronze candelabrum, in the form of a stem of a tree, from the wintry and almost leafless branches of which four two-flamed lamps, emulating each other in beauty of shape, were suspended. Other lamps hung by chains from the ceiling, which was richly gilt and ingeniously inlaid with ivory, in order to expel the darkness of night from all parts of the saloon. A number of costly goblets and larger vessels were arranged on two silver sideboards, and on one of them a slave was just placing another vessel filled with snow, together with its *colum*, and on the other was the steaming *caldarium*, containing water kept constantly boiling by coals in its inner cylinder, in case any of the guests should prefer the *calda*, the drink of winter, to the snow-drink, for which he might think the season not sufficiently advanced.”

men to the last appearance in Whitechapel churchyard. Nor should it be forgotten that these tales are taken by Becker from the amusing history of Petronius. The professor accounts for the comparative paucity of fabulous stories among the Romans by their inclusion in the mythology. The English legend of a fairy would have been the Latin prodigy of a god. The reader will please to remember that the following anecdote is told by Bassus at that most thrilling instant, when the Roman *jäger* is waving his long knife over the hissing boar. Some one had alluded to the possibility of a Circean transformation in that respected animal; others laughed. The days for metamorphosis, they exclaimed, were past:—

“‘Laugh as you will,’ said Bassus, ‘it still cannot be denied. Only the other day, one who was formerly a slave to a man in humble circumstances at Capua, but has now become a rich freedman, related to me a circumstance which he had himself experienced; it is enough to make one’s hair stand on end. If not displeasing to you, I will communicate it.’ The company, partly from curiosity, and partly wishing for a laugh against Bassus, begged him to tell the story, and he thus began: ‘When I was a slave,’ related my informant, ‘I happened, by the dispensation of the gods, to conceive a liking for an inn-keeper’s wife; not from an unworthy passion, but because she never denied me what I asked for, and any thing I saved and gave into her charge I was sure not to be cheated of. Her husband had a small villa at the fifth milestone, and, as it chanced, fell sick there and died. In misfortune, thought I, we know our friends, and therefore considered how I could get to my friend at the villa. My master was by accident absent from Capua, but a stranger—a warrior—was stopping in our house; of him I made a confidant, begging that he would accompany me in the night to the villa, and he consented to do so. We waited for the time of the cock-crowing, and then stole off; the moon was shining, and it was as clear as mid-day. About half-way, by the side of the road, was a group of sepulchral monuments, at which my companion stopped on some pretence or other; but I went on, singing a song and gazing at the stars. At length I looked round, and saw my companion standing in the road. He took off his clothes and laid them down, then went round them in a circle, spat three times upon them, and immediately became a wolf. He next began to howl, and then dashed into the thicket. At first I did not know what to do, but at length approached for the purpose of taking the clothes with me; but, behold! they had become stone. Horror-stricken, I drew my sword, and continued slashing it about in the air until I reached the villa. I entered the house breathless, the sweat dropped from me,

and it was long before I recovered myself. My friend was astonished at my visiting her at such an unusual hour. ‘Had you only come sooner,’ said she, ‘you might have assisted us, for a wolf has been breaking into the villa and destroying several sheep; but he did not escape with impunity, for my slave has pierced him through with a spear.’ I shuddered, and did not obtain any sleep during that night.—As soon as it was day I hastened homewards, and saw, on reaching the place where the clothes had lain, nothing more than a large stain of blood; but found the warrior lying in bed at home, and a surgeon bandaging his neck. I then became aware that he was one of those whom we call *versipelles*, and could never afterwards eat bread in his company.’ This was the man’s story. Say what you will, such things often happen.’ The company laughed at and jeered the narrator, who endeavored by philosophical arguments to defend his credulity. At length the second Perusian, who sat in the lowest place, said, ‘Bassus may not be so very wrong after all; for some time since I bought a slave who had formerly lived at Miletus, and who told me a wonderful story in the following words. ‘In the house where I served, a boy—beautiful as a statue—had died. His mother was inconsolable, and all were standing mourning round the bed, when the *strigæ* were heard shrieking round the house. There was in the family a Cappadocian, a tall daring fellow, who had once overcome a mad ox. This man, having seized a sword, ran out of doors, with his left hand cautiously concealed in his mantle, and cut one of the hags in two. We heard their shrieks, although we saw nothing; but the Cappadocian staggered backwards upon a couch, and his whole body became as blue as if he had been beaten, for he had been touched by the hands of the witches. He closed the house-door again; but when the mother returned to her dead child, she saw with horror that the *strigæ* had already taken away the body, and left a straw doll in its place!’”

We are here, though reluctantly, compelled to conclude our observations on Gallus; but we should be unjust to Becker’s very industrious and careful translator, if we closed this subject without some notice of his claims to our thanks and good opinion. In introducing these learned tales of *Charicles* and *Gallus* to English readers, Mr. Metcalfe has done much more than we usually expect or receive from one who undertakes the version of a book into another language. He has not only translated, but rearranged his original. The physiognomy of German works in general, as many of our readers will readily admit, is not of the most attractive character. In researches into antiquity, this repulsiveness of feature is particularly remarkable. Mr. Metcalfe’s

first step, therefore, was to change the appearance of these Greek and Roman stories. Each scene, as it came from the pen of Becker, was separated from its successor by elaborate notes and curious disquisitions; and, accordingly, resembled a pleasant garden broken up into fragments, by thorn hedges with a deep ditch on either side. To fill up the ditch and cut down the hedge was obviously the first thing to be accomplished. The improvement was happily effected. The notes were transferred to the foot of the page, and the disquisitions found an appropriate home in the appendix. In this manner the stream of the story was suffered to flow in a clear and uninterrupted current, through the classic scenery that covered its banks. Some slight abbreviation of the author's unwearied research was also judged to be expedient. Minor illustrations have been omitted, abstruse inquiries avoided, and many profuse references indicated instead of being quoted. The result of these efforts has been very satisfactory. Mr. Metcalfe has followed the footsteps of the Professor with the modesty of a gentleman and the ease of a scholar. We should hope that the welcome of *Charicles* and *Gallus* will encourage him to turn over some new leaf in the golden volume of Athenian or Latin fiction. We know not any page in which there is more space for the rich illumination and ornamental writing of erudition and taste. "An early acquaintance with the classics," is the elegant remark of Bishop Hurd, "is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness to the mind that contracted it in youth." This good breeding we consider Mr. Metcalfe's translations of Becker to supply in a very interesting manner.

GREAT RUSSIAN RAILWAY.—The largest tract of railway ever contemplated in Europe is that from St. Petersburg to Odessa—extending over an uninterrupted line of 1,600 miles. It will connect the Baltic and the Black, and consequently the Caspian, seas—traversing three different zones of temperature; and a person may thus leave the Russian capital in the depth of winter, and arrive, on the same rail, at Odessa, in warm, nay hot, weather. It is, however, the beginning of what may be termed an overland route—connecting, in line, the Russian metropolis and Ispahan. The Emperor Nicholas takes great interest in this gigantic plan.—*Advertiser*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

DANIEL DE FOE.

1. *The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe; with a Biographical Memoir of the Author, Literary Prefaces to the various pieces, and illustrative Notes; including all contained in the Edition attributed to the late Sir Walter Scott, with considerable additions.* 20 vols. 8vo. Oxford: 1842.
2. *The Works of Daniel De Foe; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT, Jun. 3 vols. royal 8vo. London: 1843.

It is with De Foe dead, as it was with De Foe living. He stands apart from the circle of the reigning wits of his time. Along with their names, his name is not called over. What in this respect was the fashion formerly, is the fashion still; and whether sought for in the Histories of Smollett or of Lord Mahon, his niche is vacant. He is to be found, if at all, aloof from his great contemporaries. His life to be fairly written, should be written as the 'Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Daniel De Foe, who lived above Seventy Years all alone, in the Island of Great Britain.'

He was born much about the time of that year of grace, 1661, when Mr. Pepys and his wife, walking in Whitehall Gardens, saw 'the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine, laced with rich lace at the bottom,' that ever they saw: 'it did me good to look at them,' adds the worthy man. There was but little in those days to do any body good. The people, drunk with the orgies of the Restoration, rejoiced in the gay dissoluteness of the court. To be a bad Englishman and a worse Christian, was to be a good Protestant and a loyal subject. Sheldon governed the Church, and Clarendon the State; the Bishop having no better charity than to bring a Presbyterian preacher into contempt, and the Chancellor no better wisdom than to reduce him to beggary. While Sheldon entertained his dinner-table with caricatures of a dissenting minister's sermon, 'till,' says one of his guests, 'it made us all burst;' Clarendon was drawing up that Act of Uniformity, by which, in one day, he threw out three thousand ministers from the benefices they held.

This was in 1662; and the beginning of that system of religious persecution, under which, with God's blessing, the better part of the English character reawakened, and the hardy virtues of Dissent struck root and

flourished. Up to this time, vast numbers of the Presbyterians, strongly attached to Monarchy, desired but a reasonable settlement of Episcopacy; and would have given in their adherence to any moderate system. The hope of such a compromise was now rudely closed. In 1663 the Conventicle Act was passed, punishing with transportation a third offence of attendance on any worship but that of the Church; and while the plague was raging, two years after, the Oxford Act banished five miles from any corporate town all who should refuse a certain oath, which no Nonconformist could honestly take. Secret, stealthy worship was the resource left; and other things thrived in secret with it, which would less have prospered openly. Substantial citizens, wealthy tradesmen, even gossiping Secretaries to the Admiralty, began to find other employment than the criticism of Lady Castlemaine's lace, or admiration of Mistress Nell Gwynne's linen. It appeared to be dawning on them at last, that they were really living in the midst of infamy and baseness; that buffoons and courtesans were their rulers; that defeat and disgrace were their portion; that a Dutch fleet was riding in their channel, and a perjured and pensioned Popish despot sitting on their Throne.

The indulgence granted to Dissenters in the year of the Dutch war, (the previous year had been one of fierce persecution,) opened, among other meeting-houses, that of Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; where the Rev. Dr. Annesley, ejected from his living of Cripplegate by the Act of Uniformity, administered his godly lessons. Under him there sate, in that congregation of earnest listeners, the family of a wealthy butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate; and the worthy minister would stop approvingly, as he passed the seats of Mr. Foe, to speak to that bright-eyed lad of eleven, by name Daniel, whose activity and zeal in the good cause were already such, that, in fear their Popish governors might steal away their printed Bibles, he had 'worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch.' For the gleam of liberty to Dissenters had been but a veil for the like indulgence to Papists; and it was known at this very time, that the high-minded Richard Baxter had refused a bribe of £50 a year, to give in his public approval of these unquestionable favors of the crown.

Mr. James Foe seems to have been proud of his son Daniel. He gave him the best education which a Dissenter had it in his

power to give. He sent him to the then famous Academy at Newington Green, kept by Mr. Charles Morton, an excellent Oxford scholar, and a man of various and large ability; whom Harvard College in New England afterwards chose for vice-president, when driven by ecclesiastical persecution to find a home beyond the Atlantic. Here the lad was put through a course of theology; and was set to study the rudiments of political science. These things Mr. Morton reckoned to be a part of education. He also acquired a competent knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy; of logic, geography, and history; and when he left the school, was reasonably accomplished in Latin and Greek, and in French and Italian. He had made himself known, too, as a 'boxing English boy,' who never struck his enemy when he was down. All this he recounted with no immodest or unmanly pride when assailed in after life for his mean Dissenter's education; and he added that there was a fifth language, beside those recounted, in which it had been Mr. Morton's endeavor to practise and improve his scholars. 'He read all his lectures; gave all his systems, whether of philosophy or divinity; and had all his declaimings and dissertations; in English. We were not critics in the Greek and Hebrew, perfect in languages, and perfectly ignorant, if that term may be allowed, of our mother tongue. We were not destitute of languages, but we were made masters of English; and more of us excelled in that particular, than of any school at that time.'

So passed the youth of Daniel Foe, in what may be well accounted a vigorous and healthy English training. With sharp and strong faculties, with early and active zeal, he looked out from his honest father's home and his liberal teacher's study, upon a course of public events well fitted to enforce, by dint of bitter contrast, the value of high courage, of stern integrity, and of unbending faithfulness. He would be told, by all whom he esteemed, of the age of great deeds and thoughts which had lately passed away; and thus early would learn the difference, on which he dwelt in one of his first writings, between the grand old blind schoolmaster of Bunhill-fields, just buried in his father's parish of Cripplegate, and the ribald crowd of profligate poets lounging and sauntering in St. James's. There is no better school for the love of virtue, than that of hatred and contempt for vice. He would hear discussed, with fer-

vid and honest indignation, the recall of the indulgence in 1674, after the measures for relief of Dissent had been defeated; the persecution of Baxter and Manton in the following year; the subsequent gross interference of the Bishops against a final effort for accommodation; and the fierce cruelty of the penal laws against Nonconformists, between 1676 and 1678. Then, in the latter memorable year, he would find himself involved in that sudden and fierce reaction of the Anti-papist feeling of the time, which, while Protestants and Presbyterians were groaning under a Popish prince, sent numberless innocent Roman Catholic gentlemen to Protestant and Presbyterian scaffolds.

When the rage of the so-called Popish Plot burst forth, Mr. Morton's favorite pupil was in his seventeenth year. We need not say how freely we condemn that miserable madness; or in what scorn we hold the false-hearted spies and truculent murderers, whose worthless evidence sacrificed so many noble and gentle lives. But we as little doubt that, to honest Presbyterians then existing, the thing was not that cruel folly it now seems to us; and we can understand their welcoming at last, in even that wild frenzy, a popular denunciation of the faith which they knew to be incompatible with both civil and religious liberty, yet knew to be the faith of him who held and of him who was to succeed to the throne. Out of the villany of the Court sprang this counter-villany of Titus Oates; and the meetings in which that miscreant harangued the London citizens, were the first effectual demonstration against the government of Charles II. We will not wonder, then, that there was often to be seen among his crowds of excited listeners, but less excited than they, a middle-sized, spare, active, keen-eyed youth,—the son of Mr. Foe of Cripplegate.

At these meetings were first heard bandied from side to side, the two not least memorable words in English history. Then broke forth, when the horrible cruelties of Lauderdale were the theme, groans of sympathy for those tortured Cameronians who lived on the refuse, the 'weak' of the milk, and so had got the Scotch name of *Whigs*; then, when justification was sought for like cruelties and tortures against the opposite faith, shouts of execration were hurled against the Papists who would murder Titus Oates, and who, for their thieving and villanous tendencies, had got the Irish name

of *Tories*. Young Foe remembered this in after life; and described the blustering hero of these scenes, with a squat figure, a vulgar drawling voice, and (right in the centre of his broad flat face) a mouth of fit capacity for the huge lies it uttered, 'calling every man a Tory that opposed him in discourse.' For be it noted to the credit of the youth's sagacity, he did not even now, to adopt his own expression, 'come up to all the extravagances of some people in their notions of the Popish plot.' He believed, indeed, that wherever sincere Popery was, a conspiracy to act in conformity with it would not be far off. 'I never blame men who, professing principles destructive of the constitution they live under, and believing it their just right to supplant it, act in conformity to the principles they profess. I believe, if I were a Papist, I should do the same. But when we ran up that plot to general massacres, fleets of pilgrims, bits and bridles, knives, handcuffs, and a thousand such things, I confess, though a boy, I could not then, nor can now come up to them. And my reasons were, as they still are, because I see no cause to believe the Papists to be fools, whatever else we had occasion to think them.'

So saved from the general folly of the Presbyterian party, and intolerant only because a larger toleration was at stake, this manly and sagacious lad needed neither knife nor handcuff to save himself from a Papist. He walked through the thick of the riots with reliance on a stout oaken cudgel, which he called his 'Protestant flail;' and laughed at the monstrous lies that fed the vulgar cravings, and kept taverns agape with terror. See him enter one, and watch the eager group. A fellow bawls forth the last invention against 'the Papishes.' It concerns the new building honest men took such pride in, and Papists, for a reason, hated so. It is about the 'tall bully' of a Monument; and every body pricks up his ears. What has happened? 'Why, last night, six Frenchmen came up and stole away the monument; and but for the watch who stopped them as they were going over the bridge, and made them carry it back again, they might, for aught we know, have carried it over into France.' 'These Papishes will never have done.' Is the tale incredible? Not half so much, as that some of those assembled should stare and doubt it. But now steps forward 'Mr. Daniel Foe.' He repeats the story; and

tells the unbelievers to satisfy their doubts by going to the spot, 'where they'd see the workmen employed in making all fast again.' The simpletons 'swallowed the joke, and departed quite satisfied.' The touch of reality sent it down. A genius for homely fiction had strolled into the tavern, and found its first victims. They deserved a ripe old age, and the reading of *Robinson Crusoe*.

But the strolling into taverns? It is little likely that Mr. Morton or the elder Mr. Foe would have sanctioned it; but the Presbyterian ministry was no longer, as it once had been, the youth's destination. He seems to have desired a more active sphere; and was put to the business of commerce. His precise employment has been questioned; but when his libellers in later life called him a hosier, he said he had never been apprentice to that craft, though he had been a trader in it; and it is tolerably certain that, in seven years from the present date, he had a large agency in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, as a kind of middleman between the manufacturer and the retail trader. He was a freeman of London, by his birth; on embarking in this business of hose-factor, he entered the livery; and he wrote his name in the Chamberlain's book, 'Daniel Foe.'

Seven eventful years. Trade could not so absorb him, but that he watched them with eager interest. Nor without hope. Hope would brighten in that sensible, manly heart, when it most deserted weaker men's. When the King, alarmed, flung off his lounging sloth for crueller enjoyments; when lampoons and ballads of the streets became fiercer than even Portsmouth's impudence; when such serious work was afoot, that a satire by Dryden counted more at court than an indecency by Rochester; when bills to exclude a Popish succession were lost in the Upper House but by a phalanx of Protestant Bishops, and the Lower House, that had passed them, rudely dissolved by a furious Monarch and intemperately assailed by his servile churchmen, was calmly defended by a Sydney and a Somers; when the legitimate field of honest warfare closed, dark conspiracies and treasons took its place, and the boasts of the reckless Shaftesbury passed from mouth to mouth, that he'd walk the King leisurely out of his dominions, and make the Duke of York a vagabond on the earth like Cain:—no fear was likely to depress, and no bragging was needed to keep in hope, a

shrewd, clear intellect. The young Cornhill merchant told his countrymen afterwards, how it had gone with him then; how tyranny had taught him the value of liberty, Popery the danger of passive pulpits, and oppression how to prize the fence of laws; with what interest he had observed the sudden visit of the King's nephew, William of Orange, already the hero of the Protestant liberties of Europe, and lately wedded to the presumptive heiress of the throne; of what light esteem he held the monarch's disregard of that kinsman's prudent counsel; and with what generous anger, yet unshrinking spirit, he saw the men who could not answer Algernon Sydney's Book, erect a scaffold to take off his head.

It was his first brave impulse to authorship of his own. In the year made infamous by the judicial murders of Russell and Sydney, he published his first political essay. It was a prose lampoon on High Church absurdities; and, with much that would not bear present revival, bore the stamp of a robust new mind, fresh from the reading of Rabelais. It stirred the veteran libeller L'Estrange, and pamphlet followed pamphlet. It needs not to touch the controversy now. It is dead and gone. Oxford herself repudiates, with shame, the decree she passed in full Convocation on the day of Russell's execution; promulgating, on pain of infamy here and damnation hereafter, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience: and anathematizing twenty-seven propositions from Milton, Baxter, and Godwin, Bellarmine, Buchanan, and Hobbes, as seditious, scandalous, impious, blasphemous, heretical, and damnable.

Having fleshed his maiden pen, the young merchant soon resumed it, in a cause again involving religious liberty; with a spirit in advance of his party; and with force, decision and success. The reign of Charles was now setting, in a sullen, dire persecution. Chapels were shut; ministers dying in jail; congregations scattered. A man who would not take the sacrament was whipped or pilloried; a man who would not take it kneeling, was plundered or imprisoned. 'See there!' cried the sharp strong sense of Daniel Foe, (business had taken him to Windsor, and he had sauntered into St. George's chapel with a friend)—'See that altar-piece! Our Saviour administers his last supper to his disciples sitting round the table; and, because we would copy that posture, the government oppresses us.' Almost as he spoke, the end was approaching.

Evelyn had seen the King the past Sunday evening, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine. A French boy sang love-songs in a glorious gallery; and, round a table groaning with a bank of two thousand golden pieces, a crew of profligate courtiers drank and gambled. 'Six days after all was in the dust;' and caps in the air for James the Second.

Of the new monarch's greetings, the most grovelling were the churchmen's and the lawyers'. The Bishop of Chester preached the divinity and infallibility of Kings; the Temple benchers and barristers went to court with the assurance that high prerogative, 'in its fullest extent,' was the subject's best security for liberty and property; and in every pulpit thanksgivings resounded. In the first months of the reign, our hose-factor of Freeman's Yard heard it publicly preached from one of these pulpits, that if the King commanded the subject's head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, the subject was bound to submit, and as far as possible, facilitate his own decapitation. Close upon this came the sudden tidings of Monmouth's ill-fated landing; and of a small band of daring citizens who took horse and joined him, Daniel Foe was one. Perhaps he thought his head nearer danger than it was, and worth a stroke for safety. He knew at any rate, but the better sides of Monmouth's character. He admired his popular manners. 'None so beautiful, so brave as Absalom.' He had seen him among the people in their sports; at races and at games; and thought his bearing sensible and manly. What matter if Lucy Waters was his mother? He knew him a sincere Protestant, and a lover of civil freedom. He remembered the more kindly his disgrace in the reign just passed, for having vainly striven to moderate Episcopal cruelties in Scotland, when he saw the first Scottish act of the reign just begun, in a law to inflict death on conventicle preachers. In a word, our incipient rebel made no nice balance of danger and success. He saw what seemed to him liberty on the one side, and slavery on the other; and resolved, with whatever fortune, to strike a blow for the good cause. He mounted horse and joined the invaders; was with them in Bristol and at Bath; and very narrowly escaped the crash that followed.

There is little doubt that while Bishops Turner and Ken were prolonging Monmouth's agonies on the scaffold, for the

chance of a declaration in favor of divine right and non-resistance; and while Jeffreys' bloody campaign, through the scenes of the late rebellion, was consigning his master and himself to eternal infamy; the young rebel-citizen had effected a passage over seas. At about this time, he certainly was absent from England; as certainly had embarked some capital in the Spanish and Portuguese trade; and no one has questioned his narrow escape from the clutch of Jeffreys. The mere escape had been enough for other men. His practical, unwearied versatile energy, made it the means of new adventure; the source of a larger experience; the incentive to a more active life. He had seen Spain, Germany, and France, before he again saw Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and when he returned, it was with the name he has made immortal. He was now Daniel *De Foe*.

Whether the change was a piece of innocent vanity picked up in his travels, or had any more serious motive, it would be idle to inquire. By both names he was known to the last; but his books in almost every instance, bore that by which he is known to posterity. He found a strange scene in progress on his return. The power of the King to dispense with the laws had been affirmed by eleven out of the twelve judges; and he saw this monstrous power employed to stay the as monstrous persecution of Nonconformists and Dissenters. A license purchased for fifty shillings had opened the prison doors of Richard Baxter; but the sturdy lovers of freedom who purchased that license, acknowledged, in the act of doing it, that they placed the King above the laws. It was a state of things in which men of the clearest sight had lost their way, and the steadiest were daily stumbling. William Penn had gone up to court with a deputation of thanks; he was seconded by not a few Presbyterians; he had the support of all those classes of Dissent whose idea of religion rejected altogether the alliance of civil government; and though the main Presbyterian body stood aloof, it was in an attitude of deference and fear, without dignity, without self-reliance. For a while De Foe looked on in silence; and then resolutely took his course.

Of James the Second's sincerity there is no doubt; and as little of his bigotry and meanness. He had the obstinate weakness of his father. 'There goes an honest gentleman,' said the Archbishop of Rheims,

some year or two later, 'who lost three kingdoms for a mass.' His unwearied, sole endeavor, from the hour in which he ascended the throne to that in which he was hurled from it, was to establish the Roman Catholic religion in England. When the church that had declared resistance unchristian, and proffered him unconditional obedience, refused him a single benefice, fat or lean, and kept his hungering Popish doctors outside the butteries of her Oxford Colleges; the Dissenters became his hope. If he could array Dissent against the Church, there was an entrance yet for Rome. It was his passion. He had none other. It stood him in the stead of every other faith. When the game went wholly against him, he had no better courage. He thought but of 'raising the host,' and winning it that way.

De Foe understood both game and gambler. We could name no man of the time who understood them so clearly as this young trader of Cornhill. He saw the false position of all parties; the blundering clash of interests, the wily complications of policy. He spoke with contempt of a Church that, with its 'fawning, whining, canting sermons,' had played the Judas to its Sovereign. He condemned the address-making Dissenters, who, in their zeal for religious liberty, had forgotten civil freedom. He exposed the conduct of the King, as, in plain words, a fraudulent project 'to create a feud between Dissenters and the Establishment, and so destroy both in the end.' And, with emphatic eloquence, he exhorted the Presbyterian party, that now, if ever, they should make just and reasonable terms with the Church; that now if ever, should her assumption of superiority, her disdain of equal intercourse, her denial of Christian brotherhood, be effectually rebuked; that between the devil sick and the devil well, there was a monstrous difference; and that, failing any present assertion of rights and guaranties, it would be hopeless to expect them when she should have risen, once more strengthened, from her humble diet and her recumbent posture.

The advice and warning were urged in two masterly publications. The Dissenters condemned them, and took every occasion to disclaim their author. De Foe had looked for no less. In his twenty-sixth year, he found himself that solitary, resolute, independent thinker, which, up to his seventieth year, he remained. What he calls the 'grave, weak, good men' of the party,

did not fail to tell him of his youth and inexperience; but for all that fell out, he had prepared himself abundantly. 'He that will serve men, must not promise himself that he shall not anger them. I have been exercised in this usage even from a youth. I had their reproaches when I blamed their credulity and confidence in the flatteries and caresses of Popery; and when I protested against addresses of thanks for an illegal liberty of conscience founded on a dispensing power.' He was thus early initiated in the transcendent art of thinking and standing ALONE.

Whoso can do this manfully, will find himself least disposed to be alone, when any great good thing is in progress. De Foe would have worked with the meanest of the men who opposed him, in the business of the nation's deliverance. He knew that Dyckvelt was now in England, in communication with the leaders of both parties in the state. He had always honored the steady-purposed Dutchman's master as the head of the league of the great European confederacy, which wanted only England to complete its noble purposes. He believed it to be the duty of that prince, connected both by birth and marriage with the English throne, to watch the course of public affairs in a country, which by even the natural course of succession, he might be called to govern. But he despised the Tory attempt to mix up a claim of legitimacy with the greater design of elective sovereignty; and laughed with the hottest of the Jacobites at the miserable warming-pan plot. He felt, and was the first to state it in print at the time, that the title to the throne was but in another form the more sacred title of the people to their liberties. So he mounted his 'rebel' horse once more when he heard of the landing at Torbay. He was with the army of William when James precipitately fled; he was at the bar of the House of Lords when Hampden took up the vote of non-allegiance to a Popish sovereign, and when the memorable resolution of the 13th of February declared that no king had reigned in England since the day of James's flight; he heard William's first speech to the Houses five days later; and 'gallantly mounted and richly accoutred,' he was foremost in the citizen troop of volunteer horse, who were William and Mary's guard of honor at their first visit to Guildhall.

De Foe never ceased to commemorate William's bearing in these passages of his

life. While the convention debates were in progress, the calmly resolute Stadtholder had staid, secluded, at St. James's. Sy-cophants sought access to him, counsellors would have advised with him in vain. He invited no popularity; he courted no party. The only Tory chief who spoke with him, came back to tell his friends that he set 'little value on a crown.' The strife, the heat, the violent animosity, the doubtful success—all which in these celebrated debates seemed to affect his life and fortune—moved him not. He desired nothing to be concealed from him; he said nothing to his informants. This only was known—he would not hold his Crown by the apron-strings of his wife. He would not reign but as an independent sovereign. 'They are an inconstant people, Marshal,' he quietly observed to Schomberg.

Here, then, was a man who could also stand alone. Here was a King for such a subject as De Foe. And the admiration conceived of him by the citizen merchant deepened into passion. He revered him, loved, and honored him; and kept as a festive day in his house, even to the close of his life, the day on which he was born and landed. Its first celebration was held at a country house in Tooting, which it would seem De Foe now occupied; and the manner of it was in itself some proof of what we do not need to be told, that the resolute, practical habits of this earnest, busy man, were not unattended by that genial warmth of nature which alone gives strength of character such as his, and without which never public virtue, and rarely private, comes quite to its maturity. In this village, too, in this year of the Revolution, we find him occupied in erecting a meeting-house; indrawing together a Nonconformist congregation; and in providing a man of learning for their minister. It was an object always near his heart. For every new foundation of that kind went some way toward the rendering Dissent a permanent separate interest, and an independent political body, in the State; and the Church's reviving heats made the task at once imperative and easy. Wherever intemperate language, and overbearing arrogant persecution, are characteristics of the highest churchmen—should we marvel that sincere church-goers turn frightened from the flame incessantly flickering about those elevated rods, which they had innocently looked to for safe conductors?

But in the midst of his labors and enjoyments, there came a stroke of evil fortune. He had married some little time before this, (nothing further is known on that head, but that in the course of his life he had two wives, the first named Mary, and the second Susannah;) and, with the prospect of a family growing up around him, he saw his fortune swept suddenly away by a large, unsuccessful adventure. One angry creditor took out a Commission of Bankruptcy; and De Foe, submitting meanwhile to the rest a proposition for amicable settlement, fled from London. A prison paid no debts, he said. 'The cruelty of your laws against debtors, without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of your nation. He who is unable to pay his debts at once, may be able to pay them at leisure; and you should not meanwhile murder him by law.' So, from himself to his fellow men, he reasoned always. No wrong or wretchedness ever befel De Foe, which he did not turn to the use and profit of his kind. To what he now struggled with, through two desperate years, they mainly owed, seven years later, that many most atrocious iniquities prevailing in the bankrupt refuges of *Whitefriars* and the *Mint* were repressed by statute; and that the small relief of William's act was at least reluctantly vouchsafed. He had pressed the subject with all his power of plain strong sense; and with a kind of rugged impressiveness, as of the cry of a sufferer.

His place of retreat appears to have been in Bristol. Doubtless he had merchant friends there. An acquaintance of his last excellent biographer, (Walter Wilson,) mentions it as an honorable tradition in his family, that at this time one of his Bristol ancestors had often seen and spoken with 'the great De Foe.' They called him the *Sunday Gentleman*, he said; because, through fear of the bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day; while on that day he was sure to be seen, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side, passing through the Bristol streets. But no time was lost with De Foe: whether watched by bailiffs, or laid hold of by their betters. He wrote, in his present retirement, that famous Essay, which went far to form the intellect and direct the pursuits of the most clear and practical genius of the succeeding century. 'There was also,' says Benjamin Franklin, describing the little library in

his uncle's house, 'a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.'

He composed the *Essay* here; though it was not published until two years later. What the tendency of the age would be (partly by the influence of the Revolution, for commerce and religious freedom have ever prospered together; partly by the financial necessities of the war, and the impulse thereby given to projects and adventure) he promptly discerned, and would have turned to profitable uses in this most shrewd, wise, and memorable piece of writing. It suggested reforms in the system of banking, and a plan for central country banks; it pointed out the enormous advantages of an efficient improvement of the public roads, as a source of public benefit and revenue; it recommended, for the safety of trade, a mitigation of the law against the honest bankrupt, and a more effectual law against practised knavery; it proposed the general establishment of offices for insurance, 'in every case of risk;' it impressively enforced the expediency of Friendly Societies, and of a kind of Savings Bank, among the poor; and, with eloquence and clear-sightedness far in advance of the time, it urged the solemn necessity of a greater care of lunatics, which it described as 'a particular rent-charge on the great family of mankind.'

A man may afford to live alone who can make solitude eloquent with such designs as these. What life there is in them! what a pregnant power and wisdom, thrown broad-cast over the fields of the future! It might not be ill, it seems to us, to transfer to this bankrupt fugitive, this Sunday Gentleman, and every day earnest Workman, with no better prospect than a bailiff visible from his guarded window, some part of that honor and glory we too freely assign to more prosperous actors in the busy period of the Revolution. Could we move by the four days' Bristol coach to London, from the side of our hero, it would be but a paltry scene that awaited us there. We should find the great sovereign obliged to repose his trust where no man could trust with safety. There would the first rank growth of the new-gotten Liberty greet us in its most repulsive forms. There we should see the double game of treachery to the reigning and to the banished sovereign, played out with unscrupulous perfidy by

rival statesmen; opposition and office but varying the sides of treason, from William to James. There would be the versatile Halifax, receiving a Jacobite agent 'with open arms.' There would be the dry, reserved Godolphin, engaged in double service, though without a single bribe, to his actual and to his lawful sovereign. There would be the soldier Churchill, paid by William, taking secret gold from James, and tarnishing his imperishable name with an infamous treachery to England.

And all this, wholly unredeemed by the wit and literature which graced the years of noisy faction to which it was the prelude. As yet Pope was an infant in the cradle; Addison and Steele were boys at school; Bolingbroke was reading Greek at Christ Church; and Swift was amanuensis in Sir William Temple's house, for his board and twenty pounds a-year. The laureatship of Dryden has fallen on Shadwell; even Garth's *Dispensary* has not yet been writ; Mr. Tate and Mr. Brady are dividing the town; the noble accents of Locke on behalf of toleration are inaudible in the press;—but Sir Richard Blackmore prepares his Epics; and Bishop Burnet sits down in some terrible passion, to write a character in his History. We are well content to return to Bristol, and take humbler part with the fortunes of Daniel De Foe.

We have not recounted all the projects of his *Essay*. The great design of Education was embraced in it, and a furtherance of the interests of Letters. It proposed an Academy, on the plan of that founded in France by Richelieu, to 'encourage polite learning, establish purity of style, and advance the so much neglected faculty of correct language;'—urging upon William, how worthy of his high destiny it would be to eclipse Louis *Quatorze* in the peaceful arts, as much as he had eclipsed him in the field of battle. Nor let us omit recital of the military college he would have raised; of his project for abolition of impressment; and of his college for the education of women. His rare and high opinion of women had given him a just contempt for the female training of his time. He could not think, he said, that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. 'A woman, well-bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments;

she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight.' The passage reminds us of the best writings of Steele.

His Bristol exile was now closed, by the desired arrangement with his creditors. They consented to compound his liabilities for five thousand pounds, and to take his personal security for the payment. In what way he discharged this claim, and what reward they had who trusted him, an anecdote of thirteen years later date (set down in the book of an enemy) will tell. While the coffee houses raged against him at the opening of the reign of Anne, a knot of intemperate assailants in one of them were suddenly interrupted by a person who sat at a table apart from theirs. 'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'let us do justice. I know this De Foe as well as any of you. I was one of his creditors; compounded with him, and discharged him fully. Years afterward he sent for me; and though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt voluntarily, and of his own accord; and told me, that, so far as God should enable him, he meant to do so with every body.' The man added, that he had placed his signature to a paper of acknowledgement, after a long list of other names. Of many witnesses to the same effect, only one other need be cited. Four years later, when the House of Lords was the scene of a libel worse than that of the coffee house disputants, but with no one to interrupt it, De Foe himself made an unpretending public statement, to the effect that the sums he had at that time discharged of his own mere motion, without obligation, 'with a numerous family, and no help but his own industry,' amounted to upwards of twelve thousand pounds. Not as a matter of pride did he state this, but to intimate that he had not failed in duty. The discharge of law could not discharge the conscience. 'The obligation of an honest mind can never die.'

He did not return to Freeman's Court. He had other views. Some foreign merchants, by whom he was held in high esteem, desired to settle him as a large factor in Cadiz; but he could not be induced to leave England. It was his secret hope to be able to serve the King. Nor had many months passed before we find him 'concerned with some eminent persons at home,' in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war. Resulting in some sort from this employment, seems to have

been the office he held for four years, (till the determination of the commission,) of Accountant to the Commissioners of the glass duty. And without violence, one may suppose it to be not distantly a part of the same desire to draw round him a certain association with the interests and fortunes of his sovereign, that he also at this time undertook a large adventure in the making of what were called Dutch pantiles. He established extensive tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury, on the Thames; where it was his boast, for several years, to have given employment 'to more than a hundred poor workmen.' He took a house, too, by the side of the river, and amused himself with a sailing boat he kept there.

We fancy him now, not seldom, among the rude, daring men, who made the shore of the great London river, in those days, a place of danger and romance:—'Friends of the sea, and foes of all that live on it.' He knew, it is certain, the Kyds as well as the Dampiers, of that adventurous, bucaniering, Ocean breed. With no violent effort, we now imagine him fortifying his own resolution and contempt of danger by theirs; looking, through their rough and reckless souls, face to face, with that appalling courage they inherited from the vikings and sea-conquerors of old; listening their risks and wanderings for a theme of robust example, some day, to reading landsmen; and already, it may be, throwing forward his pleased and stirred imagination into solitary wildernesses and desert islands, 'placed far amid the melancholy main.'

But for the present, he turns back with a more practical and earnest interest to the solitary resident at St. James's. It will not be too much to say, that the most unpopular man in England now, was the man who had saved England. The pensioner of France, the murderer of Vane and Sydney, had more popularity for lounging about with his spaniels, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, than was ever attained by him who had rescued and exalted two great countries; to whom the depressed Protestant interest throughout the world owed its renovated hope and strength; and who had gloriously disputed Europe with Louis XIV.

We are far from thinking William a faultless Prince; but what to princes who have since reigned has been a plain and beaten path, was rendered so by his experience and example; and our wonder is, not that he stumbled, but that he was able to walk at

all in the dark and thorny road he travelled. He undertook the vexed, and till then unsolved, problem of Constitutional Government; but he came to rule us as a monarch, and not as a party chief. He, whom foolish bigots libel with their admiration, came to unite, and not to separate; to tolerate, and not to persecute; to govern one people, and not to raise and depress alternate classes. Of the many thousand Churchmen who had been preaching passive obedience before his arrival, only four hundred refused to acknowledge his government of resistance; but he lived to find those four hundred his most honorable foes. He was overthrown by his Church in his first attempt to legislate in a spirit of equal religious justice. His Whig ministers withdrew from him what they thought an unjust prerogative, because they had given him what they thought a just title; his Tory opposition refused him what they counted a just prerogative, on the ground of what they held to be an unjust title. Tories joined with Whigs against a standing army; Whigs joined with Tories against a larger toleration. 'I can see no difference between them,' said William to the elder Halifax, 'but that the Tories would cut my throat in the morning, and the Whigs in the afternoon.'

And yet there *was* a difference. The Whigs would have given him more than that 'longer day.' In the Tory ranks there was no public character so pure as that of Somers; in the High-Church Bishops there was no intellect equal to Burnet's; among the Tory financiers, there was no such clear accomplishment and wit as those of Charles Montagu, the later Halifax. When De Foe flung himself into the struggle on the King's behalf, he was careful to remember this. In all his writings he failed not to enforce it. When he most grieved that there should be union to exact from the Deliverer of England what none had ever thought of exacting from her Enslavers, it was that men so different should compose it. When he supported a moderate standing army against the Whigs, it was with a Whig reason; that 'not the King, but the sword of England in the hand of the King, should secure peace and religious freedom.' When he opposed a narrow civil-list against the Whigs, it was with no Tory reason; but because 'William's perils have been our safety, his labors our ease, his cares our comfort, his continued harassing and fatigue our continued calm and tranquillity.' Nay,

when he opposed the King himself in his *Reasons against a war with France*, it was on a ground which enabled the Whigs, soon after, to prosecute and direct the mighty struggle which for ever broke the tyranny and supremacy of France. 'He that desires we should end the war honorably, ought to desire also that we begin it fairly. Natural antipathies are no just ground of a war against nations; neither popular opinions; nor is every invasion of a right a good reason for war, until redress has first been peaceably demanded.'

If William was to find himself again reconciled to the Whigs, it would be by the influence of such Whiggery as this. Indeed it soon became apparent to him, even in the midst of general treachery, by which of the traitors he could most efficiently be served; and when, aware of the Jacobite correspondence of the Whig Duke of Shrewsbury, he sent him a colonel of Guards with the seals of office in one hand and a warrant of treason in the other, to give him choice of the Cabinet or the Tower, he but translated, in his decisive fearless way, the shrewd practical counsel of Daniel De Foe.

That this merchant financier and speculator, this wary advocate, this sagacious politician, this homely earnest man of business, should soon have made his value known to such a sovereign, we cannot doubt. It was not till a later service, indeed, that the private cabinet of William was open to him; but, before the Queen's death, it is certain he had access to the palace, and that she had consulted him in her favorite task of laying out Hampton Court Gardens. It is, to us, very pleasing to contemplate the meeting of such a sovereign and such a subject, as William and De Foe. There was something not dissimilar in their physical and moral aspect. The King was the elder by ten years; but the middle size, the spare figure, the hooked nose, the sharp chin, the keen gray eye, the large forehead, and grave appearance, were common to both. William's manner was cold, except in battle; De Foe's, unless he spoke of civil liberty. There would be little recognition of Literature on either hand; and less expected.—When the Stadtholder, in his practical way, complimented St. Evremont on having been a major-general in France, the dandy man of letters took offence; but if the King merely spoke to De Foe as one who had borne arms with Monmouth, we would answer for it there was no disappointed vanity. Here, in a word, was profound good

sense on both sides; substantial scorn of the fine and the romantic; impassive firmness; a good, broad, buffeting style of procedure; and dauntless force of character:—A King who ruled by popular choice; and a Subject who represented that choice without a tinge of faction.

Of how few then living, but De Foe, might that last remark be made! Of how few even of the best Whigs, that their Whiggism found no support in personal spite! At this very time, old Dryden could but weep when he thought of Prior and Charles Montagu, ('for two young fellows I have always been civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner:') but De Foe, even while assailing the license of the stage, spoke respectfully of Dryden, and when condemning his changes in later years, made admission of his 'extraordinary genius.' At this time, Prior, so soon to become a Jacobite, was writing to Montagu that he had 'faced old James and all his court, the other day, at St. Cloud; *vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is; lean, worn, and riv'led:' but De Foe, in the publication wherein he most had exalted William, had described with his most manly pathos James's personal mal-treatment and desertion.

We repeat that the great sovereign would find, in such a spirit as this, the nearest resemblance to his own; and, it may be, the best ultimate corrective of that weary impatience of the Factions, which made his English sovereignty so hard a burden. It was better discipline, on the whole, than he had from his old friend, Sir William Temple, whom, on his difficulty with the ultra-factionous Triennial bill, he went to Moor Park to consult. The wary diplomatist could but set his Irish amanuensis to draw up wise precedents for the monarch's quiet digestion of the bill, Whigs, Tories, and all; and the monarch could but drily express his thanks to Mr. Jonathan Swift, by teaching him to digest asparagus, against all precedent, by swallowing stalks and all.

These great questions of Triennial bill, of Treason bill, of Settlement Securities bill, whether dictated by wisdom or by faction, we need touch but lightly here. All worked wisely. Urged by various motives, they tended to a common end. Silently, steadily, securely, while the roar of dispute and discontent raged and swelled above, the solid principles of the Revolution were rooting themselves deep in the soil below. The

censorship of the press expired in 1694; no man in the state was found to suggest its renewal; and it passed away for ever.—What, before, it had been the interest of government to impeach, it was now its interest to maintain; what the Tories formerly would have checked in the power of the House of Commons, their interest now compelled them to extend. All became committed to the principle of resistance, and, whether for party or for patriotism, liberty was the cry of all. De Foe turned aside from politics, when their aspect seemed for a time less virulent; and applied himself to what is always of intimate connexion with them, and of import yet more momentous—the moral aspects of the time.

We do not, however, think he always penetrated with success to the heart of a moral question. He was somewhat obstructed, at the threshold, by the more formal and limited points of Presbyterian breeding; and there were depths in morals and in moral causes, which undoubtedly he never sounded. The more practical and earnest features of his character, had in this respect brought their disadvantages; and on some points stopped him short of that highest reach and grace of intellect, which in a consummate sense constitute the ideal, and take leave of the merely shrewd, solid, acute, and palpable. The god of matter-of-fact and reality, is not always in these things a divine god. But there was a manliness and courage well worthy of him, in the general tone he took, and the game at which he flew. He represented in his essay, the *Poor Man*; his object was to show that Acts of Parliament were useless, which enabled those who administered them to pass over in their own class what they punished in classes below them; he arraigned that tendency of our laws, which has since passed into a proverb, to 'punish men for being poor;' and he set forth a petition, pregnant with sense and wit, that the stocks and house of correction should be straightway abolished, 'till the nobility, gentry, justices of the peace, and clergy, will be pleased to reform their own manners.' He lived in an age of Justice Midases and Parson Trullibers, and assails both with singular bitterness. 'The parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the justice sets my poor neighbor in the stocks; and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know that this same parson and this same justice were both drunk together but the night before.'

He knows little of De Foe who would suspect him of a class-prejudice of his own in this. When, in the present year, the Presbyterian Lord Mayor, going in his robes and chain in the morning to the church, and in the afternoon to the Pinners' Hall meeting-house, raised a vehement and bitter discussion on the question of Occasional Conformity; ardent Dissenter though he was, De Foe did not hesitate to take part with the Church. He could not see, he said, why Sir Humphrey Edwin should wish, like a boy upon a holiday, to display his fine clothes at either church or meeting-house. In a religious view, he thought that if it was a point of conscience with a Dissenter not to conform to the Established Church; he could not possibly receive a dispensation to do so from the mere fact of his holding a civic office; in a political view, he thought what was called Occasional Conformity, a surrender of the dignity and independence of Dissent, likely to lead to larger and dangerous concessions; and he maintained these opinions with great force of argument. He was in the right; and the party never forgave him. On no question, no matter how deeply affecting their common interests, could they afterwards bring themselves to act cordially with De Foe. Ministers took his moral treatises into their pulpits with them, but they were careful to suppress his name.

Another point of attack in his publications on the manners of his time, had reference to the Stage. With whatever views we approach the consideration of this subject, there can be but one opinion of the existing condition of the theatres. They were grossly profligate. Since that year after the Restoration in which Mr. Evelyn saw the performance of *Hamlet*, and had reason to note that 'the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad,' vice had made its home in the theatres. Nor had any check been at this time given to it. The severe tone of William's Court had made the contrast but more extreme. Collier had not yet published his *Short View*. Burnet had not yet written that volume of his *Own Time* wherein he described, with perhaps more sense than logic, the stage as the corrupter of the town, and the bad people of the town as the corrupters of the stage; and proclaimed it 'a shame to our nation and religion to see the stage so reformed in France, and so polluted still in England.' Neither was the evil merely left unrestrain-

ed. It had lately received potent assistance from the unequalled wit of Congreve, whose *Maskwell* and *Lady Touchwood* were now affecting even the Lobbies with a touch of shame. Nevertheless, while we admit his excellent intention, we cannot think De Foe made any figure in the argument. He many times returned to it, but never with much effect. His objections would as freely have applied to the best-conducted theatre. Nor, in the special immoralities assigned, had he hit the point exactly. To bring women into the performance of characters, was a decided improvement. The morals of Charles II.'s age, though openly and generally worse, were, in special respects, not so bad as those of James I.; neither was the stage of even Wycherley and Etherege so deeply immoral as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We do not know if the Muses resented, in De Foe's case, this unfriendliness to one of their favorite haunts; but, when he attempted to woo them on his account, they answered coyly to his call. A collection of Fugitive Verses, published by Dunton, appeared at this time—'made,' says the eccentric bookseller, 'by the chief wits of the age; namely, Mr. Motteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, and, in particular, Mr. Tate, now poet-laureat.' (Swift was among them too, but not important enough to be named.) And we must confess, of De Foe's contribution to the memory of his old Presbyterian pastor, that it seems to us rightly named fugitive; whether we apply the word actively to the poetry that flies away, or passively to that which makes the reader do the same. He lost a part of his strength, his facility, and his fancy, when he wrote in verse. Yet, even in verse, he made a lucky, nervous hit, now and then; and the best of his efforts was the *True-born Englishman*.

It appeared in 1701. It was directed against the bitter attacks from which William at that time suffered, on the ground of his birth and the friends he had ennobled. They were no true-born Englishmen: that was the cant in vogue. Mr. Tutchin's poem of *The Foreigners*, was on every body's tongue. The feeling had vented itself, in the previous year, on that question of the dismissal of the Dutch Guards, which the King took so sorely to heart. The same feeling had forced the Tories into power; it had swelled their Tory majority with malcontent Whigs; and it now threatened the fair and just rewards which William had

offered to his deserving generals. It is recorded of him at this juncture, that even his great, silent heart gave way at last. 'My guards have done for them what they could not do for themselves, and they send them from me.' He paced his cabinet in uncontrollable emotion. He would have called out his assailants, he said, if he had been a private man. If he had not had the obligation of other than private duties, he would have resigned the crown.

Then it was that De Foe stepped in with his timely service. The *True-born Englishman* was a doggerel, but a fine one. It was full of earnest weighty sense; of excellent history; of the nicest knowledge of our English character; and it thrust right home at the point in issue. It proved the undeniable truth, that so far from being of pure birth and blood, Englishmen are the most mixed race on the earth; and owe their distinction over other feebler races, to that very circumstance. While it exposed a vulgar prejudice, it flattered a reasonable vanity; and few things of a merely temporary interest have ever equalled its success. Its first two lines—

'Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there'—

are all that can be said to have survived, of couplets that were then shouted from street to street. Beside the nine editions of which De Foe himself received the profits, upwards of twelve editions were pirated, printed, and sold, in defiance of his interdict. More than eighty thousand copies, we are told, were thus disposed of in the streets alone. But it is more important to have to remark, that it destroyed the cant against which it was directed. 'Whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions,'—now, without a blush or a laugh, you never heard it named.

It may be doubted if this great King had ever so deeply felt a service. His opportunities were few. De Foe has recorded how he was sent for to the palace, on the special occasion of his book; with what kindness he was received; 'how employed; and how, above his capacity of deserving, rewarded.' His free access to William's cabinet never ceased from this time. There are statements throughout his writings of the many points of public policy he had been permitted frankly to discuss with the sovereign. On the agitated question of the partition-

treaties, he was throughout consulted; and there was one grand theme, nobly characteristic of the minds of both, often recurred to in these interviews. It was the Union of Scotland with England. 'It shall be done,' said William; 'but not yet' Other things more nearly and closely pressed him then.

The rapid growth and march of the Revolution might be aptly measured by the incidents and disputes of the last year of his reign. They turned solely on the power claimed by the Lower House of legislature. In several ably-written pamphlets, and particularly in a *Letter* distinguished for its plain and nervous diction, (and in which the grounds of popular representation were so happily condensed, and clearly stated, that it has been a text-book of political disputants from the expulsion of Walpole and of Wilkes, to the days of the Reform Bill,) De Foe impugned the full extent of the claim on the ground of a non-representation of the people; but a power had lately arisen within that House itself, indicative of the changed relations of the government of England; wiser in effect than the wisdom of Somers, more cunning than the cunning of Sunderland. 'The Tories,' said the latter to William, 'are better speakers than the Whigs in the House of Commons.' It had arisen into a peculiar art—the art of oratory—there. Confessedly one of the most influential of its members was he whom the last three Parliaments of William elected for their Speaker; yet no man would have listened patiently for five minutes to Robert Harley, any where but in the House of Commons. There, he was supreme. The country gentlemen voted for him, though they remembered that his family went to a meeting-house. The younger members put forth their most able and graceful representative to honor him, when Henry St. John seconded his third nomination. Posterity had cause to be grateful to him, when he joined Tory and Whig in a common demand for the best securities of the Act of Settlement. It was not genius, it was not eloquence, it was not statesmanship, that had given Harley this extraordinary power. It was House of Commons tact. A thing born of the Revolution; and destined, through whatever immediate effects, to strengthen and advance it in the end. For it rested on the largest principles, even while it appealed to the meanest passions.

There was something very striking in the

notion of De Foe, to bring it suddenly face to face with those higher principles. His *Kentish Petition* and *Legion Memorial*, are in all the histories which relate the 'Tory impeachment of William's four Whig lords. It was creating a people, it is true, before the people existed; but it was done with the characteristic reality of genius, and had a startling effect. As Harley passed into the house, a man, muffled in a cloak, placed the *Memorial* in his hands. The Speaker knew De Foe's person, and is said by the latter to have recognized him; but he kept his counsel.

No one has doubted, that in the excitement of the debates that followed, the Whigs and William recovered much lost ground; and the coffee-houses began to talk mightily of a pamphlet, wherein Lord Portland figured as *Phocion*, Lord Oxford as *Themistocles*, Lord Halifax as *Pericles*, and Lord Somers as *Aristides*. The subsequent declaration of war against France, still further cheered and consoled the King. He sent for De Foe, received from him a scheme for opening new 'channells of trade,' in connexion with the war, and assigned to him the main office of its execution. He felt that he ruled at last, and was probably never so reconciled to his adopted kingdom. But, in the midst of grand designs and hopes, he fell from his horse in hunting, sickened for a month, and died.

There are many *Mock Mourners* at royal deaths, and, in a poem with that title, De Foe would have saved his hero's memory from them. He claimed for him nobler homage than such tributes raise, 'to damn their former follies by their praise.' He told what these mourners were, while yet their living King appeared, 'and what they knew they merited, they feared.' He described what has since become matter of history, that toast of 'William's horse' which had lightened their festivities since his accident:—'twould lessen much our woe, had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago.' And he closed with eloquent mention of the heroic death which Burnet's relation made so distasteful to High Church bigotry—

'No conscious guilt disturb'd his royal breast,
Calm as the regions of eternal rest.'

The sincerity of the grief of De Foe had in this work lifted his verse to a higher and firmer tone. It was a heartfelt grief. There was no speeding the going, welcoming the coming sovereign, for De Foe.

Nothing could replace, nothing too gratefully remember, the past. 'I never forget his goodness to me,' he said, when his own life was wearing to its close. 'It was my honor and advantage to call him master as well as sovereign. I never patiently heard his memory slighted, nor ever can do so. Had he lived, he would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in this world.' Ay! good, brave, Daniel De Foe! There is indeed but sorry treatment now in store for you.

The accession of Anne was the signal for Tory rejoicings. She was thirty-seven, and her character was formed and known. It was a compound of weakness and of bigotry, but in some sort these availed to counteract each other. Devotion to a High Church principle was needful to her fearful conscience; but reliance on a woman-favorite was needful to her feeble mind. She found Marlborough and Godolphin in office, where they had been placed by their common kinsman, Sunderland; and she raised Godolphin to the post of Lord-Treasurer, and made Marlborough Captain-General. Even if she had not known them to be Tories, she would yet have done this; for she had been some years under the influence of Marlborough's strong-minded wife, and that influence availed to retain the same advisers when she found them converted Whigs. The spirit of 'The Great lives after them; and this weak, superstitious, 'good sort of woman,' little thought, when she uttered with so much enjoyment the slighting allusions to William in her first speech from the throne, that the legacy of foreign administration left by that great-minded sovereign, would speedily convert the Tories, then standing by her side, into undeniable earnest Whigs.

At first, all was well with the most high-flying Churchmen. Jacobites came in with proffered oaths of allegiance; the 'landed interest' rubbed its hands with anticipation of discountenance to trade; tantivy parsons cried their loudest halloo against dissent; the martyrdom of Charles became the theme of pulpits, for comparison of the martyr to the Saviour; and, by way of significant hint of the royal sanctity, and the return of the throne to a more lineal succession, the gift of the royal touch was solemnly revived. Nor did the feeling explode in mere talk, or pass without practical seconding. The Ministry introduced a bill against Occasional Conformity, the drift of which was to

disqualify Dissenters from all civil employments; and though the ministers themselves were indifferent to it, court bigotry pressed it so hard, that even the Queen's husband, himself an occasional conformist, was driven to vote for it. 'My heart is *vid* you,' he said to Lord Wharton, as he divided against him. It was very charmingly *foreign* to the purpose.

The bill, passed by the Tory House of Commons, (where Harley had again been chosen Speaker,) was defeated by the Whig lords, to the ministers' great comfort. But the common people, having begun their revel of High Church excitement, were not to be balked so easily. They pulled down a few dissenting chapels; sang High Church songs in the streets; insulted known Dissenters as they passed; and otherwise orthodoxly amused themselves. It seemed to De Foe a little serious. On personal grounds he did not care for the bill, its acceptance, or its rejection; but its political tendency was unsafe; it was designed as an act of oppression; the spirit aroused was dangerous; and the attitude taken by Dissenters wanted both dignity and courage.—Nor let it be supposed, while he still looked doubtfully on, that he had any personal reason which would not strongly have withheld him from the fray. He had now six children; his affairs were again thriving; the works at Tilbury had reasonably prospered; and passing judgment, by the world's most favored tests, on the house to which he had lately removed at Hackney, on the style in which he lived there, and on the company he kept, it must be said that Daniel De Foe was at this time most 'respectable' and well to do. He kept his coach, and visited county members. But as the popular rage continued, he waived prudential considerations. There was a foul-mouthed Oxford preacher named Sacheverell, who had lately announced from his pulpit to that intelligent University, that he could not be a true son of the Church who did not lift up her banner against the Dissenters; who did not hang out 'the bloody flag and banner of defiance;' and this sermon was selling for twopence in the streets. It determined him, he tells us, to delay no longer. He would make an effort to stay the plague. And he wrote and published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—without his name, of course.

Its drift was to personate the opinions and style of the most furious of the high-flying Church party, and to set forth, with

perfect gravity and earnestness, the extreme of the ferocious intolerance to which their views and wishes tended. We can conceive nothing so seasonable, or in the execution so inimitably real. We doubt if a finer specimen of serious irony exists in the language. In the only effective mode, it stole a march on the blind bigotry of the one party, and on the torpid dullness of the other. To have spoken to either in a graver tone, would have called forth a laugh or a stare. Only discovery could effect prevention. A mine must be sprung, to show the combustibles in use, and the ruin and disaster they were fraught with. 'Tis in vain,' said the *Shortest Way*, 'to trifle in this matter. We can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union in this nation, till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism, is melted down like the old money. Here is the opportunity to secure the Church, and to destroy her enemies. I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but *Delenda est Carthago*. They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace or serve God. The light foolish handling of them by fines, is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the compter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.'

If a justification of this masterly pamphlet were needed, would it not be strikingly visible in the existence of a state of society wherein such arguments as these could be taken to have grave intention? Gravely, they were so taken. Sluggish, timid, cowardly Dissenters were struck with fear; rabid High Churchmen shouted approval. A Cambridge Fellow wrote to thank his bookseller for having sent him so excellent a treatise, it being, next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments, the most valuable he had ever seen. But then came a whisper of its true intention, and the note suddenly changed. There arose a clamor for discovery and punishment of the writer, unequalled in its vehemence and intensity. To the lasting disgrace of the Dissenters, they joined the cry. They took revenge for their own dulness. That the writer was De Foe was now generally known; and they owed his wit no favor. It had troubled them too often before their time. They preferred to wait till Sacheverell's bloody flag was hoisted in reality: such a pamphlet

meanwhile, was a scurrilous irreverence to religion and authority, and they would have none of it. A worthy Colonel of the party said, 'he'd undertake to be hangman, rather than the author should want a pass out of the world;' and a self-denying chairman of one of the foremost Dissenters' clubs professed such zeal, that if he could find the libeller he would deliver him up without the reward. For government had now offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Daniel De Foe. There is no doubt that the moderate chiefs were disinclined to this; but they were weak at that time. Lord Nottingham had not yet been displaced; there was a Tory House of Commons, which not even Harley's tact could always manage, and by which the libel had been voted to the hangman; nor had Godolphin's reluctance availed against the wish of the Court, that office should be given to the member most eminent for opposition to the late King while he lived, and for insults to his memory. De Foe had little chance; and Nottingham, a sincere bigot, took the task of hunting him down. The proclamation in the *London Gazette* described him, 'a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; owner of the brick and pan-tile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex.' But it was not immediately successful. Warrants then threw into custody the printer and the bookseller; and De Foe concealed himself no longer. He came forth, as he says, to brave the storm.

He stood in the Old Bailey dock in 1703. Harcourt, who before had carried up the impeachment of Somers, and was afterwards counsel for Sacheverell, prosecuted. 'A man without shame,' says Speaker Onslow, 'but very able.' It was his doctrine, that he ought to prosecute every man who should assert any power in the people to call their governors to account;—taking this to be a right corollary from the undoubtedly existing law of libel, that no man might publish a writing reflecting on the government, or even upon the capacity and fitness of any one employed in it. The Revolution had not altered this law; and it was in effect the direct source of the profligate and most prolific personal libels of the age we are entering on. For Harcourt's policy was found impracticable, and retaliation was substituted for it;—as the denial of all liberty in theory will common-

ly produce extreme licentiousness in practice. We do not know who defended De Foe; but he seems to have been ill-defended. He was advised to admit the libel, on a loose assurance in the court that a high influence was not indisposed to protect him. He was declared guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years. Alas for the fate of Wit in this world! De Foe was taken back to Newgate and told to prepare for the pillory. The high influence whispered of made no sign now. But some years after, when it was her interest to say it, the Queen condescended to say, that 'she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used Mr. De Foe in such a manner.'

But what was the manner to Mr. De Foe? He went to the pillory, as in those after years he went to the palace, with the same quiet temper. In truth, writers and thinkers lived nearer to it then than we can well fancy possible now. It had played no ignominious part in the grand age passed away. Noble hearts had been tried and tempered in it. Daily had been elevated in it, mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust athletic endurance. All from Within that has undying worth, it had in those times, but the more plainly exposed Without. The only Archbishop that De Foe ever truly revered, was the son of a man, who, in it, had been tortured and mutilated; and the saintly character of that Prelate was even less saintly than his father's. A Presbyterian's first thought would be of these things; and De Foe's preparation for the pillory was to fortify his honest dignity by remembrance of them in the most nervous and pointed verses he had ever written.

On the 29th of July, 1703, there appeared, in twenty-four quarto pages, *A Hymn to the Pillory, by Daniel De Foe*; and on that day, we are informed by the *London Gazette*, Daniel De Foe stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; on the day following, near the conduit in Cheapside; and on the 31st, at Temple-Bar. A large crowd had assembled to provide themselves sport; but the pillory they most enjoyed was not of the government's erecting. Unexpectedly they saw the Law pilloried, and the Ministers of State; the dulness which could not comprehend, and the malice which on that account would punish a popular champion. They veered

quickly round. Other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached De Foe; and shouts of a different temper. His health was drunk with acclamations as he stood there; and nothing harder than a flower was flung at him. 'The people were expected to treat me very ill,' he said; 'but it was not so. On the contrary, they were with me; wished those who had set me there were placed in my room; and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken down.' We are told that garlands covered the platform where he stood; and that he saw the *Hymn* passed from hand to hand, and heard what it calmly said less calmly repeated,—

'Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.'

An undeniable witness who was present (a noted Tory libeller of the day, Ned Ward) frankly admits this 'lofty *Hymn* to the wooden-ruff' to have been 'to the law a counter-cuff; and truly, without Whiggish flattery, a plain assault and downright battery.' Had not De Foe established his right, then, to stand there 'unabashed?' Unabashed by, and unabated in his contempt for, Tyranny and Dulness, was he not now entitled to return fearless (not 'earless,' O readers of *Dunciad*!) to his appointed home in Newgate?

A home of no unwise experience to the wise observer. A scene of no unromantic aspect to the minute and careful painter. It is a common reproach to the memory of William of Orange, that literature and art found no encouragement in him; but let us remember that Daniel De Foe and David Teniers acknowledged him for their warmest friend. There is higher art and higher literature: within the field selected by both, there is none so exact and true. But the war of politics has not yet released our English Teniers. He has not leisure yet for the more peaceful 'art of roguery.'

In the Writings he now rapidly sent forth from Newgate, we think we see something of what we may call the impatient restlessness of Martyrdom. He is more eager than was perhaps desirable, to proclaim what he has done, and what he will do. We can fancy, if we may so express it, a sort of reasonable dislike, somewhat unreasonably conceived against him now, by the young men of letters and incipient wits with whom the world was going easily. His utmost

address might seem to have some offence in it; his utmost liberality to contain some bigotry; his best offices to society to be rendered of doubtful origin, by what would appear a sort of everlasting pragmatism and delight in finding fault. It is natural, all this. We trample upon a man; plunder him; imprison him; strive to make him infamous; and wonder if he is only the more hardened in his persuasion that he has a much better case than ourselves. One of the pirate printers of the day, took advantage of the imprisoned writer's popularity to issue the *Works of the Author of the Trueborn Englishman*; and thought himself grossly ill-used, because the author retorted with a charge of theft, and a *True Collection corrected by Himself*. The very portrait he had affixed to this latter book was a new offence. Here was a large, determined, resolute face. Here was a lordly, full-bottomed wig;—flowing lower than the elbow, and rising higher than the forehead, with amazing amplitude of curl. Here was richly-laced cravat; fine loose flowing cloak; and surly, substantial, citizen aspect. He was proud of this portrait, by the way, and complains of that of the pirate volume as no more like himself than Sir Roger L'Estrange was like the dog Tuzer. But was this the look of a languishing prisoner? Was this an image of the tyranny complained of? Neither Tutchin of the *Observer*, nor Leslie of the *Rehearsal*, could bring himself to think it. So they found some rest from the assailing of each other, in common and prolonged assaults upon De Foe.

He did not spare them in return. He wrote satires; he wrote polemics; he wrote politics; he discussed Occasional Conformity with Dissenters, and the grounds of popular right with Highfliers; he wrote a famous account of the *Great Storm*; he took part in the boldest questions of Scotch and Irish policy; he canvassed with daring freedom the measures of the Court, on whose pleasure the opening of his prison-doors depended; he argued with admirable force and wit against a proposed revival of the censorship of the press; he put the claims of authors to be protected in their copy-right with irresistible force; and finally he set up his *Review*.

Its plan was curious, and, at that time, new to English literature. It was at first a quarto sheet, somewhat widely printed, published weekly, and sold for a penny. After the fourth number, it was reduced to half a sheet and sold for twopence, in small-

er print and with double columns. After the eighth number, it was published twice a-week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Before the close of the first volume, it sent forth monthly supplements. And at last it appeared on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, of every week; and so continued, without intermission, and written solely by De Foe, for nine years. He wrote it in prison and out of prison; in sickness and in health. It did not cease when circumstances called him from England. No official employment determined it; no political consideration availed to discontinue it. Through all the vicissitudes of men and ministries, from 1704 to 1713; amid all the contentions and the shouts of party, he kept with this homely weapon his single-handed way, a solitary watchman at the portals of the commonwealth. Remarkable for its rich and various knowledge, its humor, its satire, its downright hearty earnestness, it is a yet more surprising monument of inexhaustible activity and energy. It seems to have been suggested to him, in the first instance, as a resource against the uncertainties of his imprisonment, and their disastrous effect on his trade speculations, (he had lost by this prosecution more than L.4000;) and there is no doubt it assisted him in the support of his family for several of these years. But he had no efficient protection against its continued piracy.—The thieves counted it by thousands, when worthy Mr. Mathews the publisher could only account by hundreds; and hence the main and most substantial profit its writer derived from all the anxiety and toil it cost him, was expressed in the proud declaration of one of its latest Numbers. 'I have here espoused an honest interest, and have steadily adhered to it all my days. I never forsook it when it was oppressed; never made a gain by it when it was advanced; and, I thank God, it is not in the power of all the courts and parties in Christendom to bid a price high enough to buy me off from it, or make me desert it.'

The arrangement of its plan was not less original than that of its form. The path it struck out in periodical literature was, in this respect, entirely novel. It classed the minor and the larger morals; it mingled personal and public themes; it put the gravities of life in an entertaining form;—and at once discussed the politics, and corrected the vices of the age. We will best indicate the manner in which this was done by naming rapidly the subjects treated in

the first volume; beside those of political concern. It condemned the fashionable practice of immoderate drinking; in various ways, ridiculed the not less fashionable habit of swearing; inveighed against the laxity of marital ties; exposed the licentiousness of the stage; discussed, with great clearness and sound knowledge, questions affecting trade and the poor; laughed at the rage for gambling speculations; and waged inveterate war with the barbarous practice of the duel. Its machinery for matters non-political was a so-called *Scandalous Club*, organized to hear complaints, and entrusted with the power of deciding them. Let us show how it acted. A gentleman appears before the club, and complains of his wife. She is a bad wife; he cannot exactly tell why. There is a long examination, proving nothing; when suddenly a member of the club begs pardon for the question, and asks if his worship was a good husband. His worship, greatly surprised at such a question, is again at a loss to answer. Whereupon, the club pass three resolutions. That most women that are bad wives are made so by bad husbands: That this society will hear no complaints against a virtuous bad wife from a vicious good husband: That he that has a bad wife, and can't find the reason of it in her, 'tis ten to one that he finds it in himself. And the decision finally is, that the gentleman is to go home, and be a good husband for at least three months; after which, if his wife is still uncured, they will proceed against her as they shall find cause. In this way, pleas and defences are heard on the various points that present themselves in the subjects named; and not seldom with a lively dramatic interest. The graver arguments and essays too, have an easy, homely vigor; a lightness and pleasantry of tone; very different from the ponderous handling peculiar to Ridpaths and the Dyers, the Tutchins and the Leslies. We open at an essay on trade, which would delight Mr. Cobden himself. De Foe is arguing against impolitic restrictions. We think to plague the foreigner, he says; in reality, we but deprive ourselves. 'If you vex me, I'll eat no dinner, said I, when I was a little boy: till my mother taught me to be wiser by letting me stay till I was hungry.'

The reader will remember the time when this *Review* was planned. Ensign Steele was but a loungee in the lobbies of the theatres; Addison had not emerged from his garret in the Haymarket. The details of

common life had not yet been invested with the graces of literature; the social and polite moralities were still disregarded in the press; the world knew not the influence of my Lady Betty Modish, and Colonel Rantier still swore at the waiters. Where shall we look for 'the first sprightly runnings' of *Tattlers* and *Spectators* then, if we have not found them in De Foe's *Review*? The earlier was indeed the ruder workman; but wit, originality and knowledge were yet the tools he worked with; and the later 'twopenny authors,' as Mr. Dennis is pleased to call them, found the way well struck out for their finer and more delicate art. What had been done for the citizen-classes, they were to do for the beauties and the wits. They had watched the experiment, and seen its success. The *Review* was enormously popular. It was stolen, pirated, hawked about every where; and the writer, with few of the advantages, paid all the penalties of success. He complains that his name was made 'the hackney title of the times.' Hardly a penny or twopenny pamphlet was afterwards cried in the streets to which the scurrilous libeller, or witless dunce, had not forged that popular name. Nor was it without its influence on the course of events which now gradually changed the aspect and the policy of Godolphin's government. De Foe has claimed for himself large share in preparing a way for what were called the 'modern Whigs,' and the claim was undoubtedly well founded.

Nottingham and Rochester had resigned; and the great House of Commons tactician was now a member of the government. The seals of the Home and War Offices had been given to Harley and his friend Henry St. John. The Lord-Treasurer could not yet cross boldly to the Whigs, and would not creep back to the Tories. To join with Robert Harley was to do neither of these things. This famous person appears to us to have been the nearest representative of what we might call the practical spirit of the Revolution, of any who lived in that age. In one of his casual sayings reported by Pope, we seem to find a clue to his character. Some one had observed of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it. 'None of us,' replied Harley, 'know how far the good people of England will bear.' All his life he was engaged in attempts upon that problem. If he had thought less of the good people of England, he would have been a less able, a more daring, and certainly a more suc-

cessful statesman. We do not think he was a Trimmer, in the ordinary sense of the word. When he went to church, and sent his family to the meeting-house; when he never asked a clergyman to his Sunday table, without providing a clergyman of 'another sort' to meet him; we should try to find a better word for it, if we would not find a worse for the Revolution. The Revolution trimmed between two parties. The Revolution, to this day, is but the grand unsolved experiment of how much the people of England will bear. To call Harley a mere court intriguer, is as preposterous as to call him a statesman of commanding genius. He had less of mere courtliness than any of his colleagues. The fashionable French dancing-master who wondered what the devil the Queen should have seen in him to make him an Earl and Lord-Treasurer—for he attended her two years, and never taught such a dunce—gives us a lively notion of his homely, *bourgeois* manners. Petticoat politics are to be charged against him; but to no one who thoroughly knew the Queen can it be matter of severe reproach, that he was at the pains to place Abigail Hill about her person. He knew the impending downfall of Marlborough's too imperious wife; and was he to lose a power so plainly within his grasp, and see it turned against him? His success in the Bedchamber never shook his superior faith in the agencies of Parliament and the Press. These two were the levers of the Revolution; and they are memorably associated with the government of Robert Harley.

As soon as he joined Godolphin, he seems to have turned his thoughts to De Foe. He was not, indeed, the first who had done so. More than one attempt had been already made to capitulate with that potent prisoner. Two lords had gone to him in Newgate! says Oldmixon; in amaze that one lord could find his way to such a place. He says the same thing himself, in the witty narrative at the close of the *Consolidator*. But they carried conditions with them; and there is a letter in the British Museum, (Addit. MS. 7421,) wherein De Foe writes to Lord Halifax, that he 'scorned to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead master.' Harley made no conditions; it was not his way. He sent to De Foe because he was a man of letters, and in distress. His message was by 'word of mouth,' and to this effect—'Pray, ask Mr. De Foe what I can do for him.' Nor was

the reply less characteristic. The prisoner took a piece of paper and wrote the parable of the blind man in the gospel. 'I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shalt do for me! My answer is plain in my misery. *Lord, that I may receive my sight!*' What else could such a man wish for but his Liberty? Yet four months passed before a further communication. It seemed to imply reluctance in a higher quarter. Within four months, however, 'her Majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances, and by my Lord-Treasurer Godolphin to send a considerable supply to my wife and family; and to send to me the prison-money, to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge.'

His health was shattered by his long confinement. He took a house at Bury in Suffolk, and lived there a little while retired. But his pen did not rest; nor could he retire from the notorieties that followed him. His name was still hawked about the London streets; and it was reported, and had to be formally denied, that he had escaped from Newgate by a trick. Then came the exciting news that Blenheim was won, France humbled, Europe saved; and De Foe, in verses of no great merit, but which cost him only 'three hours' to compose, gave public utterance to his joy. Then the dry unlettered Lord-Treasurer went in search of the most graceful wit among the Whigs, to get advice for a regular poet to celebrate the Captain-General. Then Halifax brought down Addison from his garret; the *Campaign* was exchanged for a comfortable government salary; and communications again opened with De Foe. Two letters of this date, from himself to Halifax, have escaped his biographers. In the first he is grateful for that lord's unexpected goodness in mentioning him to my Lord-Treasurer; but would be well pleased to wait till Halifax is himself in power. He speaks of a government communication concerning 'paper credit,' which he is then handling in his *Review*. He regrets that some proposal his lordship had sent, 'exceeding pleasant to me to perform, as well as useful to be done,' had been so blundered by the messenger that he could not understand it; and from this we get a glimpse of a person hitherto unnamed in his history—a brother, a stupid fellow. In the second letter he acknowledges the praise and favors of Lord Halifax; and thus manfully declares the principle on which his own services are offered. 'If to be encouraged in giving

myself up to that service your lordship is pleased so much to overvalue; if going on with the more cheerfulness in being useful to, and promoting the general peace and interest of this nation; if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid, distracted party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbors; if this be to merit so much regard, your lordship binds me in the most durable, and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 'tis a service that, with my gratitude to your lordship, *keeps an exact unison with my reason, my principle, my inclinations, and the duty every man owes to his country, and his posterity.*'

Harley was at this time in daily communication with Halifax, and doubtless saw these letters. But he managed all things warily. He had not appeared in De Foe's affairs since he effected his release; and that release he threw upon the Queen. In the same temper he sent to him now. The Queen, he said, had need of his assistance. He offered him no employment to fetter his future engagements. He knew that in the last of his publications (the *Consolidator*, a prose satire remarkable for the hints it threw out to *Gulliver*) he had laughed at Addison for refusing to write the *Campaign* 'till he had £200 a-year secured to him;'—an allusion never forgiven. He sent for him to London; told him the Queen 'had the goodness to think of taking him into her service;' and did what the Whigs were vainly endeavoring to do for an Irish Priest who had written the most masterly satire since the days of Rabelais—took him to Court to kiss hands. We see in all this but the truth of the character we would assign to Harley. On grounds independent of either party, except so far as 'reason, principles, inclination, and duty to his country' should prompt, he had here enlisted this powerful, homely, and popular writer in the service of the government of the Revolution. Compared with Harley, we cannot but think the old Whigs, with every honest inclination, little better than bunglers in matters of this kind. It is true that not even Harley could carry the Vicar of Larcator to the palace;—but he could carry him in his coach to country ale-houses; he could play games of counting poultry on the road, or 'who should first see a cat or an old woman;' he could loll back on his seat with a broad 'Temple' jest; or he could call or be called *Jonathan* and *Harley*;—and the old Whigs were much too chary of these things.

So they had lost Prior, and were losing Parnell and Swift; and he who had compared Lord Somers to *Aristides*, was soon to talk of him as little better than a rascal.

We next see De Foe in the house of Mr. Secretary Harley. He has been named to execute a secret commission in the public service, which requires a brief absence on the Continent. He is making preparations for his departure; proposing to travel as *Mr. Christopher Hurt*; giving Harley advice for a large scheme of secret intelligence; and discussing with him a proposed poetical satire (afterwards published as the *Dict of Poland*) against the High Church faction. In a subsequent farewell letter he adverts to these things; and, after naming some matters of public feeling, in which one of the minister's Tory associates was awkwardly involved, characteristically closes with an opinion, that it was needful Harley should know in this, as well as any thing else, *what the people say*.

The foreign service was one of danger. 'I ran as much danger of my life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp.' But it was discharged successfully; and, in consideration of the risk, the government offered him what seems to have been a small sinecure. He took it as a debt; and at a later period, when opposed to the reigning ministry, complains that large arrears were then unpaid. On his return he had found the Tory House of Commons dissolved, and the new elections in progress. He threw himself into the contest with characteristic ardor. He wrote; he canvassed; he voted; he journeyed throughout the country on horseback, he tells us, more than eleven hundred miles; and, in addresses to electors every where, still counselled the necessity of laying aside party prejudices, of burying former animosities, and of meeting their once Tory ministers at least half way. He found many arguments on his road, he adds. He found people of all opinions, as well Churchmen as Dissenters, living in Christian neighborhood; and he had very often the honor, 'with small difficulty, of convincing gentlemen over a bottle of wine, that the author of the *Review* was really no monster, but a conversable, social creature.' His Essays, meanwhile, written in the progress of this journeying, were admirable. They were read in every coffee house and club; often they were stolen from these houses by Highfliers, that they might not be read; they were quoted on every popular hustings; the Duchess of Marlborough

sent them over to the camp in Flanders; and the writer, on peril of his life, was warned to discontinue them. His tributes of this latter kind were numerous. High-flying justices followed him about the country with false warrants of arrest; sham actions were brought against him in shoals; compounded debts of long past years were revived; and only his own unequalled and irresistible energy could have stayed the completion of his ruin. But no jot of heart or hope was abated in him. 'He is not,' says no friendly critic, 'daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to moderation and peace. He *Reviews* without fear, and acts without fainting. He is a person of true courage.'

The elections confirmed the power of the Whigs. The Duke of Buckingham and Sir Nathan Wright retired to make way for the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Cowper; and a renegade Whig and former Dissenter, Lord Haversham, led the first attack upon the ministers. De Foe was dragged forward by this lord as the 'mean and mercenary prostitute of the *Review*;' as making his fortune by the way of 'scribbling;' and as receiving both 'encouragement and instructions' from Godolphin. There was a quiet dignity and eloquence in his answer. He reminds the turncoat peer that Fate, which makes footballs of men, kicks some men up stairs and some down; that some are advanced without honor, others suppressed without infamy; that some are raised without merit, some crushed without crime; and that no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory. To the charge of writing for bread, he asks what are all the employments in the world pursued for, but for bread? 'The lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the musician fiddles, the players act, and, no reflection on the tribe, the clergy preach, for bread.' For the rest, he reminds him that *he* had never betrayed his master (William had given Lord Haversham his peerage) nor his friend; that he had always espoused the cause of truth and liberty; that he had lived to be ruined for it; that he had lived to see it triumph over tyranny, party rage, and persecution principles; and that *he was sorry to see any man abandon it*.

Beside the *Review*, he had published in the current year works on trade; on the conduct and management of the poor; on

toleration; and on colonial intolerance in North America. It would be difficult to name a more soundly reasoned or shrewdly written pamphlet than his *Giving Alms No Charity*. He claimed to be heard on that subject, he said, as an English freeholder. His town tenements had been taken from him; the Tilbury works were gone; and the Freeman's Yard house was his no longer; but he still possessed one English freehold. He does not tell us in what county; but he had moved his family to Newington, and it was doubtless in some way connected with that scene of his boyhood. To this date, also, belong several pamphlets on Dissenters' questions; his attempted enforcement of a better scheme for the regulation of madhouses; and his *Jure Divino*. The latter appeared with a large subscription, and was impudently pirated on the very day of its publication. Now, too, there went to him that worthy and much distressed bookseller, who had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called *Drelincourt on Death*, 'with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well;' which the public, not appearing to relish unauthorized directions of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the ponderous stock under which his shelves were groaning: De Foe quieted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could recommend such a book with effect; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. As speedily done as said: De Foe sent him, in a few days, *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705*. If such a thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. The business-like, homely, earnest, common-place air of truth, was perfectly irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs. Bargrave? The ghost, in the course of a long gossip, filled with the *says I* and *thinks I*, the *says she* and *thinks she*, of the tea-table of a country town, said—with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience—that Drelincourt's book on Death was the best book ever written on that subject. Doctor Sherlock was not bad; two Dutch books had merit; several others were worth mention; but Drelincourt, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state, of any one who had handled the matter. The narrative was appended to the book, and a

new Edition advertised. It flew like wild-fire. The copies, to use an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's, (with whom the narrative was an immense favorite,) which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town in every direction like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay, the book has been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the silly piece of *Drelincourt*, (for hawking booksellers have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sixpenny numbers,) have borne unconscious testimony to the genius of De Foe.

It was now engaged once more in the service of the Ministry. He had, in various writings, prepared his countrymen for the greatest political measure of the time; he was known to have advised the late King on a project for the Scottish Union; and Godolphin, about to immortalize his administration by that signal act of statesmanship, called in the services of De Foe. He describes the Lord-Treasurer's second introduction of him to her Majesty, and to the honor of kissing her hand. 'Upon this second introduction, her Majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to herself, she had such satisfaction in my former services, that she appointed me for another office.' The greater part of the next two years was passed in this office; which seems to have combined, with the duties of Secretary to the English Commissioners, considerable power and influence derived from the Ministry at home. It was an important appointment, and Godolphin was assailed for it. 'An under spur-leather, forsooth, sent down to Scotland to make the Union!' It carried De Foe at various intervals between Edinburgh and London; involved him in continual discussion leading to or rising out of the measure, as well as in the riots which marked the excitement of the time; procured for him what seems to have been the really cordial and friendly attentions of the Duke of Queensbury and Lord Buchan; directed his attention to various matters which he believed to be essential to Scottish prosperity; and grounded in him a high respect and liking for the Scottish people. He wrote a poem in eulogy of them; busied himself earnestly with suggestions for their commercial and national advancement; and spent some well-devoted

labor, in after years, on the compilation of a very minute, and, so to speak, highly dramatic *History of the Union*. We rejoice to have to couple that act, so eminently in the best spirit of the Revolution, so large-minded and so tolerant, with his name. It changed turbulence to tranquillity; rude poverty to a rich civilization; and the fierce atrocities of a dominant church, to the calm enjoyment of religious liberty.

A strange scene was meanwhile going on in London. The easy, indolent Prince George, (whom Charles II. said he had tried drunk and sober, and could do nothing with him,) had been heard to complain one day, in the intervals of his dinner and his bottle, that the Queen came very late to bed. This casual remark falling on the already sharp suspicions of the Duchess of Marlborough, discovered the midnight conferences of the Queen with Abigail Masham and her kinsman, Secretary Harley; and the good Mrs. Freeman, knowing that her dear Mrs. Morley had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, at once peremptorily insisted on the suspension of the Abigail, and the dismissal of the Secretary. We state the fact without comment; but it may be remarked, that if Harley's back-stairs midnight visits implied treachery to his colleagues, it was not of that black kind which would have ruined men who trusted him. It had been clear to the Secretary for some time, that the Whigs would *not* trust him. He says himself, and there is no reason to doubt it, that he was not enough of a party man for them. One smiles, indeed, with a kind of sympathy for him, to read in Lord Cowper's diary of two years' date before this, his devotion of his best tokay ('good, but thick') to the hapless effort of Whig conciliation. The accession of strength received from the great measure of the Union, had been straightway used to weed his friends from office. Hedges had made way for Sunderland; and even Prior and his colleagues, in the Board of Trade, had been removed. Nor was that an age in which party warfare was scrupulous on either side. In the session just begun, the party motion supported by Rochester and Buckingham, to ruin the Whig chiefs of the ministry, was supported by Somers and Wharton with the sole hope of ruining Harley. In now retiring, the Secretary's principal mortification would seem to have been the necessity it laid him under of joining an ultra-faction. He made a last attempt

to conciliate Cowper and Somers. But the arrangements were made. To the ill-concealed grief and distress of the Queen, he and his friend St. John retired; Robert Walpole entered the ministry; Somers was made Lord Chancellor; and the imperious Duchess of Marlborough thought herself triumphant. She had known Anne now forty years, but she did not know the strength of her sullen obstinacy. In a few months more, the death of the Prince threw fresh power into Whig hands. Somers became President of the Council, and Lord Wharton went to Ireland. He took with him, as his Secretary, Joseph Addison.

Mr. Addison was, at this time, less distinguished by the fame of his writings than of his sayings. He was the most popular man in the little commonwealth of Whig wits, who now met nightly (Button's was not yet established) at Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden. They were a kind of offshoot from the more dignified club who eat mutton-pies at Kit Katt's the pastry-cook's; and of which the principal literary members were Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Steele, and Addison. The Revolution gave a new character, in giving new duties, to associations of this kind. They were no longer what they were, when, in this same coffee-house, then called 'The Rose,' Dryden ruled the town wits from his Tory chair. They were a recognized class, with influence before unknown. In sketching the career of De Foe, we have indicated its rise and growth. The People were beginning to be important, and it was the only direct means of communication with the People. Thus the little party at Will's were not sought or courted for the graces of their wit and literature alone.—That pale, bright-eyed, sickly, deformed youth of one-and-twenty, whose *Pastorals* are so much talked of just now, may seek them for no better reason; but not for this are they sought by that tall, stern-looking, dark-faced Irish priest, whose forty-two years of existence have been a struggle of ill-endured dependence and haughty discontent, which he now desires to redeem in the field of political warfare. Here, meanwhile, he amuses himself and the town with Mr. Bickerstaff's joke against Mr. Partridge, suggesting to hearty Dick Steele those pleasant *Lucubrations* of Isaac, which, in a few months more, are to take the town by storm; or, it may be, showing privately to Addison that bitter sneer against De Foe, which he was about now to give to the world. 'One

of those authors, (*the fellow who was pilloried, I have forgot his name,*) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him.' That was it!—There was profiting by his labor; there was copying the suggestions of his genius; there was travelling to wealth and power along the path struck out by his martyrdom; but, for this very reason, there was no enduring him. A man who will go into the pillory for his opinions, is not a 'clubbable' man. Yet at this very moment De Foe was laboring for the interests of the literary class. For twenty years he had urged the necessity of a law to protect an author's property in his writings, and in this session the Copyright act was passed. The common law recognized a perpetual right, but gave no means of enforcing it; the statute limited the right, and gave the means. It was a sort of cheat, but better than unlimited robbery.

Notwithstanding Harley's retirement, De Foe continued in the service of Godolphin's ministry. But at the special desire of Harley himself, to whom, as the person by whom he had been first employed for Anne, and whose apparently falling fortunes were a new claim of attachment, he considered himself bound. 'Nay, not so, Mr. De Foe,' said Harley, 'I shall not take it ill from you in the least. Besides, it is the Queen you are serving, who has been very good to you.' The words were well selected for continuance of the tenure by which the sagacious diplomatist had first engaged his service.—Upon this, he went to the Lord-Treasurer, who received him with great friendliness, and told him, 'smiling,' he had not seen him a long while. De Foe frankly mentioned his obligations to Harley, and his fear that his interest might be lessened on that account. 'Not at all, Mr. De Foe,' rejoined Godolphin; 'I always think a man honest till I find the contrary.' The scrupulous author, nevertheless, considered it his duty entirely to cease communication with the rival statesman, till he again appeared as a public minister.

It was not very long. Nor had the Ministry, on the score of moderation at any rate, profited greatly by his absence; while he, by the position of parties, was driven to the extreme of opposition. Despairing of the Queen's power to second her well-known inclination, the High Church trumpet had again sounded to battle, and De Foe had again buckled on his armor of offence against both ultra-parties. It was now he

told the world that fate of the unbiassed writer, with which a witty admirer of modern days has familiarized his readers. 'If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. *And this is the course I take myself.*' It was now, describing his personal treatment by one of the Tory mobs, he told them the destiny of all that had ever served them. 'He that will help you, must be hated and neglected by you, must be mobbed and plundered for you, must starve and hang for you, and must yet help you. *And thus I do.*'—Then came again upon the scene his old friend Dr. Henry Sacheverell. This brawling priest attacked Godolphin in the pulpit by the name of *Volpone*; inveighed against Burnet and other bishops for not unfurling the bloody flag against Dissent; abused the Revolution as unrighteous; and broadly reasserted non-resistance and passive obedience. The man was such a fool and madman, that a serious thought should not have been wasted on him, whatever might be needful to discountenance his atrocious doctrines. This was the feeling of De Foe. When Harley called the sermon a 'circumgyration of incoherent words,' (in a speech thought to merit the same description,) it seems to have been his feeling too. It was certainly that of Somers, and of the best men in the cabinet. They all knew his noisy ignorance. His illustration of 'parallel lines meeting in the centre,' was a standing joke with the wits. But *Volpone* stuck to Godolphin, and an impeachment was resolved upon. He little thought, when he took to what Burnet calls the luxury of roasting a parson, that the fire would blaze high enough to roast himself and his colleagues.

Harley made a shrewder guess. He was dining with a friend in the country when the news reached him. 'The game is up!' he cried; left the dinner-table, and hurried to London. In vain De Foe still urged, 'Let us have the crime punished, not the man. The bar of the House of Commons is the worst pillory in the nation.' In that elevated pillory Sacheverell was placed; well dressed, with clean gloves, white handkerchief well managed, and other suitable accomplishments; Atterbury, who secretly despised him, in affected sympathy by his

side; the mob without, screaming for their martyr; and women, high and low, frantic with admiration. 'You could never embark the ladies,' said De Foe 'till you fell upon the clergy. As soon as you pinch the parson, the women are one woman in his defence.' His description of the interest created by the impeachment is one of the happiest pieces of quiet irony. It has also historic value. The ladies, he tells us, laid aside their chocolate, their china, and their gallantries, for state business; the *Tatler*, the immortal *Tatler*, the great Bickerstaff himself, (to whom, let us remark by the way, De Foe, in his hearty admiration, had lately resigned the offices of his own *Scandal Club*,) was fain to leave off talking to them; they had no leisure for Church;—little Miss, still obliged to go, had the Doctor's picture put into her prayer book; even Punch laid aside his domestic broils, to gibber for the holy man; and not only were the churches thinned, and the parks, but the very playhouses felt the effects, and Betberton died a beggar. Well had it been, however, if this were all. A series of horrible riots followed. Meeting-houses were pulled down; the bloody flag was in reality unfurled; mounted escorts, carrying Martyr Sacheverell about the country, were every where the signal for the plunder and outrage of Dissenters; the printed defence (filled with abuse of De Foe and his *Reviews*) circulated by tens of thousands; and Lord Treasurer Godolphin was ordered to break his staff and make way for Harley.

He took office; and at once began the work, which, whatever the motives we assign to him, and whatever the just faults we may find with the absence of decision in his mind and in his temper, we must admit that he continued to the last, of opposing, against his own interests, the exterminating policy of the party who had borne him into power. While several leading Whigs yet retained office, he again unsuccessfully attempted a coalition with Cowper and Walpole; and it was not till wholly rebuffed in this quarter that he completed his High Tory cabinet, and determined to risk a dissolution. St. John was made secretary; Harcourt had the great seal; and he himself took the treasurer's staff. The elections gave him a majority, though not very decisive; and Anne's celebrated 'last administration' began its career. A man might predict in some sort the course of it, who had seen the new Premier on the first

of October; the eve of the meeting of Parliament. He was not at the palace of the Queen, nor in his office of business with Harcourt or St. John; he was stopping in his coach at the St. James's coffee-house, to set down Jonathan Swift. 'He knew my christian name very well,' says the *Journal to Stella*. On that day the ex-Whig partisan had sent forth a lampoon against Godolphin, and paid his first visit to Harley. On the 4th, he dined with him. Afterwards, his visits were daily welcomed.—The proud and long neglected Priest found himself, on the same hopeful October day, dining for tenpence in his old chop-house; then going 'reeking' from thence to the first minister of state; and then, in charity, sending a *Tatler* to Steele, 'who is very low of late.' Others were 'low' too.—There was Congreve, a resolute Whig, and member of the Kit Katt, whose little place depended on the ministry. But Harley quieted his fears with a happy quotation from Virgil.

'Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre.'

Whatever else were the objections to this statesman, they did not lie on the score of his indifference to genius. The administration organized, he sent for De Foe. A different course was needful with Daniel from that taken with Jonathan. Harley knew De Foe thoroughly; and was not grieved to know that the High Church majority in the Commons might have been much larger but for his unwearied personal and public exertions against that faction, in the elections recently closed. De Foe distinctly states the result of the interview to have been, that he capitulated for liberty to speak according to his own judgment of things, and that he had that liberty allowed him. Nor did he wait on Harley till he had first consulted the dismissed Godolphin, who counselled him to consider himself the Queen's servant, to wait till he saw things settled, and then to take her Majesty's commands from the new minister. In the same tone Harley conferred with him now. And if we couple the interview with the paper sent forth in the *Review*, and which first opened the fury of the Whig batteries on De Foe, we shall find everything to confirm the impression here taken of it; of the character of Harley himself; and of the honorable grounds of De Foe's conditional support. He states his opinion to be, that the Ministry must be carried on upon the foundation and with the principles of the

Revolution. This, he adds, can be the only safe guide where so many parties alternately govern; and where men of the same party have so often been of several opinions about the same thing. He states that he shall not go along with the Ministry unless they go along with him. He exults in Harley's known inclination to the Whigs; and, indeed, he argues, 'the constitution is of such a nature, that, whoever may be in it, if they are faithful to their duty, it will either find them Whigs or make them so.' And upon these plain principles he acted. They were principles professed by Swift two years later; but never, later or earlier, acted on by him. 'I bear all the ministry to be my witnesses,' he wrote to Steele, in whose *Correspondence* the letter may be found, 'that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree; for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.' And in two months from the date of the letter, he was covering this very 'Dick Steele' with the most lavish contempt, for no better reason than that he held Whig principles. But he wrote for his deanery, and got it; De Foe wrote for what he believed to be the public service, and had no reward or fee but the consciousness of having done so.

Compare Swift's *Examiner* with De Foe's *Review*, and the distinction is yet more plain. It is earnest and manly reasoning against a series of profligate libels. Libels, too, in which the so-called advocate of Harley is denounced by Harley's confidential writer, as an *illiterate idiot*. 'Much wit in that!' quietly answered De Foe; who never was seduced into party lampooning, and, even at moments like these, held Swift's wit and genius in honor. 'Now I know a learned man at this time, an orator in the Latin, a walking index of books, who has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome to the learned collection of Doctor Salmon at Fleet Ditch; but he is a cynic in behaviour, a fury in temper, unpolite in conversation, abusive in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned? Then may I still be illiterate.' It was the calm spirit of every return vouchsafed by the author of the *Review* to the cross-fire which now assailed

him. He was content, whether defending or opposing, to stand alone. He did not think the *Brothers' Club* had helped the ministry, nor that the *Scriblerus Club* would be any service to literature. He preferred to stand where he did; 'unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave;' in frank and free communication with his countrymen. Let us briefly state his debtor-and-creditor account with the administration of Robert Harley.

He supported him against the October Club; a party of a hundred country gentlemen, who drank October ale, and would have driven things to extremes against the Whigs. He supported him against the bigot Rochester; and against the fiery, impatient Bolingbroke. He supported him against the Whigs; when the Whigs, to avenge their party disappointments, laid aside their noblest principles, and voted with Lord Findlater for the dissolution of the Scottish Union. He supported him also against the Whigs, when, for no nobler reason, they joined with his old enemy Lord Nottingham to oppress and disable the Dissenters. And again he supported him against the Whigs, when, speaking through their ablest and most liberal representatives, the Walpoles and the Stanhopes, they declared emphatically, and in all circumstances, for a total prohibition of trade with France. It was on this latter question De Foe would seem to have incurred their most deadly hatred. He had achieved the repute of a great authority in matters of this kind; and he threw it all into the scale in favor of Bolingbroke's treaty. He wrote on it often, and largely; with eminent ability and with great effect. His view briefly was, that the principle of a free trade, unencumbered by prohibitions, and with very moderate duties, was 'not only equal and just, but proceeding on the true interest of trade, and much more to the advantage of Britain than of France.' What disadvantages of unpopularity such reasoning then had we need not say; the cry of 'trade and wool' did as much for the Whigs as that of 'Sacheverell and the Church' had done for the Tories; but De Foe opposed both alike, and it is little likely he will be traduced for it now. But we have not yet stated the reverse of the account. It is not less honorable to him.

He did not oppose the Peace when settled; but while it was in progress he opposed the terms. He desired peace; but did not think the Spanish guaranties suffi-

cient. He thought that Europe had been saved by the policy of William and the Whigs, and by the genius of Marlborough; but he did not approve the violent method of winding up the war. He was, in short, glad when it was done; but would have been ashamed to take part in the doing. And the best judgment of posterity, we believe, confirms his judgment. He opposed the creation of Peers. He opposed strongly, while the Whigs made the feeblest resistance, the Parliamentary Qualification act; which he condemned for a lurking tendency to give preponderance to the landed interest. He opposed the Occasional Conformity bill; though his position respecting it was such that he might fairly have kept his peace. He opposed the tax upon papers; and bitterly denounced the false attack upon the press which signalized Bolingbroke's few day's Ministry. He concentrated all his strength of opposition against the same statesman's Schism bill; in which an attempt was made to deprive Dissenters of all share in the work of education; grounded on those preposterous High Church claims which we have seen flagrantly revived in more recent days. Let us show, by a memorable passage from the *Review*, how little Church pretences and extravagances alter, while all else alters around them. 'Who are they that at this juncture are so clamorous against the Dissenters, and are eagerly soliciting for further security to the Church? Are they not that part of the clergy who have already made manifest advances towards the synagogue of Rome? They who preach the independency of the Church on the State; who urge the necessity of auricular confession, sacerdotal absolution, extreme unction, and prayer for the dead? who expressly teach the real presence in the Lord's Supper, which they will have to be a proper sacrifice; and contend for the practice of rebaptizing, wherein they overshoot the Papists themselves? Are they not they who are loudly clamorous for those church lands which, to the unspeakable detriment of the public, were in the days of ignorance given to impudent begging friars?' Finally, when it was imagined that the leading ministers were intriguing for the succession of the Pretender; and when it was reported everywhere that the Manifesto of the Jacobites against a Protestant succession lay splendidly bound in the Queen's closet at Windsor; De Foe wrote and published those three pamphlets, which, for

prompt wit and timely satire, may reckon with his best efforts—*A Seasonable Caution. What if the Pretender should come? and What if the Queen should die?*

It is almost inconceivable that the Whigs should have led the cry against him on the score of these admirable pieces; but it is another proof of the blindness of party malice. A great Whig light commenced a prosecution against him, at his private cost, for desiring by these works to favor the Jacobite succession. Their mode of recommending the Jacobite succession having been to say, that it would confer on every one the privilege of wearing wooden shoes, and ease the nobility and gentry of the hazard and expense of winter journeys to Parliament! Yet the prosecutors found judges to tell De Foe, 'that they contained matter for which he might be hanged, drawn, and quartered;' he was again thrown into Newgate; and might possibly again have been taken thence to the pillory, but for the interposition of Harley, now Lord Oxford. He represented the matter to the Queen; and made known to De Foe the opinion expressed by Anne. 'She saw nothing but private pique in it.' A pardon was issued by Bolingbroke, and the prisoner released. But not till, with an instinct that the end was now approaching, he had brought his *Review* to a close, within the hard ungenial walls wherein it had begun. It was with a somewhat sorrowful retrospect he closed it, but not without a dignified content. In the school of affliction, he bethought him, he had learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison he had learned to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free egress and regress of locomotion. He had seen the rough and smooth sides of the world, and tasted the difference between the closet of a King and the Newgate dungeon. Here, in the dungeon, he had still 'with humblest acknowledgments' to remember that a glorious Prince had 'loved him;' and whatever fortune had still in store, he felt himself not unfit, by all this discipline, for serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work, of resignation to the will of Heaven.

He needed it when the crisis came. It is not here our province to dwell on the memorable scenes of 1714, which consigned Oxford to the Tower and Bolingbroke to exile; shattered the Tory party; settled the succession of Hanover; and fixed the

Whigs in power. The principles for which De Foe had contended all his life were at last securely established; and for his reward he had to show the unnoticed and unprotected scars of thirty-two years' incessant political conflict. But he retired as he had kept the field—with a last hearty word for his patron Harley; and with a manly defence against the factious slanders which had opened on himself. He probably heard the delighted scream of Mr. Boyer as his figure disappeared; to the effect of how fully he had been 'confuted by the ingenious and judicious Joseph Addison, esquire.' Doubtless he also smiled to observe what Whig rewards for Whig services were now most plentifully scattered. The ingenious Mr. Addison, Secretary of State; Steele, *Sir* Richard and Surveyor of the royal stables; Mr. Tickell, Irish Secretary; Mr. Congreve, twelve hundred a-year; Mr. Rowe, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ambrose Philips, all comfortably sinecured. For himself, he was in his fifty-fourth year; and, after a life of bodily and mental exertion that would have worn down a score of ordinary men, had to begin life anew.

Into that new life we shall enter but briefly. It is plain to all the world. It is the life by which he became immortal. It is contained in his works; and there the world may read it. What we sought to exhibit here, we trust we have made sufficiently obvious. After all the objections which may be justly made to his opinions, on the grounds of short-coming or excess, we believe that, in the main features of the career we have set before the reader, will be recognized a noble English example of the qualities most prized by Englishmen. De Foe is our only famous politician and man of letters, who represented, in its inflexible constancy, sturdy resolution, unwearied perseverance, and obstinate contempt of danger and of tyranny, the great Middle-class English Character. We believe it to be no mere national pride to say, that, whether in its defects or its surpassing merits, the world has had none other to compare with it. He lived in the thickest stir of the conflict of the four most violent party reigns of English history; and if we have at last entered into peaceful possession of most part of the rights at issue in those party struggles, it the more becomes us to remember such a man with gratitude, and with wise consideration for what errors we may find in him. He was too much in the constant heat of the battle,

to see all that we see now. He was not a philosopher himself; but he helped philosophy to some wise conclusions. He did not stand at the highest point of toleration, or of moral wisdom; but with his masculine active arm, he helped to lift his successors over obstructions which had stayed his own advance. He stood apart and alone in his opinions and his actions from his fellow men; but it was to show his fellow men of later times the value of a juster and larger fellowship, and of more generous modes of action. And when he now retreated from the world Without to the world Within, in the solitariness of his unrewarded service and integrity, he had assuredly earned the right to challenge the higher recognition of posterity. He was walking towards History with steady feet; and might look up into her awful face with a brow unabashed and undismayed.

His last political Essay was written in 1715; and, while the proof-sheets lay uncorrected before him, he was struck with apoplexy. After some months' danger, he rallied; and in the three following years sent forth a series of works, chiefly moral and religious, and of which the *Family Instructor* and the *Religious Courtship* may be mentioned as the types; which were excellently adapted to a somewhat limited purpose, and are still in very high esteem. They have before been remarked upon in this Journal, in an Article on Mr. Wilson's Biography of the great writer; and may be briefly dismissed here. They had extraordinary popularity; went through countless editions; and found their way, not only in handsome setting forth to the King's private libraries, but on rough paper to all the fairs and markets of the kingdom. They were generally, up to the beginning of the century, among the standard prize-books of schools; and might be seen lying, in coarse workman garb, with *Pomfret's Poems* or *Hervey's Meditations*, on the window-seat of any tradesman's house. Grave, moral and religious questions had, in truth, not before been approached with any thing like that dramatic liveliness of manner. To the same popularity were also in later years committed, such half satirical, half serious books, as the *Political History of the Devil*; of which strong plain sense, and a desire to recommend, by liveliness of treatment, the most homely and straightforward modes of looking into moral and religious questions, were again the distinguishing characteristics. Other works

of miscellaneous interest will be found recited in the careful catalogue of De Foe's writings (upwards of two hundred in all!) prefixed to his Edition by Mr. Hazlitt; who has so gracefully inherited, in this and other subjects, his father's tastes. The most remarkable of these works was probably the *Complete English Tradesman*; in which you see distinctly reflected many of the most solid and striking points of De Foe's own character; and, let us add, of the general character of our middle-class countrymen. The plays of Heywood, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, do not give us the citizens of their time more vividly, nor better contrast the staidness and the follies of old and young, than De Foe has here accomplished for the traders of William and Anne. We are surprised to be told that this book was less popular than others of its class. Perhaps a certain surly vein of satire which was in it, was the reason. A book which tends, however justly, to satirize any general community, readers included, is dangerous to the author's popularity, however the public may like satire in particular, or when aimed at certain classes. Our hasty recital would be incomplete, without a reference to his many publications on points of domestic economy, and questions of homely domestic morals; or to a timely and powerful series of strictures on London Life, in which he earnestly suggested the necessity of a Metropolitan University, of a Foundling Hospital, and of a well-organized system of Police. He also again attacked the stage on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*; and here, confusing a little the prose and poetry of the matter, made that excellent piece responsible for a coarse drama on the subject of the recently hanged 'Jack Sheppard.' In this discussion he again encountered his old enemy, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and, moving the spleen of Swift's dearest friend, got himself niched in the *Dunciad*. But the assailant lived to regret it more than the assailed.

Meanwhile, concurrently with these works, there had appeared a more memorable series from the same untiring hand. In 1719, being then in his fifty-eighth year, he had published *Robinson Crusoe*. In 1720, the *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; the *Dumb Philosopher*; and *Duncan Campbell*. In 1721, the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*. In 1722, the *Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack*; and the *Journal of the Plague Year*. In 1723, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. In

1724, *Roxana*. In 1725, the *New Voyage round the World*. And in 1728, the *Life of Captain Carleton*. He was at work upon a new production at the close of 1729, and apologizes to his printer for having delayed the proofs through 'exceeding illness.' It never appeared.

Of *Robinson Crusoe* it is needless to speak. Was there ever any thing written by mere man but this, asked Doctor Johnson, that was wished longer by its readers? It is a standard Piece in every European language; its popularity has extended to every civilized nation. The traveller Burckhardt found it translated into Arabic, and heard it read aloud among the Arabs in the cool hours of evening. It is devoured by every boy; and, as long as a boy exists, he will clamor for *Robinson Crusoe*. It sinks into the bosom, while the bosom is most capable of pleasurable impressions from the adventurous and the marvellous. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey*, in the much longer course of ages, has incited so many to enterprise, or to reliance on their own powers and capacities. We need scarcely repeat, what has been said so well by many critics, that the secret of its fascination is its Reality. The same is to be said, in a no less degree, of the *History of the Plague*; which, for the grandeur of the theme, and the profoundly affecting familiarity of its treatment, is one of the noblest prose epics of the language. These are the masterpieces of De Foe. But, while open to objections on another score, the *Moll Flanders*, the *Colonel Jack*, and the *Roxana*, are not less decisive examples of a wonderful genius. In their day, too, they had no unwise or hurtful effect. They had a tendency to produce a more indulgent morality, and larger fair play to all. But we question the wisdom of now reviving them as they were written, we will frankly confess. As models of fictitious narrative, in common with all the writings of De Foe, they are supreme; the art of natural story-telling has had no such astonishing illustrations. High authorities have indeed thought them entitled to still higher dignity. Some one asked Doctor Robertson to advise him as to a good historical style. 'Read De Foe,' replied the great historian. Colonel Jack's life has been commonly reprinted in the genuine accounts of Highwaymen; Lord Chat-ham thought the Cavalier a real person, and his description of the Civil Wars the

best in the language; Doctor Mead quoted the book of the Plague as the narrative of an eyewitness; and Doctor Johnson sat up all night over Captain Carleton's Memoirs, as a new work of English history he wondered not to have seen before. In particular scenes, too, of the three tales we are more immediately considering, (those of the Prison in *Moll Flanders*, of Susannah in *Roxana*, and of the Boyhood in *Colonel Jack*;) the highest masters of prose fiction have never surpassed them. But it will remain the chief distinction of De Foe, in these minor tales of English life, to have been the father of the illustrious family of the English Novel. Swift directly copied from him; Richardson founded his style of minute narrative wholly upon him; Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, Godwin, Scott, and Dickens, have been more or less indebted to him. Shall we scruple to add, then, that while he remains unapproached in his two great masterpieces, he has been surpassed in his minor works by these his successors? His language is as easy and copious, but less elegant and harmonious; his insight into character is as penetrating, but not so penetrating into the heart; his wit and irony are as playful, but his humor is less genial and expansive; and he wants the delicate fancy, the richness of imagery, the sympathy, the pathos, which will keep the later Masters of our English Novel the delightful companions, the gentle monitors, the welcome instructors, of future generations. So true it is, that every great writer promotes the next great writer one step; and in some cases gets himself superseded by him.

While his gigantic labors were in progress, De Foe seems to have lived almost wholly at his favorite Newington. His writings had been profitable. He got little for *Robinson Crusoe*, but was paid largely for its successors. We have occasional glimpses of him still engaged in mercantile speculation; purchasing and assigning leases; disposing of South Sea stock; and otherwise attending to worldly affairs. But we do not see him steadily till 1724. A gentleman named Baker, afterwards known as a somewhat celebrated philosophical inquirer, had then occasion to go to Newington, where he fell in love with a pretty girl, the youngest of three daughters who lived in a large and handsome house in Church Street, which their father had newly built. The father was an old gentleman of sixty-four years, afflicted with

gout and stone, but very cheerful, still very active, with mental faculties in sharp abundance, keeping a handsome coach, paying away much money in acts of charity, and greatly given to the cultivation of a large and pleasant garden. This was Daniel De Foe. We know nothing more with certainty till six years later: when, from one of the most affecting letters which the English language contains, we learn that the conduct of De Foe's second son was embittering the closing days of his long and checkered life. He had violated some large trust reposed in him by his father, and had reduced his mother and sisters to beggary. De Foe writes from a place near Greenwich, where he seems to have been some time wandering about alone, in want, and with a broken heart. The letter is to his son-in-law Baker; possessor of his 'best gift,' his dear daughter; and closes thus:—'I would say, I hope with comfort, that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases—*Te Deum laudamus*. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me, and, if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.'

The money was recovered, and the family again prosperous; but Daniel De Foe was gone. In his seventy-first year, on the 24th of April, 1731, he had somehow found his way back to LONDON—to die in that parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, wherein he was born; and, as long as the famous old city should live, to live in the memory and admiration of her citizens.

NEW ANTI-FRICTION METALS. — Galignani mentions the discovery of a new mixture of metals, called anti-friction, as a substitute for the use of brass in the various uses to which that metal has been hitherto applied in the manufacture of locomotive and other engines. From the statement of Messrs. Allcard, Buddicombe & Co., who have made the locomotives for the Rouen and Paris and other railroads, it appears that this metal, although very much lower in price than brass, and attended with an economy of 75 per cent. in the use of oil during the working, is of a duration so far beyond that of brass as to be almost incredible.—*Athenæum*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

M. GUIZOT'S ESSAYS AND LECTURES
IN HISTORY.

1. *Essais sur l'Histoire de France.* Par M. GUIZOT, Professeur d'Histoire Moderne à l'Académie de Paris. Pour servir de complément aux Observations sur l'Histoire de France de Abbé de Mably 8vo. Paris.
2. *Cours d'Histoire Moderne.* Containing,
 1. *Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe, depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'à la Revolution Française.*
 2. *Histoire de la Civilisation en France, depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain jusqu'en 1789.* Par M. GUIZOT. 6 vols. 8vo.

THESE two works are the contributions which the present Minister for Foreign Affairs in France has hitherto made to the philosophy of general history. They are but fragments: the earlier of the two is a collection of detached Essays, and is therefore of necessity fragmentary; while the later is all that the public possesses, or perhaps is destined to possess, of a systematic work cut short in an early stage of its progress. It would be unreasonable to lament that the exigencies or the temptations of politics have called from authorship and the Professor's Chair to the Chamber of Deputies and the Cabinet, the man to whom perhaps more than to any other it is owing that Europe is now at Peace. Yet we cannot forbear wishing that this great service to the civilized world had been the achievement of some other, and that M. Guizot had been allowed to complete his *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*. For this a very moderate amount of leisure would probably suffice. For although M. Guizot has written only on a portion of his subject, he has done it in the manner of one to whom the whole is familiar. There is a consistency, a coherence, a comprehensiveness, and what the Germans would term many-sidedness, in his view of European history; together with a full possession of the facts which have any important bearing upon his conclusions; and a deliberateness, a matureness, an entire absence of haste or crudity, in his explanations of historical phenomena—which we never see in writers who form their theories as they go on—which give evidence of a general scheme, so well wrought out and digested beforehand, that the labors both of research and of thought necessary for the whole work,

seem to have been performed before any part was committed to paper. Little beyond the mere operation of composition seems to be requisite, to place before us as a connected body of thought, speculations which, even in their unfinished state, may be ranked with the most valuable contributions yet made to universal history.

Of these speculations no account, having any pretensions to completeness, has ever, so far as we are aware, appeared in the English language. We shall attempt to do something towards supplying the deficiency. To suppose that this is no longer needful, would be to presume too much upon the supposed universality of the French language among our reading public; and upon the acquaintance even of those to whom the language opposes no difficulty, with the names and reputation of the standard works of contemporaneous French thought. We believe that a knowledge of M. Guizot's writings is even now not a common possession in this country, and that it is by no means a superfluous service to inform English readers of what they may expect to find there.

For it is not with speculations of this kind as it is with those for which there exists in this country a confirmed and long-established taste. What is done in France or elsewhere for the advancement of Chemistry or of Mathematics, is immediately known and justly appreciated by the Mathematicians and Chemists of Great Britain. For these are recognized sciences, the chosen occupation of many instructed minds, ever on the watch for any accession of facts or ideas in the department which they cultivate. But the interest which historical studies in this country inspire, is not as yet of a scientific character. History with us has not passed that stage in which its cultivation is an affair of mere literature or of erudition, not of science. It is studied for the facts, not for the explanation of facts. It excites an imaginative, or a biographical, or an antiquarian, but not a philosophical interest. Historical facts are hardly yet felt to be, like other natural phenomena, amenable to scientific laws. The characteristic distrust of our countrymen for all ambitious efforts of intellect, of which the success does not admit of being instantly tested by a decisive application to practice, causes all widely extended views on the explanation of history to be looked upon with a suspicion surpassing the bounds of reason-

able caution, and of which the natural result is indifference;—and hence we remain in contented ignorance of the best writings which the nations of the Continent have in our time produced; because we have no faith in, and no curiosity about, the kind of speculations to which the most philosophic minds of those nations have lately devoted themselves; even when distinguished, as in the case before us, by a sobriety and a judicious reserve, borrowed from the safest and most cautious school of inductive inquirers.

In this particular, the difference between the English and the Continental mind forces itself upon us in every province of their respective literatures. Certain conceptions of history considered as a whole, some notions of a progressive unfolding of the capabilities of humanity—of a tendency of man and society towards some distant result—of a *détermination*, as it were, of humanity—pervade, in its whole extent, the popular literature of France. Every newspaper, every literary review or magazine, bears witness of such notions. They are always turning up accidentally, when the writer is ostensibly engaged with something else; or showing themselves as a background behind the opinions which he is immediately maintaining. When the writer's mind is not of a high order, these notions are crude and vague; but they are evidently of a tone of thought which has prevailed so long among the superior intellects, as to have spread from them to others, and become the general property of the nation. Nor is this true only of France, and of the nations of Southern Europe which take their tone from France, but almost equally, though under somewhat different forms, of the Germanic nations. It was Lessing by whom history was styled 'the education of the human race.' Among the earliest of those by whom the succession of historical events was conceived as a subject of science, were Herder and Kant. The latest school of German metaphysicians, the Hegelians, are well known to treat of it as a science which might even be constructed *a priori*. And as on other subjects, so on this, the general literature of Germany borrows both its ideas and its tone from the schools of the highest philosophy. We need hardly say that in our own country nothing of all this is true. The speculations of our thinkers, and the commonplaces of our mere writers and talkers, are of quite another description.

Even insular England belongs, however, to the commonwealth of Europe, and yields, though slowly and in a way of her own, to the general impulse of the European mind. There are signs of a nascent tendency in English thought to turn itself towards speculations on history. The tendency first showed itself in some of the minds which had received their earliest impulse from Mr. Coleridge; and an example has been given in a quarter where many, perhaps, would have least expected it—by the Oxford school of theologians. However little ambitious these writers may be of the title of philosophers; however anxious to sink the character of science in that of religion—they yet have, after their own fashion, a philosophy of history. They have, as Mr. Carlyle would say, a theory of the world—in our opinion an erroneous one, but of which they recognize as an essential condition that it shall explain history; and they do attempt to explain history by it, and have constituted, upon the basis of it, a kind of historical system. By this we cannot but think that they have done much good, if only in contributing to impose a similar necessity upon all other theorizers of like pretensions. We believe the time must come when all systems which aspire to direct either the consciences of mankind, or their political and social arrangements, will be required to show not only that they are consistent with universal history, but that they afford a more reasonable solution of it than any other system. In the philosophy of society, more especially, we look upon history as an indispensable test and verifier of all doctrines and creeds; and we regard with proportionate interest all explanations, however partial, of any important part of the series of historical phenomena—all attempts, which are in any measure successful, to disentangle the complications of those phenomena, to detect the order of their causation, and exhibit any portion of them in an unbroken series, each link cemented by natural laws with those which precede and follow it.

M. Guizot's is one of the most successful of these partial efforts. His subject is not history at large, but modern European history; the formation and progress of the existing nations of Europe. Embracing, therefore, only a part of the succession of historical events, he is precluded from attempting to determine the law or laws which preside over the entire evolution. If there be such laws; if the series of states

through which human nature and society are appointed to pass, have been determined more or less precisely by the original constitution of mankind, and by the circumstances of the planet on which we live;—the order of their succession cannot be determined by modern or by European experience alone: it must be ascertained by a conjunct analysis, so far as possible, of the whole of history, and the whole of human nature. M. Guizot stops short of this ambitious enterprise; but, considered as preparatory studies for promoting and facilitating it, his writings are most valuable. He seeks not the ultimate but the proximate causes of the facts of modern history; he inquires in what manner each successive condition of modern Europe grew out of that which next preceded it; and how modern society altogether, and the modern mind, shaped themselves from the elements which had been transmitted to them from the ancient world. To have done this with any degree of success, is no trifling achievement.

The Lectures, which are the principal foundation of M. Guizot's literary fame, were delivered by him in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, at the old Sorbonne, now the seat of the *Faculté des Lettres* of Paris, on alternate days with MM. Cousin and Villemain; a triad of lecturers, whose brilliant exhibitions, the crowds which thronged their lecture rooms, and the stir they excited in the active and aspiring minds so numerous among the French youth, the future historian will commemorate as among the remarkable appearances of that important era. The *Essays on the History of France* are the substance of Lectures delivered by M. Guizot many years earlier; before the Bourbons, in their jealousy of all free speculation, had shut up his class-room and abolished his Professorship; which was re-established after seven years' interval by the Martignac ministry. In this earlier production some topics are discussed at length, which, in the subsequent Lectures, are either not touched upon, or much more summarily disposed of. Among these is the highly interesting subject of the first essay. The wide difference between M. Guizot and preceding historians is marked in the first words of his first book. A real thinker is shown in nothing more certainly, than in the questions which he asks.—The fact which stands at the commencement of M. Guizot's subject—which is the origin and foundation of all subsequent his-

tory—the fall of the Roman Empire—he found an unexplained phenomenon; unless a few generalities about despotism and immorality and luxury can be called explanation. His essay opens as follows:—

‘The fall of the Roman Empire of the West offers a singular phenomenon. Not only the people fail to support the government in its struggle against the Barbarians; but the nation, abandoned to itself, does not attempt, even on its own account, any resistance. More than this—nothing discloses that a nation exists; scarcely, even, is our attention called to what it suffers: it undergoes all the horrors of war, pillage, a total change of its condition and destiny, without giving, either by word or deed, any sign of life.

‘This phenomenon is not only singular, but unexampled. Despotism has existed elsewhere than in the Roman Empire: more than once, after countries had been long oppressed by it, foreign invasion and conquest have spread destruction over them. Even when the nation has not resisted, its existence is manifested in history; it suffers, complains, and, in spite of its degradation, maintains some struggle against its misery: narratives and monuments attest what it underwent, what became of it, and if not its own acts, the acts of others in regard to it.

‘In the fifth century, the remnant of the Roman legions disputes with hordes of Barbarians the immense territory of the Empire; but it seems as if that territory was a desert. The Imperial troops once driven out or defeated, all seems over; one barbarous tribe wrests the province from another: these excepted, the only existence which shows itself, is that of the bishops and clergy. If we had not the laws to testify to us that a Roman population still occupied the soil, history would leave us doubtful of it.

‘This total disappearance of the people is more especially observable in the provinces most advanced in civilization, and longest subject to Rome. The Letter called “the Groans of the Britons,” addressed to Ætius, and imploring, with bitter lamentations, the aid of a legion, has been looked upon as a monument of the helplessness and meanness of spirit into which the subjects of the Empire had fallen.—This is unjust. The Britons, less civilized, less Romanized than the other subjects of Rome, did resist the Saxons; and their resistance has a history. At the same epoch, in the same situation, the Italians, the Gauls, the Spaniards, have none. The Empire withdrew from those countries, the Barbarians occupied them, and the mass of the inhabitants took not the slightest part, nor marked their place in any manner in the events which gave them up to so great calamities.

‘And yet, Gaul, Italy, and Spain, were covered with towns, which but lately had been rich and populous. Roads, aqueducts, amphitheatres, schools, they possessed in abundance;

they were wanting in nothing which gives evidence of wealth, and procures for a people a brilliant and animated existence. The Barbarians came to plunder these riches, disperse these aggregations, destroy these pleasures. Never was the existence of a nation more utterly subverted; never had individuals to endure more evils in the present, more terrors for the future. Whence came it that these nations were mute and lifeless? Why have so many towns sacked, so many fortunes reversed, so many plans of life overthrown, so many proprietors dispossessed, left so few traces, not merely of the active resistance of the people, but even of their sufferings?

'The causes assigned are, the despotism of the Imperial government, the degradation of the people, the profound apathy which had seized upon all the governed. And this is true; such was really the main cause of so extraordinary an effect. But it is not enough to enunciate in these general terms, a cause which has existed elsewhere without producing the same results. We must penetrate deeper into the condition of Roman society, such as despotism had made it. We must examine by what means despotism had so completely stripped society of all coherence and all life. Despotism has various forms and modes of proceeding, which give very various degrees of energy to its action, and of extensiveness to its consequences.'

Such a problem M. Guizot proposes to himself; and is it not remarkable, that this question not only was not solved, but was not so much as raised, by the celebrated writers who had treated this period of history before him—one of those writers being Gibbon? The difference between what we learn from Gibbon on this subject, and what we learn from Guizot, is a measure of the progress of historical inquiry in the intervening period. Even the true sources of history, of all that is most important in it, have never until the present generation been really understood and freely resorted to. It is not in the *Chronicles*, but in the *Laws*, that M. Guizot finds the clue to the immediate agency in the 'Decline and Fall' of the Roman empire. In the legislation of the period M. Guizot discovers, under the name of *curiales*, the middle class of the Empire, and the recorded evidences of its progressive annihilation.

It is known that the free inhabitants of Roman Europe were almost exclusively a town population; it is in the institutions and condition of the municipalities that the real state of the inhabitants of the Roman empire must be studied. In semblance, the constitution of the town communities was of a highly popular character. The

curiales, or the class liable to serve municipal offices, consisted of all the inhabitants (not specially exempted) who possessed landed property amounting to twenty-five *jugera*.

This class formed a corporation for the management of local affairs. They discharged their functions, partly as a collective body, partly by electing, and filling in rotation, the various municipal magistracies. Notwithstanding the apparent dignity and authority with which this body was invested, the list of exemptions consisted of all the classes who possessed any influence in the state, any real participation in the governing power. It comprised, first, all senatorial families, and all persons whom the Emperor had honored with the title of *clarissimi*: then, all the clergy, all the military, from the *praefectus praetorii*, down to the common legionary, and all the civil functionaries of the state. When we look further, indications still more significant make their appearance. We find that there was an unceasing struggle between the government and the *curiales*—on their part to escape from their condition, on the part of the government to retain them in it. It was found necessary to circumscribe them by every species of artificial restriction. They were interdicted from living in the country, from serving in the army, or holding any civil employment which conferred exemption from municipal offices, until they had first served all those offices, from the lowest to what was called the highest. Even then, their emancipation was only personal, not extending to their children. If they entered the church, they must abandon their possessions, either to the *curia*, (the municipality,) or to some individual who would become a *curialis* in their room. Laws after laws were enacted for detecting and bringing back to the *curia* those who had secretly quitted it, and entered surreptitiously into the army, the clergy, or some public office. They could not absent themselves, even for a time, without the permission of superior authority; and if they succeeded in escaping, their property was forfeit to the *curia*. No *curialis*, without leave from the governor of the province, could sell the property which constituted him such. If his heirs were not members of the *curia*, or if his widow or daughter married any one not a *curialis*, one-fourth of their property must be relinquished. If he had no children, only one-fourth could be bequeathed by will, the remainder pass-

ing to the *curia*. The law looked forward to the case of properties abandoned by the possessor, and made provision that they should devolve upon the *curia*; and that the taxes to which they were liable should be rateably charged upon the property of the other *curiales*.

What was it, in the situation of a *curialis*, which made his condition so irksome, that nothing could keep men in it unless caged up as in a dungeon—unless every hole or cranny by which they could creep out of it was tightly closed by the provident ingenuity of the legislator?

The explanation is this. Not only were the *curiales* burdened with all the expenses of the local administration beyond what could be defrayed from the property of the *curia* itself—property continually encroached upon and often confiscated by the general government, but they had also to collect the revenue of the state: and their own property was responsible for making up its amount. This it was which rendered the condition of a *curialis* an object of dread; which progressively impoverished, and finally extinguished the class. In their fate, we see what disease the Roman empire really died of; and how its destruction had been consummated even before the occupation by the Barbarians. The invasions were no new fact, unheard of until the fifth century; such attempts had been repeatedly made, and never succeeded until the powers of resistance were destroyed by inward decay. The Empire perished of misgovernment, in the form of over-taxation. The burden, ever increasing through the necessities occasioned by the impoverishment it had already produced, at last reached this point, that none but those whom a legal exemption had removed out of the class on which the weight principally fell, had any thing remaining to lose. The senatorial houses possessed that privilege, and accordingly we still find, at the period of the successful invasions, a certain number of families which had escaped the general wreck of private fortunes;—opulent families, with large landed possessions and numerous slaves. Between these and the mass of the population there existed no tie of affection, no community of interest. With this exception, and that of the church, all was poverty. The middle class had sunk under its burdens. 'Hence,' says M. Guizot, 'in the fifth century, so much land lying waste, so many towns almost depopulated, or filled only with a hungry and un-

occupied rabble. The system of government which I have described, contributed much more to this result, than the ravages of the Barbarians.'

In this situation the northern invaders found the Roman empire. What they made of it is the next subject of M. Guizot's investigations. The Essays which follow are, 'On the origin and establishment of the Franks in Gaul'—'Causes of the fall of the Merovingians and Carolingians'—'Social state and political institutions of France, under the Merovingians and Carolingians'—'Political character of the feudal régime.' But on these subjects our author's later and more mature thoughts are found in his Lectures; and we shall therefore pass at once to the more recent work, returning afterwards to the concluding Essay in the earlier volume, which bears this interesting title: 'Causes of the establishment of a representative system in England.'

The subject of the Lectures being the history of European Civilization, M. Guizot begins with a dissertation on the different meanings of that indefinite term; and announces that he intends to use it as equivalent to a state of improvement and progression, in the physical condition and social relations of mankind, on the one hand, and in their inward spiritual development on the other. We have not space to follow him into this discussion, with which, were we disposed to criticise, we might find some fault; but which ought, assuredly, to have exempted him from the imputation of looking upon the improvement of mankind as consisting in the progress of social institutions alone. We shall quote a passage near the conclusion of the same Lecture, as a specimen of the moral and philosophical spirit which pervades the work, and because it contains a truth for which we are glad to cite M. Guizot as an authority:—

'I think that in the course of our survey we shall speedily become convinced that civilization is still very young; that the world is very far from having measured the extent of the career which is before it. Assuredly human conception is far from being, as yet, all that it is capable of becoming; we are far from being able to embrace in imagination the whole future of humanity. Nevertheless, let each of us descend into his own thoughts, let him question himself as to the possible good which he comprehends and hopes for, and then confront his idea with what is realized in the world; he will be satisfied that society and civilization are in a very early stage of their progress; that in spite of all they have accomplished, they have incomparably more still to achieve.'

The second Lecture is devoted to a general speculation, which is very characteristic of M. Guizot's mode of thought, and, in our opinion, worthy to be attentively weighed both by the philosophers and the practical politicians of the age.

He observes that one of the points of difference by which modern civilization is most distinguished from ancient, is the complication, the multiplicity, which characterizes it. In all previous forms of society, Oriental, Greek, or Roman, there is a remarkable character of unity and simplicity. Some one idea seems to have presided over the construction of the social framework, and to have been carried out into all its consequences, without encountering on the way any counterbalancing or limiting principle. Some one element, some one power in society, seems to have early attained predominance, and extinguished all other agencies which could exercise an influence over society capable of conflicting with its own. In Egypt, for example, the theocratic principle absorbed every thing. The temporal government was grounded on the uncontrolled rule of a caste of priests; and the moral life of the people was built upon the idea, that it belonged to the interpreters of religion to direct the whole detail of human actions. The dominion of an exclusive class, at once the ministers of religion and the sole possessors of letters and secular learning, has impressed its character on all which survives of Egyptian monuments—on all we know of Egyptian life. Elsewhere, the dominant fact was the supremacy of a military caste, or race of conquerors; the institutions and habits of society were principally modelled by the necessity of maintaining this supremacy. In other places again, society was mainly the expression of the democratic principle. The sovereignty of the majority, and the equal participation of all male citizens in the administration of the state, were the leading facts by which the aspect of those societies was determined. This singleness in the governing principle had not, indeed, always prevailed in those states. Their early history often presented a conflict of forces. 'Among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, even among the Greeks, the caste of warriors for example, maintained a struggle with that of priests; elsewhere' (in ancient Gaul for example) 'the spirit of clanship against that of voluntary association; or the aristocratic against the popular principle. But these contests were nearly confined to ante-histor-

ical periods; a vague remembrance was all that survived of them. If at a later period the struggle was renewed, it was almost always promptly terminated; one of the rival powers achieved an early victory, and took exclusive possession of society.'

'This remarkable simplicity of most of the ancient civilizations, had, in different places, different results. Sometimes, as in Greece, it produced a most rapid development; never did any people unfold itself so brilliantly in so short a time. But after this wonderful outburst, Greece appeared to have become suddenly exhausted. Her decline, if not so rapid as her elevation, was yet strangely prompt. It seemed as though the creative force of the principle of Greek civilization had spent itself, and no other principle came to its assistance.'

'Elsewhere, in Egypt and India for example, the unity of the dominant principle had a different effect; society fell into a stationary state. Simplicity produced monotony; the state did not fall into dissolution; society continued to subsist, but immoveable, and as it were congealed.'

It was otherwise, says M. Guizot, with modern Europe—

'Her civilization,' he continues, 'is confused, diversified, stormy; all forms, all principles of social organization, coexist; spiritual and temporal authority, theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, democratic elements, every variety of classes and social conditions, are mixed and crowded together; there are innumerable gradations of liberty, wealth, and influence. And these forces are in a state of perpetual conflict, nor has any of them ever been able to stifle the others, and establish its own exclusive authority. Modern Europe offers examples of all systems, of all attempts at social organization; monarchies pure and mixed, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic, have existed simultaneously one beside another; and, in spite of their diversity, they have all a certain homogeneity, a family likeness, not to be mistaken.'

'In ideas and sentiments, the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, popular creeds, check, limit, and modify one another. Even in the most audacious writings of the middle ages, an idea is never followed to its ultimate consequences. The partisans of absolute power unconsciously shrink from the results of their doctrine; democrats are under similar restraints. One sees that there are ideas and influences encompassing them, which do not suffer them to go all lengths. There is none of that imperturbable hardihood, that blindness of logic, which we find in the ancient world. In the feelings of mankind, the same contrasts, the same multiplicity; a most energetic love of independence, along with a great facility of submission; a rare fidelity of man to man, and at the same

time an imperious impulse to follow each his own will, to resist restraint, to live for himself, without taking account of others. A similar character shows itself in modern literatures. In perfection of form and artistic beauty, they are far inferior to the ancient; but richer and more copious in respect of sentiments and ideas. One perceives that human nature has been stirred up to a greater depth, and at a greater number of points. The imperfections of form are an effect of this very cause. The more abundant the materials, the more difficult it is to marshal them into a symmetrical and harmonious shape.*

Hence, he continues, the modern world, while inferior to many of the ancient forms of human life in the characteristic excellence of each, yet in all things taken together, is richer and more developed than any of them. From the multitude of elements to be reconciled, each of which during long ages spent the greater part of its strength in combating the rest, the progress of modern civilization has necessarily been slower; but it has lasted, and remained steadily progressive, through fifteen centuries; which no other civilization has ever done.

There are some to whom this will appear a fanciful theory, a cobweb spun from the brain of a *doctrinaire*. We are of a different opinion. There is doubtless, in the historical statement, some of that pardonable exaggeration, which, in the exposition of large and commanding views, the necessities of language render it so difficult entirely to avoid. The assertion that the civilizations of the ancient world were each under the complete ascendancy of some one exclusive principle, is not admissible in the unqualified sense in which M. Guizot enunciates it; the limitations which that assertion would require, on a nearer view, are neither few nor inconsiderable. Still less is it maintainable, that different societies, under different dominant principles, did not at each epoch coexist in the closest contact; as Athens, Sparta, and Persia or Macedonia; Rome, Carthage, and the East. But after allowance for over-statement, the substantial truth of the doctrine appears unimpeachable. No one of the ancient forms of society contained in itself that systematic antagonism, which we believe to be the only condition under which stability and progressiveness can be permanently reconciled to one another.

There are in society a number of distinct forces—of separate and independent sources

of power. There is the general power of knowledge and cultivated intelligence. There is the power of religion; by which, speaking politically, is to be understood that of religious teachers. There is the power of military skill and discipline. There is the power of wealth; the power of numbers and physical force; and several others might be added. Each of these by the influence it exercises over society, is fruitful of certain kinds of beneficial results; none of them is favorable to all kinds. There is no one of these powers which, if it could make itself absolute, and deprive the others of all influence except in aid of and in subordination to its own, would not show itself the enemy of some of the essential constituents of human well-being. Certain good results would be doubtless obtained, at least for a time; some of the interests of society would be adequately cared for; because, with certain of them, the natural tendency of each of these powers spontaneously coincides. But there would be other interests, in greater number, which the complete ascendancy of any one of these social elements would leave unprovided for; and which must depend for their protection on the influence which can be exercised by other elements.

We believe with M. Guizot that modern Europe presents the only example in history of the maintenance, through many ages, of this co-ordinate action among rival powers naturally tending in different directions. And, with him, we ascribe chiefly to this cause the spirit of improvement which has never ceased to exist, and still makes progress in the European nations. At no time has Europe been free from a contest of rival powers for dominion over society. If the clergy had succeeded, as in Egypt, in making the kings subservient to them; if, as among the Mussulmans of old, or the Russians now, the supreme religious authority had merged in the attributes of the temporal ruler; if the military and feudal nobility had reduced the clergy to be their tools, and retained the burgesses as their serfs; if a commercial aristocracy, as at Tyre, Carthage, and Venice, had got rid of kings, and governed by a military force composed of foreign mercenaries; Europe would have arrived much more rapidly at such kinds and degrees of national greatness and well-being as those influences severally tended to promote; but from that time would either have stagnated like the great stationary despotisms of the East; or have perished for lack

of such other elements of civilization as could sufficiently unfold themselves only under some other patronage. Nor is this a danger existing only in the past; but one which may be yet impending over the future. If the perpetual antagonism which has kept the human mind alive, were to give place to the complete preponderance of any, even the most salutary element, we might yet find that we have counted too confidently upon the progressiveness which we are so often told is an inherent property of our species. Education for example—mental culture—would seem to have a better title than could be derived from any thing else, to rule the world with exclusive authority; yet if the lettered and cultivated class, embodied and disciplined under a central organ, could become in Europe what it is in China, the government—unchecked by any power residing in the mass of citizens, and permitted to assume a parental tutelage over all the operations of life—the result would probably be a darker despotism, one more opposed to improvement, than even the military monarchies and aristocracies have in fact proved. And in like manner, if what seems to be the tendency of things in the United States should proceed for some generations unrestrained;—if the power of numbers—of the opinions and instincts of the mass—should acquire and retain the absolute government of society, and impose silence upon all voices which dissent from its decisions or dispute its authority; we should expect that, in such countries, the condition of human nature would become as stationary as in China, and perhaps at a still lower point of elevation in the scale.

However these things may be, and imperfectly as many of the elements have yet unfolded themselves, which are hereafter to compose the civilization of the modern world; there is no doubt that it already possesses, in comparison with the older forms of life and society, that complex and manifold character which M. Guizot ascribes to it.

He proceeds to inquire whether any explanation of this peculiarity of the European nations can be traced in their origin; and he finds in fact, that origin to be extremely multifarious. The European world shaped itself from a chaos, in which Roman, Christian, and Barbarian ingredients were commingled. M. Guizot attempts to determine what portion of the elements of modern life derived their beginning from each of these sources.

From the Roman empire he finds that Europe derived both the fact and the idea of municipal institutions;—a thing unknown to the Germanic conquerors. The Roman empire was originally an aggregation of towns; the life of the people, especially in western Europe, was a town life; their institutions and social arrangements, except the system of functionaries destined to maintain the authority of the sovereign, were all grounded upon the towns. When the central power retired from the Western Empire, town life and town institutions, though in an enfeebled condition, were what remained. In Italy, where they were less enfeebled than elsewhere, civilization revived not only earlier than in the rest of Europe, but in forms more similar to those of the ancient world. The south of France had, next to Italy, partaken most in the fruits of Roman civilization; its towns had been the richest and the most flourishing on this side the Alps; and having, therefore, held out longer than those farther north against the fiscal tyranny of the Empire, were not so completely ruined when the conquest took place. Accordingly, their municipal institutions were transmitted unbroken from the Roman period to recent times. This, then, was one legacy which the Empire left to the nations which were shaped out of its ruins. But it left also, though not a central authority, the habit of requiring and looking for such an authority. It left 'the idea of the empire, the name of the emperor, the conception of the imperial majesty, of a sacred power inherent in the imperial name.' This idea, at no time becoming extinct, resumed, as society became more settled, a portion of its pristine power: towards the close of the middle ages, we find it once more a really influential element. Finally, Rome left a body of written law, constructed by and for a wealthy and cultivated society; this served as a pattern of civilization to the rude invaders, and assumed an ever-increasing importance as they became more civilized.

In the field of intellect, and purely mental development, Rome, and through Rome, her predecessor Greece, left a still richer inheritance, but one which did not come much into play until a later period.

'Liberty of thought—reason taking herself for her own starting-point and her own guide—is an idea essentially sprung from antiquity, an idea which modern society owes to Greece and Rome. We evidently did not receive it either from Christianity or from Germany, for

in neither of these elements of our civilization was it included. It was powerful on the contrary, it predominated, in the Græco-Roman civilization. That was its true origin. It is the most precious legacy which antiquity left to the modern world: a legacy which was never quite suspended and valueless; for we see the fundamental principle of all philosophy, the right of human reason to explore for itself, animating the writings and the life of Scotus Erigena, and the doctrine of freedom of thought still erect in the ninth century, in the face of the principle of authority.*

Such, then, are the benefits which Europe has derived from the relics of the ancient Imperial civilization. But along with this perishing society, the Barbarians found another and a rising society, in all the freshness and vigor of youth—the Christian Church. In the debt which modern society owes to this great institution is to be first included, in M. Guizot's opinion, all which it owes to Christianity.

'At that time none of the means were in existence by which, in our own days, moral influences establish and maintain themselves independently of institutions; none of the instruments whereby a pure truth, a mere idea, acquires an empire over minds, governs actions, determines events. In the fourth century nothing existed which could give to ideas, to mere personal sentiments, such an authority. To make head against the disasters, to come victoriously out of the tempests, of such a period, there was needed a strongly organized and energetically governed society. It is not too much to affirm that at the period in question the Christian Church saved Christianity. It was the Church, with its institutions, its magistrates, its authority, which maintained itself against the decay of the empire from within, and against barbarism from without; which won over the barbarians, and became the civilizing principle, the principle of fusion between the Roman and the barbaric world.'

That, without its compact organization the Christian hierarchy could have so rapidly taken possession of the uncultivated minds of the Barbarians; that, before the conquest was completed, the conquerors would have universally adopted the religion of the vanquished, if that religion had been recommended to them by nothing but its intrinsic superiority—we agree with M. Guizot in thinking incredible. We do not find that other savages, at other eras, have yielded with similar readiness to the same influences; nor did the minds or lives of the invaders, for some centuries from their

conversion, give evidence that the real merits of Christianity had made any deep impression upon them. The true explanation is to be found in the power of intellectual superiority. As the condition of of secular society became more discouraging, the Church had more and more engrossed to itself whatever of real talents, as well as of sincere philanthropy, existed in the Roman world. 'Among the Christians of that epoch,' says M. Guizot, 'there were men who had thought of every thing—to whom all moral and political questions were familiar; men who had on all subjects, well-defined opinions, energetic feelings, and an ardent desire to propagate them and make them predominant. Never did any body of men make such efforts to act upon the world and assimilate it to themselves, as did the Christian Church from the fifth to the tenth century. She attacked Barbarism at almost all points, striving to civilize it by her ascendancy.'

In this the Church was aided by the important temporal position, which, in the general decay of other elements of society, it had assumed in the Roman empire. Alone strong in the midst of weakness, alone possessing natural sources of power within itself, it was the prop to which all things clung which felt themselves in need of support. The clergy, and especially the Prelacy, had become the most influential members of temporal society. All that remained of the former wealth of the Empire had for some time tended more and more in the direction of the Church. At the time of the invasions, we find the bishops very generally invested, under the title of *defensor civitatis*, with a high public character—as the patrons, and towards all strangers the representatives, of the town communities. It was they who treated with the invaders in the name of the natives; it was their adhesion which guaranteed the general obedience; and after the conversion of the conquerors, it was to their sacred character that the conquered were indebted for whatever mitigation they experienced of the fury of the conquest.

Thus salutary, and even indispensable, was the influence of the Christian clergy during the confused period of the invasions. M. Guizot has not overlooked, but impartially analyzed, the mixed character of good and evil which belonged even in that age, and still more in the succeeding ages, to the power of the Church. One beneficial consequence which he ascribes

* Vol. iv. p. 191.

to it is worthy of especial notice;—the separation (unknown to antiquity) between temporal and spiritual authority. He, in common with the best thinkers of our time, attributes to this fact the happiest influence on European civilization. It was the parent, he says, of liberty of conscience. 'The separation of temporal and spiritual is founded on the idea, that material force has no right, no hold, over the mind, over conviction, over truth.' Enormous as have been the sins of the Catholic Church in the way of religious intolerance, her assertion of this principle has done more for human freedom than all the fires she ever kindled have done to destroy it. Toleration cannot exist, or exists only as a consequence of contempt, where, church and state being virtually the same body, disaffection to the national worship is treason to the state; as is sufficiently evidenced by Grecian and Roman history, notwithstanding the fallacious appearance of liberality inherent in Polytheism, which did not prevent, as long as the national religion continued in vigor, almost every really free thinker of any ability in the freest city of Greece, from being either banished or put to death for blasphemy.* In more recent times, where the chief of the state has been also the supreme pontiff, not, as in England, only nominally, but substantially, (as in the case of China, Russia, the caliphs, and the sultans of Constantinople,) the result has been a perfection of despotism, and a voluntary abasement under its yoke, which have no parallel elsewhere except among the most besotted barbarians.

It remains to assign, in the elemental chaos, from which the modern nations arose, the Germanic or barbaric element. What has Europe derived from the barbarian invaders? M. Guizot answers—the spirit of liberty. That spirit, as it exists in the modern world, is something which had never before been found in company with civilization. The liberty of the ancient commonwealths did not mean individual freedom of action; it meant a certain form of political organization; and instead of asserting the private freedom of each citizen, it was compatible with a more unbounded subjection of every individual to the state, and a more active interference of the ruling powers with private conduct, than is the practice of what are now deemed the most despotic governments. The

modern spirit of liberty, on the contrary, is the love of individual independence; the claim for freedom of action, with as little interference as is compatible with the necessities of society, from any authority other than the conscience of the individual. It is in fact the self-will of the savage, moderated and limited by the demands of civilized life; and M. Guizot is not mistaken in believing that it came to us, not from ancient civilization, but from the savage element infused into that enervated civilization by its barbarous conquerors. He adds, that together with this spirit of liberty, the invaders brought also the spirit of voluntary association; the institution of military patronage, the bond between followers and a leader of their own choice, which afterwards ripened into feudality. This voluntary dependence of man upon man, this relation of protection and service, this spontaneous loyalty to a superior not deriving his authority from law or from the constitution of society, but from the voluntary election of the dependent himself, was unknown to the civilized nations of antiquity; though frequent among savages, and so customary in the Germanic race as to have been deemed, though erroneously, characteristic of it.

To reconcile, in any moderate degree, these jarring elements; to produce even an endurable state of society, not to say a prosperous and improving one, by the amalgamation of savages and slaves, was a work of many centuries. M. Guizot's Lectures are chiefly occupied in tracing the progress of this work, and showing by what agencies it was accomplished. The history of the European nations consists of three periods; the period of confusion, the feudal period, and the modern period. The Lectures of 1828 include, though on a very compressed scale, all the three; but only in relation to the history of society, omitting that of thought, and of the human mind. In the following year, the Professor took a wider range. The three volumes which contain the Lectures of 1829, are a complete historical analysis of the period of confusion; expounding, with sufficient fulness of detail, both the state of political society in each successive stage of that prolonged anarchy, and the state of intellect as evidenced by literature and speculation. In these volumes, M. Guizot is the philosopher of the period of which M. Augustin Thierry is the painter. In the Lectures of 1830—which, having been

*Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, &c.

prematurely broken off by the political events of that year, occupy (with the *Pièces Justificatives*) only two volumes—he commenced a similar analysis of the feudal period; but did not quite complete the political and social part of the subject: the examination of the intellectual products of the period was not even commenced. In this state this great unfinished monument still remains. Imperfect, however, as it is, it contains much more than we can attempt to bring under even the most cursory review within our narrow limits. We can only pause and dwell upon the important epochs, and upon speculations which involve some great and fertile idea, or throw a strong light upon some interesting portion of the history. Among these last we must include the passage* in which M. Guizot describes the manner in which the civilization of the conquered impressed the imagination of the victors.

‘We have just passed in review the closing age of the Roman civilization, and we find it in full *decadence*, without force, without fecundity, incapable almost of keeping itself alive. We now behold it vanquished and ruined by the barbarians; when on a sudden it reappears fruitful and powerful: it assumes over the institutions and manners which are brought newly into contact with it, a prodigious empire; it impresses on them more and more its own character; it governs and metamorphoses its conquerors.

‘Among many causes, there were two which principally contributed to this result: the power of a systematic and comprehensive body of civil law; and the natural ascendancy of civilization over barbarism.

‘In fixing themselves to a single abode, and becoming landed proprietors, the barbarians contracted, both with the Roman population and with each other, relations more various and durable than any they had previously known; their civil existence assumed greater breadth and stability. The Roman law was alone fit to regulate this new existence; it alone could deal adequately with such a multitude of relations. The barbarians, however they might strive to preserve their own customs, were caught, as it were, in the nets of this scientific legislation, and were obliged to bring the new social order, in a great measure, into subjection to it, not politically indeed, but civilly.

‘Further, the spectacle itself of Roman civilization exercised a great empire over their minds. What strikes our modern fancy, what we greedily seek for in history, in poems, travels, romances, is the picture of a state of society unlike the regularity of our own; savage life, with its independence, its novelty, and its adventure. Quite different were the impres-

sions of the barbarians. What to them was striking, what appeared to them great and wonderful, was civilization; the monuments of Roman industry, the cities, roads, aqueducts, amphitheatres; that society so orderly, so provident, so full of variety in its fixity—this was the object of their admiration and their astonishment. Though conquerors, they were sensible of inferiority to the conquered. The barbarian might despise the Roman as an individual being, but the Roman world, in its *ensemble*, appeared to him something above his level; and all the great men of the age of the conquests, Alaric, Ataulph, Theodoric, and so many others, while destroying and trampling upon Roman society, used all their efforts to copy it.’

But their attempt was fruitless. It was not by merely seating themselves in the throne of the Emperors, that the chiefs of the barbarians could reinfuse life into a social order to which, when already perishing by its own infirmities, they had dealt the final blow. Nor was it in that old form that peaceful and regular government could be restored to Europe. The confusion was too chaotic to admit of so easy a disentanglement. Before fixed institutions could become possible, it was necessary to have a fixed population; and this primary condition was long unattained. Bands of barbarians, of various races, with no bond of national union, overran the Empire without mutual concert, and occupied the country as much as a people so migratory and vagabond could be said to occupy it; but even the loose ties which held together each tribe or band became relaxed by the consequences of spreading themselves over an extensive territory: fresh hordes, too, were ever pressing on behind; and the very first requisite of order, permanent territorial limits, could not establish itself, either between properties or sovereignties, for nearly three centuries. The annals of the conquered countries during the intermediate period, but chronicle the desultory warfare of the invaders with one another; the effect of which, to the conquered, was a perpetual renewal of suffering and increase of impoverishment.

M. Guizot dates the termination of this downward period from the reign of Charlemagne; others (for example, M. de Sismondi) have placed it later. We are inclined to agree with M. Guizot; no part of whose work seems to us more admirable than that in which he fixes the place in history of that remarkable man.*

* Vol. ii. pp. 386-8.

* Vol. iii. Lecture 20.

The name of Charlemagne, says M. Guizot, has come down to us as one of the greatest in history. Though not the founder of his dynasty, he has given his name both to his race and to the age.

'The homage paid to him is often blind and undistinguishing—his genius and glory are extolled without discrimination or measure; yet, at the same time, persons repeat, one after another, that he founded nothing, accomplished nothing; that his empire, his laws, all his works perished with him. And this historical commonplace introduces a crowd of moral commonplaces on the ineffectualness and uselessness of great men, the vanity of their projects, the little trace which they leave in the world after having troubled it in all directions Is this true? Is it the destiny of great men to be merely a burden and a useless wonder to mankind?

'At the first glance the commonplace might be supposed to be a truth. The victories, conquests, institutions, reforms, projects, all the greatness and glory of Charlemagne, vanished with him; he seemed a meteor suddenly emerging from the darkness of barbarism, to be as suddenly lost and extinguished in the shadow of feudalism. There are other such examples in history. . . .

'But we must beware of trusting these appearances. To understand the meaning of great events, and measure the agency and influence of great men, we need to look far deeper into the matter.

'The activity of a great man is of two kinds; he performs two parts; two epochs may generally be distinguished in his career. First, he understands better than other people the wants of his time;—its real, present exigencies;—what, in the age he lives in, society needs, to enable it to subsist, and attain its natural development. He understands these wants better than any other person of the time, and knows better than any other how to wield the powers of society, and direct them skilfully towards the realization of this end.—Hence proceed his power and glory; it is in virtue of this, that as soon as he appears, he is understood, accepted, followed—that all give their willing aid to the work which he is performing for the benefit of all.

'But he does not stop here. When the real wants of his time are in some degree satisfied, the ideas and the will of the great man proceed further. He quits the region of present facts and exigencies; he gives himself up to views in some measure personal to himself; he indulges in combinations more or less vast and specious, but which are not, like his previous labors, founded on the actual state, the common instincts, the determinate wishes of society, but are remote and arbitrary. He aspires to extend his activity and influence indefinitely, and to possess the future as he has possessed the present.

'Here egoism and illusion commence. For

some time, on the faith of what he has already done, the great man is followed in this new career; he is believed in, and obeyed; men lend themselves to his fancies; his flatterers and his dupes even admire and vaunt them as his sublimest conceptions. The public, however, in whom a mere delusion is never of any long continuance, soon discovers that it is impelled in a direction in which it has no desire to move. At first the great man had enlisted his high intelligence and powerful will in the service of the general feeling and wish; he now seeks to employ the public force in the service of his individual ideas and desires; he is attempting things which he alone wishes or understands. Hence disquietude first, and then uneasiness; for a time he is still followed, but sluggishly and reluctantly; next he is censured and complained of; finally he is abandoned, and falls; and all of which he alone had planned and desired, all the merely personal and arbitrary part of his works, perishes with him.'

After briefly illustrating his remarks by the example of Napoleon—so often, by his flatterers, represented as another Charlemagne, a comparison which is the height of injustice to the earlier conqueror—M. Guizot observes, that the wars of Charlemagne were of a totally different character from those of the previous dynasty. 'They were not dissensions between tribe and tribe, or chief and chief, nor expeditions engaged in for the purpose of settlement or pillage; they were systematic wars, inspired by a political purpose, and commanded by a public necessity.' Their purpose was no other than that of putting an end to the invasions. He repelled the Saracens: the Saxons and Slavonians, against whom merely defensive arrangements were not sufficient, he attacked and subjugated in their native forests.

'At the death of Charlemagne, the conquests cease, the unity disappears, the empire is dismembered and falls to pieces; but is it true that nothing remained, that the warlike exploits of Charlemagne were absolutely sterile, that he achieved nothing, founded nothing?

'There is but one way to resolve this question—it is, to ask ourselves if, after Charlemagne, the countries which he had governed found themselves in the same situation as before; if the twofold invasions which, on the north and on the south, menaced their territory, their religion, and their race, recommenced after being thus suspended; if the Saxons, Slavonians, Avars, Arabs, still kept the possessors of the Roman empire in perpetual disturbance and anxiety. Evidently it was not so. True, the empire of Charlemagne was broken up, but into separate states, which arose as so many barriers at all points where there was still danger. To the time of Charlemagne,

the frontiers of Germany, Spain, and Italy, were in continual fluctuation; no constituted public force had attained a permanent shape; he was compelled to be constantly transporting himself from one end to the other of his dominions, in order to oppose to the invaders the moveable and temporary force of his armies. After him, the scene is changed; real political barriers, states more or less organized, but real and durable, arose; the kingdoms of Lorraine, of Germany, Italy, the two Burgundies, Navarre, date from that time; and in spite of the vicissitudes of their destiny, they subsist, and suffice to oppose effectual resistance to the invading movement. Accordingly that movement ceases, or continues only in the form of maritime expeditions, most desolating at the points which they reach, but which cannot be made with great masses of men, nor produce great results.

'Although, therefore, the vast dominion of Charlemagne perished with him, it is not true that he founded nothing; he founded all the states that sprung from the dismemberment of his empire. His conquests entered into new combinations, but his wars attained their end. The foundation of the work subsisted, although its form was changed.'

In the character of an administrator and a legislator, the career of Charlemagne is still more remarkable than as a conqueror. His long reign was one struggle against the universal insecurity and disorder. He was one of the sort of men described by M. Guizot, 'whom the spectacle of anarchy or of social immobility strikes and revolts; whom it shocks intellectually, as a fact which ought not to exist; and who are possessed with the desire to correct it, to introduce some rule, some principle of regularity and permanence, into the world which is before their view.' Gifted with an unresting activity, unequalled perhaps by any other sovereign, Charlemagne passed his life in attempting to convert a chaos into an orderly and regular government; to create a general system of administration, under an efficient central authority. In this attempt he was very imperfectly successful. The government of an extensive country from a central point was too complicated, too difficult; it required the co-operation of too many agents, and of intelligencies too much developed, to be capable of being carried on by barbarians. 'The disorder around him was immense, invincible; he repressed it for a moment on a single point, but the evil reigned wherever his terrible will had not penetrated; and even where he had passed, it recommenced as soon as he had departed.'

Nevertheless, his efforts were not lost—not wholly unfruitful. His instrument of government was composed of two sets of functionaries, local and central. The local portion consisted of the resident governors, the dukes, counts, &c., together with the vassals or *beneficarii*, afterwards called feudatories, to whom, when lands had been granted, a more or less indefinite share had been delegated of the authority and jurisdiction of the sovereign. The central machinery consisted of *missi dominici*—temporary agents sent into the provinces, and from one province to another, as the sovereign's own representatives;—to inspect, control, report, and even reform what was amiss, either in act or negligence, on the part of the local functionaries. Over all these the prince held, with a firm hand, the reins of government;—aided by a national assembly or convocation of chiefs, when he chose to summon it, either because he desired their counsel or needed their moral support.

'Is it possible that of this government, so active and vigorous, nothing remained—that all disappeared with Charlemagne, that he founded nothing for the internal consolidation of society?

'What fell with Charlemagne, what rested upon him alone, and could not survive him, was the central government. After continuing some time under Louis le Debonnaire and Charles le Chauve, but with less and less energy and influence, the general assemblies, the *missi dominici*, the whole machinery of the central and sovereign administration, disappeared. Not so the local government, the dukes, counts, *vicaires*, *centeniers*, *beneficarii*, vassals, who held authority in their several neighborhoods under the rule of Charlemagne. Before his time, the disorder had been as great in each locality as in the commonwealth generally; landed properties, magistracies, were incessantly changing hands; no local positions or influences possessed any steadiness or permanence. During the forty-six years of his government, these influences had time to become rooted in the same soil, in the same families; they had acquired stability, the first condition of the progress which was destined to render them independent and hereditary, and make them the elements of the feudal régime. Nothing, certainly, less resembles feudalism than the sovereign unity which Charlemagne aspired to establish; yet he is the true founder of feudal society: it was he who, by arresting the external invasions, and repressing to a certain extent the intestine disorders, gave to situations, to fortunes, to local influences, sufficient time to take real possession of the country. After him, his general government perished like his

conquests, his unity of authority like his extended empire; but as the empire was broken into separate states, which acquired a vigorous and durable life, so the central sovereignty of Charlemagne resolved itself into a multitude of local sovereignties, to which a portion of the strength of his government had been imparted, and which had acquired under its shelter the conditions requisite for reality and durability. So that in this second point of view, in his civil as well as military capacity, if we look beyond first appearances, he accomplished and founded much.

Thus does a more accurate knowledge correct the two contrary errors, one or other of which is next to universal among superficial thinkers, respecting the influence of great men upon society. A great ruler cannot shape the world after his own pattern; he is condemned to work in the direction of existing and spontaneous tendencies, and has only the discretion of singling out the most beneficial of these. Yet the difference is great between a skilful pilot and none at all, though a pilot cannot steer save in obedience to wind and tide. Improvements of the very first order, and for which society is completely prepared, which lie in the natural course and tendency of human events, and are the next stage through which mankind will pass, may be retarded indefinitely for want of a great man to throw the weight of his individual will and faculties into the trembling scale. Without Charlemagne, who can say for how many centuries longer the period of confusion might have been protracted? Yet in this example it equally appears what a great ruler can *not* do. Like Ataulph, Theodoric, Clovis, all the ablest chiefs of the invaders, Charlemagne, dreamed of restoring the Roman Empire.

'This was, in him, the portion of egoism and illusion; and in this it was that he failed. The Roman *imperium*, and its unity, were invincibly repugnant to the new distribution of the population, the new relations, the new moral condition of mankind. Roman civilization could only enter as a transformed element into the new world which was preparing. This idea, this aspiration of Charlemagne, was not a public idea, nor a public want—all that he did for its accomplishment perished with him.

'Yet even of this vain endeavor something remained. The name of the Western Empire revived by him, and the rights which were thought to be attached to the title of Emperor, resumed their place among the elements of history, and were for several centuries longer

an object of ambition, an influencing principle of events. Even, therefore, in the purely egotistical and ephemeral portion of his operations, it cannot be said that the ideas of Charlemagne were absolutely sterile, nor totally devoid of duration.'

M. Guizot, we think, is scarcely just to Charlemagne in this implied censure upon his attempt to reconstruct civilized society upon the only model familiar to him. The most intelligent contemporaries shared his error, and saw in the dismemberment of his Empire, and the fall of his despotic authority, a return to chaos. Though it is easy for us to see, it was difficult for them to foresee, that European society, such as the invasions had made it, admitted of no return to order but through something resembling the feudal system. By the writers who have come down to us from the age in which that system arose, it was looked upon as nothing less than universal anarchy and dissolution. 'Consult the poets of the time, consult the chroniclers; they all thought that the world was coming to an end.' M. Guizot quotes one of the monuments of the time, a poem by Florus, a deacon of the church at Lyons, which displays with equal *naïveté* the chagrin of the instructed few at the breaking up of the great unsolid structure which Charlemagne had raised, and the satisfaction which the same fact caused to the people at large; not the only instance in history in which the instinct of the people has been nearer the truth than the considerate judgment of the instructed. That renewal of the onward movement, which even in Charlemagne could not effect by means repugnant to the natural tendencies of the times, took place through the operation of ordinary causes; as soon as society had assumed the form which alone could give rise to fixed expectations and positions, and produce a sort of security.

'The moral and the social state of the people at this epoch equally resisted all association, all government of a single and extended character. Mankind had few ideas, and did not look far around. Social relations were rare and restricted. The horizon of thought and of life was exceedingly limited. Under such conditions, a great society is impossible.—What are the natural and necessary bonds of political union? On the one hand the number and extent of the social relations; on the other, of the ideas, whereby men communicate and are held together. Where neither of these are numerous or extensive, the bonds of a great society or state are non-existent.—

Such were the times of which we now speak. Small societies, local governments, cut, as it were, to the measure of existing ideas and relations, were alone possible; and these alone succeeded in establishing themselves.—The elements of these little societies and little governments, were ready made. The possessors of benefices by grant from the king, or of domains occupied by conquest, the counts, dukes, governors of provinces, were disseminated throughout the country. These became the natural centres of associations coextensive with them. Round these was agglomerated, voluntarily or by force, the neighboring population, whether free or in bondage. Thus were formed the petty states called fiefs; and this was the real cause of the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne.*

We have now, therefore, arrived at the opening of the feudal period; and have to attempt to appreciate what the feudal society was, and what was the influence of that society, and of its institutions, on the fortunes of the human race; what new elements it introduced; what new tendencies it impressed upon human nature; or to which of the existing tendencies it imparted additional strength.

M. Guizot's estimate of feudalism is among the most interesting and most completely satisfactory of his speculations. He observes,† that sufficient importance is seldom attached to the effects produced upon the mental nature of mankind by mere changes in their outward mode of living:—

'Every one is aware of the notice which has been taken of the influence of climate, and the importance attached to it by Montesquieu. If we confine ourselves to the direct influence of diversity of climate upon mankind, it is perhaps less than has been supposed; the appreciation of it is, at all events, difficult and vague. But the indirect effects, those for instance which result from the fact, that in a warm climate the people live in the open air, while in cold countries they shut themselves up in their houses—that they subsist upon different kinds of food, and the like—are highly important, and, merely by their influence on the details of material existence, act powerfully on civilization. Every great revolution produces in the state of society some changes of this sort, and these ought to be carefully observed.

'The introduction of the feudal *régime* occasioned one such change, of which the importance cannot be overlooked; it altered the distribution of the population over the face of the country. Till that time, the masters of the soil, the sovereign class, lived col-

lected in masses more or less numerous—either sedentary in the towns, or wandering in bands over the country. In the feudal state these same persons lived insulated, each in his own habitation, at great distances from one another. It is obvious how great an influence this change must have exercised over the character and progress of civilization.—Social preponderance and political power passed from the towns to the country; private property and private life assumed pre-eminence over public. This first effect of the triumph of the feudal principle, appears more fruitful in consequences the longer we consider it.

'Let us examine feudal society as it is in its own nature, looking at it first of all in its simple and fundamental element. Let us figure to ourselves a single possessor of a fief in his own domain; and consider what will be the character of the little association which groups itself around him.

'He establishes himself in a retired and defensible place, which he takes care to render safe and strong; he there erects what he terms his castle. With whom does he establish himself there? With his wife and his children; probably also some few freemen, who have not become landed proprietors, have attached themselves to his person, and remain domesticated with him. These are all the inmates of the castle itself. Around it, and under its protection, collects a small population of laborers—of serfs, who cultivate the domain of the seigneur. Amidst this inferior population religion comes, builds a church and establishes a priest. In the early times of feudality this priest is at once the chaplain of the castle and the parish clergyman of the village; at a later period the two characters are separated. This, then, is the organic molecule—the unit, if we may so speak, of feudal society. This we have to summon before us, and demand an answer to the two questions which should be addressed to every fact in history—what was it calculated to do towards the developement, first of man, and next of society?'

The first of its peculiarities, he continues, is the prodigious importance which the head of this little association must assume in his own eyes, and those of all around him. To the liberty of the man and the warrior, the sentiment of personality and individual independence, which predominated in savage life, is now added the importance of the master, the landed proprietor, the head of a family. No feeling of self-importance comparable to this, is habitually generated in any other known form of civilization. A Roman patrician, for example, 'was the head of a family, was a master, a superior; he was, besides, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his fam-

* Vol. iii. ad fin.

† Vol. i. Lecture 4.

ily.' But the importance of a religious magistrate is not personal; it is borrowed from the divinity whom he serves. In civil life the patrician 'was a member of the senate—of a corporation which lived united in one place. This again was an importance derived from without; borrowed and reflected from that of his corporation.'

'The grandeur of the ancient aristocracies was associated with religious and political functions; it belonged to the situation, to the corporation at large, more than to the individual. That of the possessor of a fief is, on the contrary, purely personal. He receives nothing from any one; his rights, his powers, come from himself alone. He is not a religious magistrate, nor a member of a senate; all his importance centres in his own person; whatever he is, he is by his own right and in his own name. Above him, no superior of whom he is the representative and the interpreter; around him no equals; no rigorous universal law to curb him; no external force habitually controlling his will; he knows no restraint but the limits of his strength, or the presence of an immediate danger. With what intensity must not such a situation act upon the mind of the man who occupies it? What boundless pride, what haughtiness—to speak plainly, what insolence—must arise in his soul?'

We pass to the influence of this new state of society upon the development of domestic feelings and family life.

'History exhibits to us the family in several different shapes. First, the patriarchal family, as seen in the Bible and the various monuments of the East. The family is here numerous, and amounts to a tribe. The chief, or patriarch, lives, in a state of community with his children, his kindred (of whom all the various generations are grouped around him,) and his domestics. Not only does he live with them, but his interests and occupations are the same with theirs; he leads the same life. This is the situation of Abraham, of the patriarchs, of the chiefs of Arab tribes, who are in our own days a faithful image of patriarchal society.

'Another form of the family is the clan—that little association, the type of which must be sought in Scotland and Ireland, and through which, probably, a great part of the European world has at some time passed. This is no longer the patriarchal family. Between the chief and the rest of the people there is now a great difference of condition. He does not lead the same life with his followers: they mostly cultivate and serve; he takes his ease, and has no occupation save that of a warrior. But he and they have a common origin; they bear the same name; their relationship, their ancient traditions, and their community of affections and recollections, establish among all

the members of the clan a moral union, a kind of equality.

'Does the fiefal family resemble either of these types? Evidently not. At first sight it has some apparent resemblance to the clan; but the difference is immense. The population which surrounds the possessor of the fief are perfect strangers to him; they do not bear his name; they have no relationship to him, are connected with him by no tie, historical or moral. Neither does he, as in the patriarchal family, lead the same life and carry on the same labor as those about him: he has no occupation but war; they are tillers of the ground. The feudal family is not numerous; it does not constitute a tribe; it is confined to the family in the most restricted sense, the wife and children; it lives apart from the rest of the people, in the interior of the castle. Five or six persons, in a position at once alien from, and superior to, all others, constitute the feudal family. * * Internal life, domestic society, are certain here to acquire a great preponderance. I grant that the rudeness and violent passions of the chief, and his habit of passing his time in war and in the chase, must obstruct and retard the formation of domestic habits; but that obstacle will be overcome.—The chief must return habitually to his own home; there he always finds his wife, his children, and them alone, or almost alone; they, and no others, compose his permanent society—they alone always partake his interest, his destiny. It is impossible that domestic life should not acquire a great ascendancy. The proofs are abundant. Was it not in the feudal family that the importance of women took its rise? In all the societies of antiquity, not only where no family spirit existed, but where that spirit was powerful, for instance in the patriarchal societies, women did not occupy any thing like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal polity. The cause of this has been looked for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans; in a characteristic respect which it is affirmed that, in the midst of their forests, they paid to women.—German patriotism has built upon one sentence of Tacitus a fancied superiority, a primitive and ineffaceable purity of German manners in the relations of the sexes to each other. Mere chimeras! Expressions similar to those of Tacitus, sentiments and usages analogous to those of the ancient Germans, are found in the recitals of many observers of barbarous tribes. There is nothing peculiar in the matter, nothing characteristic of any particular race.—The importance of women in Europe arose from the progress and preponderance of domestic manners; and that preponderance became, at an early period, an essential character of feudal life.'

In corroboration of these remarks, he observes in another place, that in the feudal form of society (unlike all those which preceded it) the representative of the chief's

person and the delegate of his authority, during his frequent absences, was the *châtelaine*. In his warlike expeditions and hunting excursions, his crusadings and his captivities, she directed his affairs, and governed his people with a power equal to his own. No importance comparable to this, no position equally calculated to call forth the human faculties, had fallen to the lot of women before, nor, it may be added, since. And the fruits are seen in the many examples of heroic women which the feudal annals present to us; women who fully equalled, in every masculine virtue, the bravest of the men with whom they were associated;—often greatly surpassed them in prudence, and fell short of them only in ferocity.

M. Guizot now turns from the seigneurial abode to the dependent population surrounding it. Here all things present a far worse aspect.

‘In any social situation which lasts a certain length of time, there inevitably arises between those whom it brings into contact, under whatever conditions, a certain moral tie—certain feelings of protection, of benevolence, of affection. It was thus in the feudal society: one cannot doubt, that in process of time there were formed between the cultivators and their seigneur some moral relations, some habits of sympathy. But this happened in spite of their relative position, and nowise from its influence. Considered in itself, the situation was radically vicious. There was nothing morally in common between the feudal superior and the cultivators; they were part of his domain, they were his property. * * Between the seigneur and those who tilled the ground which belonged to him, there were (as far as this can ever be said when human beings are brought together) no laws, no protection, no society. Hence, I conceive, that truly prodigious and invincible detestation which the rural population has entertained in all ages for the feudal *régime*. * * Theocratic and monarchical despotism have more than once obtained the acquiescence, and almost the affection, of the population subject to them. The reason is, theocracy and monarchy exercise their dominion in virtue of some belief common to the master with his subjects; he is the representative and minister of another power superior to all human powers; he speaks and acts in the name of the Deity, or of some general idea, not in the name of the man himself, of a mere man. Feudal despotism is a different thing; it is the mere power of one individual over another, the domination and capricious will of a human being. * * Such was the real, the distinctive character of the feudal dominion, and such the origin of the antipathy it never ceased to inspire.’

Leaving the contemplation of the ele-

mentary molecule (as M. Guizot calls it) of feudal society—a single possessor of a fief with his family and dependents—and proceeding to consider the nature of the larger society, or state, which was formed by the aggregation of these small societies, we find the feudal *régime* to be absolutely incompatible with any real national existence. No doubt the obligations of service on the one hand, and protection on the other, theoretically attached to the concession of a fief, kept alive some faint notions of a general government, some feelings of social duty. But, in the whole duration of the system, it was never found practicable to attach to these rights and obligations any efficient sanction. A central government, with power adequate to enforce even the recognized duties of the feudal relation, or to keep the peace between the different members of the confederacy, did not and could not exist consistently with feudalism. The very essence of feudality was (to borrow M. Guizot's definition) the fusion of property and sovereignty. The lord of the soil was not only the master of all who dwelt upon it, but he was their only superior, their sovereign. Taxation, military protection, judicial administration, were his alone; for all offices of a ruler, the people looked to him, and could look to no other. The king was absolute, like all other feudal lords, within his own domain, and only there. He could neither compel obedience from his feudatories, nor impose his mediation as an arbitrator between them. Among such petty potentates, the only union compatible with the nature of the case was a federal union—the most difficult to maintain of all political organizations; one which, resting almost entirely on moral sanctions, and an enlightened sense of distant interests, requires, more than any other social system, an advanced state of civilization. The middle age was nowise ripe for it; the sword, therefore, remained the universal umpire; all questions were decided either by private war, or by that judicial combat which was the first attempt of society (as the modern duel is the last) to subject the prosecution of a quarrel by force of arms to the moderating influence of fixed customs and ordinances.

The following is M. Guizot's summary of the influences of feudalism on the progress of the European nations.

‘Feudality must have exercised a considerable, and on the whole a salutary, influence on the internal development of the individual;

it raised up in the human mind some moral notions and moral wants, some energetic sentiments; it produced some noble developments of character and passion. Considered in a social point of view, it was not capable of establishing legal order or political securities; but it was indispensable as a recommencement of European society, which had been so broken up by barbarism as to be unable to assume any more enlarged or more regular form. But the feudal form, radically bad in itself, admitted neither of being expanded nor regularized. The only political right which feudalism has planted deeply in European society, is the right of resistance. I do not mean legal resistance: that was out of the question in a society so little advanced. The right of resistance which feudal society asserted and exercised, was the right of personal resistance—a fearful, an anti-social right, since it is an appeal to force, to war, the direct antithesis of society; but a right which never ought to perish from the breast of man, since its abrogation is simply equivalent to submission to slavery. The sentiment of this right had been lost in the degeneracy of Roman society, from the ruins of which it could not again arise; as little, in my opinion, was it a natural emanation from the principles of Christian society. Feudality reintroduced it into European life. It is the glory of civilization to render this right for ever useless and inactive; it is the glory of the feudal society to have constantly asserted and held fast to it.⁷

There is yet another aspect, and far from an unimportant one, in which feudal life has bequeathed, to the times which followed, a lesson worthy to be studied. Imperfect as the world still remains in justice and humanity, the feudal world was far inferior to it in those attributes, but greatly superior in individual strength of will, and decision of character.

‘No reasonable person will deny the immensity of the social reform which has been accomplished in our times. Never have human relations been regulated with more justice, nor produced a more general well-being as the result. Not only this, but, I am convinced, a corresponding moral reform has also been accomplished; at no epoch perhaps has there been, all things considered, so much honesty in human life, so many human beings living in an orderly manner; never has so small an amount of public force been necessary to repress individual wrong-doing. But in another respect we have, I think, much to gain. We have lived for half a century under the empire of general ideas, more and more accredited and powerful; under the pressure of formidable, almost irresistible events. There has resulted a certain weakness, a certain effeminacy, in our minds and characters. Individual convictions and will are wanting in energy and

confidence in themselves. Men assent to a prevailing opinion, obey a general impulse, yield to an external necessity. Whether for resistance or for action, each has but a mean idea of his own strength, a feeble reliance on his own judgment. Individuality, the inward and personal energy of man, is weak and timid. Amidst the progress of public liberty, many seem to have lost the proud and invigorating sentiment of their own personal liberty.

‘Such was not the Middle Age. The condition of society was deplorable, the morality of mankind much inferior to what is often asserted, much inferior to that of our own time. But in many persons, individuality was strong, will was energetic. There were then few ideas which ruled all minds, few outward forces which, in all situations and in all places, weighed upon men’s characters. The individual unfolded himself in his own way, with an irregular freedom: the moral nature of man shone forth here and there in all its ambitious aspirations, with all its energy. A contemplation not only dramatic and attaching, but instructive and useful; which offers us nothing to regret, nothing to imitate, but much to learn; were it only by awakening our attention to what is wanting in ourselves by showing to us of what a human being is capable when he will.’*

The third period of modern history, which is emphatically the modern period, is more complex and more difficult to interpret than the two preceding. Of this period, M. Guizot had only begun to treat; and we must not expect to find his explanations as satisfactory as in the earlier portions of his subject. The origin of feudalism, its character, its place in the history of civilization, he has discussed, as has been seen, in a manner which leaves little to be desired: but we cannot extend the same praise to his account of its decline, which (it is but fair to consider) is not completed; but which, so far as it has gone, appears to us to bear few marks of that piercing insight into the heart of a question, that determination not to be paid with a mere show of explanation, which are the characteristic excellences of the speculations thus far brought to notice.

M. Guizot ascribes the fall of feudality mainly to its imperfections. It did not, he says, contain in itself the elements of durability. It was a first step out of barbarism, but too near the verge of the former anarchy to admit of becoming a permanent social organization. The independence of the possessors of fiefs was evidently exces-

* Vol. v. p. 29-31.

sive, and too little removed from the savage state. 'Accordingly, independently of all foreign causes, feudal society, by its own nature and tendencies, was always in question, always on the brink of dissolution; incapable at least of subsisting regularly or of developing itself, without altering its nature.*

He then sets forth how, in the absence of any common superior, of any central authority capable of protecting the feudal chiefs against one another, they were content to seek protection where they could find it—namely, from the most powerful among themselves; how, from this natural tendency, those who were already strong, ever became stronger; the larger fiefs went on aggrandizing themselves at the expense of the weaker. 'A prodigious inequality soon arose among the possessors of fiefs,' and inequality of strength led, as it usually does, to inequality of claims, and at last, of recognized rights.

'Thus, from the mere fact that social ties were wanting to feudality, the feudal liberties themselves rapidly perished; the excesses of individual independence were perpetually compromising society itself; it found in the relations of the possessors of fiefs, neither the means of regular maintenance, nor of ulterior development; it sought in other institutions the conditions which were needful to it for becoming permanent, regular, and progressive. The tendency towards centralization, towards the formation of a power superior to the local powers, was rapid. Long before the royal government had begun to intervene at every point of the country, there had grown up, under the name of duchies, counties, viscounties, &c., many smaller royalties, invested with the central government of this or that province, and to whom the rights of the possessors of fiefs, that is, of the local sovereignties, became more and more subordinate.†

This sketch of the progressive decomposition of the feudal organization, is, no doubt, historically correct; but we desiderate in it any approach to a scientific explanation of the phenomenon. That is an easy solution which accounts for the destruction of institutions from their own defects; but experience proves, that forms of government and social arrangements do not fall, merely because they deserve to fall. The more backward and the more degraded any form of society is, the stronger is the tendency to remain stagnating in that state, simply because it is an existing state. We

are unable to recognize in this theory of the decay of feudality, the philosopher who so clearly demonstrated its origin; who pointed out that the feudal polity established itself, not because it was a good form of society, but because society was incapable of a better; because the rarity of communications, the limited range of men's ideas and of their social relations, and their want of skill to work political machinery of a delicate or complicated construction, disqualified them from being either chiefs or members of any organized association extending beyond their immediate neighborhood. If feudality was a product of this condition of the human mind, and the only form of polity which it admitted of, no evils inherent in feudality could have hindered it from continuing so long as that cause subsisted. The anarchy which existed as between one feudal chief and another—the inequality of their talents, and the accidents of their perpetual warfare—would have led to continual changes in the state of territorial possession, and large governments would have been often formed by the agglomeration of smaller ones, occasionally perhaps a great empire like that of Charlemagne; but both the one and the other would have crumbled again to fragments as that did, if the general situation of society had continued to be what it was when the feudal system originated. Is not this the very history of society in a great part of the East, from the earliest record of events? Between the time when masses could not help dissolving into particles, and the time when those particles spontaneously reassembled themselves into masses, a great change must have taken place in the molecular properties of the atoms. Inasmuch as the petty district sovereignties of the first age of feudality coalesced into larger provincial sovereignties, which, instead of obeying the original tendency to decomposition, tended in the very contrary direction, towards ultimate aggregation into one national government; it is clear that the state of society had become compatible with extensive governments; the unfavorable circumstances which M. Guizot commemorated in the former period, had in some manner ceased to exist; a great progress in civilization had been accomplished, under the dominion and auspices of the feudal system; and the fall of the system was not really owing to its vices, but to its good qualities, to the improvement which had been found possible

* Vol. v. pp. 364-6.

† Vol. v. pp. 370-71.

under it, and by which mankind had become desirous of obtaining, and capable of realizing, a better form of society than it afforded.

What this change was, and how it came to pass, M. Guizot has left us to seek. Considerable light is, no doubt, incidentally thrown upon it by the course of his investigations, and the sequel of his work would probably have illustrated it still more. At present, the philosophic interpreter of historical phenomena is indebted to him, on this portion of the subject, for little besides materials.

It was under the combined assaults of two powers—royalty from above, the emancipated commons from below—that the independence of the great vassals finally succumbed. M. Guizot has delineated with great force and perspicuity the rise of both these powers. His review of the origin and emancipation of the communes, and growth of the *tiers-état*, is one of the best executed portions of the book; and should be read, with M. Thierry's Letters on the History of France, as the moral of the tale. In his sixth volume, M. Guizot traces, with considerable minuteness, the progress of the royal authority, from its slumbering infancy in the time of the earlier Capetians, through its successive stages of growth—now by the energy and craft of Philippe Auguste, now by the justice and enlightened policy of Saint Louis—to its attainment, not indeed of recognized despotism, but of almost unlimited power of actual tyranny, in the reign of Philippe le Bel. But upon all these imputed causes of the fall of feudalism, the question recurs, what caused the causes themselves? Why was that possible to the successors of Capet, which had been impossible to those of Charlemagne? How, under the detested feudal tyranny, had a set of fugitive serfs, who congregated for mutual protection at a few scattered points, and called them towns, became industrious, rich, and powerful? There can be but one answer; the feudal system, with all its deficiencies, was sufficiently a government, contained within itself a sufficient mixture of authority and liberty, afforded sufficient protection to industry, and encouragement and scope to the development of the human faculties, to enable the natural causes of social improvement to resume their course. What these causes were, and why they have been so much more active in Europe than in

parts of the earth which were much earlier civilized, is far too difficult an inquiry to be entered upon in this place. We have already seen what M. Guizot has contributed to its elucidation in the way of general reflection. About the matter of fact, in respect to the feudal period, there can be no doubt. When the history of what are called the dark ages, because they had not yet a vernacular literature, and did not write a correct Latin style, shall be written as it deserves to be, that will be seen by all, which is already recognized by the great historical inquirers of the present time—that at no period of history was human intellect more active, or society more unmistakeably in a state of rapid advance. From the very commencement of the so much vilified feudal period, every generation overflows with evidences of increasing security, growing industry, and expanding intelligence. But to dwell further on this topic, would be inappropriate to the nature and limits of the present article.

M. Guizot's detailed analysis of the history of European life, is, as we before remarked, only completed for the period preceding the feudal. For the five centuries which extended from Clovis to the last of the Carolingians, he has given a finished delineation, not only of outward life and political society, but of the progress and vicissitudes of what was then the chief refuge and hope of oppressed humanity, the religious society—the Church. He makes his readers acquainted with the legislation of the period, with the little it possessed of literature or philosophy, and with that which formed, as ought to be remembered, the real and serious occupation of its speculative faculties—its religious labors, whether in the elaboration or in the propagation of the Christian doctrine. His analysis and historical exposition of the Pelagian controversy—his examination of the religious literature of the period, its sermons and legends—are models of their kind; and he does not, like the old school of historians, treat these things as matters insulated and abstract, of no interest save what belongs to them intrinsically, but invariably looks at them as component parts of the general life of the age.

Of the feudal period, M. Guizot had not time to complete a similar delineation.—His analysis even of the political society of the period is not concluded; and we are entirely without that review of its ecclesi-

astical history, and its intellectual and moral life, whereby the deficiency of explanation would probably have been in some degree supplied, which we have complained of in regard to the remarkable progress of human nature and events during these ages. For the strictly modern period of history he has done still less. The rapid sketch which occupies the concluding lectures of the first volume, does little towards resolving any of the problems in which there is real difficulty.

We shall therefore pass over the many topics on which he has touched cursorily, and without doing justice to his own powers of thought; and shall only further advert to one question, which is the subject of a detailed examination in the Essay in his earlier volume, 'the origin of representative institutions in England'—a question not only of special interest to an English reader, but of much moment in the estimation of M. Guizot's general theory of modern history. For if the natural course of European events was such as that theory represents it, the history of England is an anomalous deviation from that course; and the exception must either prove, or go far to subvert, the rule. In England, as in other European countries, the basis of the social arrangement was, for several centuries, the feudal system; in England, as elsewhere, that system perished by the growth of the Crown, and of the emancipated commonalty. Whence came it, that amidst general circumstances so similar, the immediate and apparent consequences were so strikingly contrasted? How happened it, that in the continental nations absolute monarchy was at least the proximate result, while in England representative institutions, and an aristocratic government, with an admixture of democratic elements, were the consequence?

M. Guizot's explanation of the anomaly is just and conclusive. The feudal polity in England was from the first a less barbarous thing—had more in it of the elements from which a government might in time be constructed—than in the other countries of Europe. We have seen M. Guizot's lively picture of the isolated position and solitary existence of the seigneur, ruling from his inaccessible height, with sovereign power, over a scanty population; having no superior above him, no equals around him, no communion or co-operation with any, save his family and dependents; absolute master within a small circle, and

with hardly a social tie or any action or influence beyond; every thing, in short, in one narrow spot, and nothing in any other place. Now, of this picture, we look in vain for the original in our own history.—English feudalism knew nothing of this independence and isolation of the individual feudatory in his fief. It could show no single vassal exempt from the habitual control of government, no one so strong that the king's arm could not reach him. Early English history is made up of the acts of the barons, not the acts of this and that and the other baron. The cause of this is to be found in the circumstances of the Conquest. The Normans did not, like the Goths and Franks, overrun and subdue an unresisting population. They encamped in the midst of a people of spirit and energy, many times more numerous, and almost as warlike as themselves. That they prevailed over them at all, was but the result of superior union. That union once broken, they would have been lost. They could not parcel out the country among them, spread themselves over it, and be each king in his own little domain, with nothing to fear save from the other petty kings who surrounded him. They were an army, and in an enemy's country; and an army supposes a commander, and military discipline. Organization of any kind implies power in the chief who presides over it, and holds it together. Add to this, what various writers have remarked—that the dispossession of the Saxon proprietors being effected not at once, but gradually, and the spoils not being seized upon by unconnected bands, but systematically portioned out by the head of the conquering expedition among his followers—the territorial possessions of even the most powerful Norman chief were not concentrated in one place, but dispersed in various parts of the kingdom; and, whatever might be their total extent, he was never powerful enough in any given locality to make head against the king.—From these causes, royalty was from the beginning much more powerful among the Anglo-Normans than it ever became in France while feudality remained in vigor. But the same circumstances which rendered it impossible for the barons to hold their ground against regal encroachments except by combination, had kept up the power and the habit of combination among them. In French history, we never, until a late period, hear of confederacies among the nobles; English history is full of them.

Instead of numerous unconnected petty potentates, one of whom was called the King, there are two great figures in English history—a powerful King, and a powerful body of Nobles. To give the needful authority to any act of general government, the concurrence of both was essential—and hence Parliaments, elsewhere only occasional, were in England habitual.—But the natural state of these rival powers was one of conflict; and the weaker side, which was usually that of the barons, soon found that it stood in need of assistance. Although the feudatory class, to use M. Guizot's expression, 'had converted itself into a real aristocratic corporation,'* the barons were not strong enough 'to impose at the same time on the king their liberty, and on the people their tyranny. As they had been obliged to combine for the sake of their own defence, so they found themselves under the necessity of calling in the people in aid of their coalition.' †

The people, in England, were the Saxons—a vanquished race, but whose spirit had never, like that of the other conquered populations, been completely broken. Being a German, not a Latin people, they retained the traditions, and some portion of the habits, of popular institutions and personal liberty. When called, therefore, to aid the barons in moderating the power of the Crown, they claimed those ancient liberties as their part of the compact.—French history abounds with charters of incorporation, which the kings granted, generally for a pecuniary consideration, to town communities which had cast off their *seigneurs*. The charters which English history is full of, are concessions of general liberties to the whole body of the nation—liberties which the nobility and the commons either wrung from the king by their united strength, or obtained from his voluntary policy as the purchase-money of their obedience. The series of these treaties, for such they in reality were, between the Crown and the Nation, beginning with the first Henry, and ending with the last renewal by Edward I. of the Great Charter of King John, are the principal incidents of English history during the feudal period. And thus, as M. Guizot observes in his concluding summary—'In France, from the foundation of the monarchy to the fourteenth century, every thing was individual—powers, liberties, oppression, and the

resistance to oppression. Unity, the principle of all government—association of equals, the principle of all checks—were only found in the narrow sphere of each *seigneurie*, or each city. Royalty was nominal; the aristocracy did not form a body; there were burgesses in the towns, but no commons in the state. In England, on the contrary, from the Norman conquest downwards, every thing was collective; similar powers, analogous situations, were compelled to approach one another, to coalesce, to associate. From its origin royalty was real, while feudality ultimately grouped itself into two masses, one of which became the high aristocracy, the other the body of the commons. Who can mistake, in this first travail of the formation of the two societies, in these so different characteristics of their early age, the true origin of the prolonged difference in their institutions and in their destinies?'

M. Guizot returns to this subject in a remarkable passage in the first volume of his Lectures,* which presents the different character of the progress of civilization in England and in Continental Europe, in so new and peculiar a light, that we cannot better conclude this article than by quoting it:—

'When I endeavored to define the peculiar character of European civilization, compared with those of Asia and of antiquity, I showed that it was superior in variety, richness, and complication; that it never fell under the dominion of any exclusive principle; that the different elements of society coexisted and modified one another, and were always compelled to compromises and mutual toleration. This, which is the general character of European, has been above all that of English civilization. In England, civil and spiritual powers, aristocracy, democracy, and royalty, local and central institutions, moral and political development, have advanced together, if not always with equal rapidity, yet at no great distance after one another. Under the Tudors, for example, at the time of the most conspicuous advances of pure monarchy, the democratic principle, the power of the people, was also rising and gaining strength. The revolution of the seventeenth century breaks out; it is, at once a religious and a political one. The feudal aristocracy appears in it much weakened indeed, and with the signs of *décadence*, but still in a condition to take a part, to occupy a position, and have its share in the results. It is thus with English history throughout—no old element ever perishes entirely, nor is any new one wholly triumphant—no partial principle

* *Essais*, p. 419.† *Ib.* p. 424.

* Vol. i. Art 14.

ever obtains exclusive ascendancy. There is always simultaneous development of the different social powers, and a compromise among their pretensions and interests.

'The march of Continental civilization has been less complex and less complete. The several elements of society, religious and civil, monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic, grew up and came to maturity not simultaneously, but successively. Each system, each principle has in some degree had its turn. One age belongs, it would be too much to say exclusively, but with a very marked predominance to feudal aristocracy, for example: another to the monarchical principle; another to the democratic. Compare the middle age in France and in England, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries of our history with the corresponding centuries north of the Channel. In France, you find at that epoch, feudality nearly absolute—the Crown and the democratic principle almost null. In England, the feudal aristocracy no doubt predominates, but the Crown and the democracy are not without strength and importance. Royalty triumphs in England under Elizabeth, as in France under Louis XIV., but how many *ménagements* it is compelled to observe! How many restrictions, aristocratic and democratic, it has to submit to! In England also, each system, each principle, has had its turn of predominance, but never so completely, never so exclusively, as on the Continent. The victorious principle has always been constrained to tolerate the presence of its rivals, and to concede to each a certain share of influence.'

The advantageous side of the effect of this more equable development is evident enough.

'There can be no doubt that this simultaneous unfolding of the different social elements, has greatly contributed to make England attain earlier than any of the continental nations to the establishment of a government at once orderly and free. It is the very business of government to negotiate with all interests and all powers, to reconcile them with each other, and make them live and prosper together: now this, from a multitude of causes, was already in a peculiar degree the disposition, and even the actual state of the different elements of English society: a general, and tolerably regular government had therefore less difficulty in constituting itself. So, again, the essence of liberty is the simultaneous manifestation and action of all interests, all rights, all social elements and forces. England, therefore, was already nearer to it than most other states. From the same causes, national good sense, and intelligence of public affairs, formed itself at an earlier period. Good sense in politics consists in taking account of all facts, appreciating them, and giving to each its place: this, in England, was a necessity of her social condition, a natural result of the course of her civilization.'

But to a nation, as to an individual, the consequences of doing every thing by halves, of adopting compromise as the universal rule, of never following out a general idea or principle to its utmost results, are by no means exclusively favorable. Hear, again, M. Guizot:—

'In the continental states, each system or principle having had its turn of a more complete and exclusive predominance, they unfolded themselves on a larger scale, with more grandeur and *éclat*. Royalty and feudal aristocracy, for example, made their appearance on the continental scene of action with more boldness, more expansion, more freedom. All political experiments, so to speak, have been fuller and more complete.' (This is still more strikingly true of the present age, and its great popular revolutions.) 'And hence it has happened that political ideas and doctrines, (I mean those of an extended character, and not simple good sense applied to the conduct of affairs,) have assumed a loftier character, and unfolded themselves with greater intellectual vigor. Each system having presented itself to observation in some sort alone, and having remained long on the scene, it has been possible to survey it as a whole; to ascend to its first principles, descend to its remotest consequences: in short, fully to complete its theory. Whoever observes attentively the genius of the English nation, will be struck with two facts—the sureness of its common sense and practical ability; its deficiency of general ideas and commanding intellect as applied to theoretical questions. If we open an English book of history, jurisprudence or any similar subject, we seldom find in it the real foundation, the ultimate reason of things. In all matters, and especially in politics, pure doctrine and philosophy—science, properly so called—have prospered far more on the Continent than in England; they have at least soared higher, with greater vigor and boldness. Nor does it admit of doubt, that the different character of the development of the two civilizations has greatly contributed to this result.'

From the London Quarterly Review.

RELATION OF THE CLERGY TO THE PEOPLE.

Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille.
Par I. Michelet, 5me edition. Paris, 1845.

Having already published a review of this work, treating the general topics, and similar to the first part of the present article, we omit that and give our readers the larger and more important part, on a very interesting topic.—Ed.

Of all the manifold blessings we owe to the Reformation, the greatest was that

which restored the minister of Christ to his position as a citizen and as a man; the abrogation of the celibacy of the clergy; the return from that monastic Christianity, which from the fourth century had held out a false model of perfection, to genuine primitive Christianity.

Believing, as we implicitly do, the whole monastic system to have come originally not from the shores of the Jordan, but from those of the Ganges—not from the foot of Carmel or Lebanon, but of the Himalaya; believing it to be founded on a false philosophy—the malignity of matter, and in consequence the sinfulness of every thing corporeal; believing it to be a dastardly desertion of one half of our duty under the pretence of exclusive devotion to the other—the utter abnegation of one of the great commandments of the Law, the love of man; believing it to be directly opposite to the doctrine of our Lord, who seems designedly to reject the example of John the Baptist as applicable to his disciples; believing that the one or two passages in the New Testament which can be thought to tend that way relate merely to the dangerous and afflicting times of the primitive Christians; believing that the perfection of Christianity is the active performance of duty, the devotion, the dedication of every faculty of body and of mind with which we were endowed by God to the identical cause of God and human happiness; believing it to be inconsistent with any pure and lofty conception of the Godhead, and of the true dignity and destination of man; believing it to be low and selfish in its object—superstitious and degrading in its practices—at best but a dreamy and indolent concentration of the individual upon himself under the fond supposition that he is in communion with God—or the degradation of our better faculties to coarse employments, which there are and must be coarse natures enough to fulfil;—yet, with all this, we hesitate not to do justice, and ample justice, to individual monks, to monasteries, and to monasticism itself. In their time they have doubtless wrought incalculable good—good which could not have been wrought without them. The monk, because he has been a monk—at least, because he has not been encumbered with earthly ties—has been able to rise to the utmost height of religious self-sacrifice, of Christian heroism in the cause of God, and of man. The monastery, at least in the West, has been the holy refuge of much human wretchedness, driven from the face

of a hostile and inhospitable world—of much sin, which required profound and solitary penance—of much remorse, which has been soothed and softened. They have taught industrial habits to rude and warlike tribes, and fertilized deserts; they have been the asyla of learning and the arts, the schools from which issued the most powerful intellects throughout the middle ages. Of their inestimable services, especially of the Benedictines, to letters, what lover of letters would not be afraid lest he should speak with less liberal gratitude than justice would demand?

So, too, the celibacy of the secular clergy—imperfectly as it was enforced, and perseveringly resisted or eluded, and therefore constantly producing the evil of practice inconsistent with theory, of life at war with the established laws—nevertheless, in its time, produced much collateral and adventitious good. It was not merely that the missionary priest, as well as the missionary monk, was better qualified for the great work to which he had devoted himself, by being unincumbered with amiable weaknesses and with sympathies which might have distracted the energies of his heart and soul; but there was a more profound policy than at first appears in the stern measures of Gregory VII. to seclude the clergy from mankind. Not only was an unmarried clergy a more powerful instrument for the advancement of the Papal sway, and an aristocracy necessary to maintain the great spiritual sovereignty, which he aimed to set up above the temporal thrones of Europe; but in the strong hereditary tendencies of the feudal times, a married clergy would have become an hereditary caste, and finally sunk back, bearing with it the gradually alienated endowments of the Church into the mass of each nation. But this view requires far more than a passing sentence, and more indeed than all which hereafter we shall be able to bestow upon it.

However it may appear to some of our readers, this whole question of the monastic Christianity and the celibacy of the clergy is by no means idle and irrelevant at the present hour. Our Ecclesiastical idolaters are not content with the cathedral—they are looking back with fond and undisguised regret to the monastery; they disdain the discomfited surplice, and yearn after the cowl and the scapulary. When we have men not merely of recluse and studious temperament, with the disposition and habits of the

founder of a religious order, revelling in subtleties of the intellect like an old school-man, with a conscious and well-tried power of captivating young minds by the boldness and ingenuity of religious paradox; but those too who have known the sanctifying blessings and the sanctifying sorrows of domestic life, not *as yet* indeed condemning the marriage of the clergy, but holding up monastic celibacy as a rare gift, an especial privilege of God's designated saints, assuming the lofty indignation of insulted spirituality against those who utterly deny the first principles of this doctrine—it may be time to show even hastily and imperfectly the grounds on which the English Church has deliberately repudiated the whole system.

Among other startling publications of the day, Mr. Albany Christie (still we believe a professing Anglican) has lately given us a tract on Holy Virginitv, adapted from St. Ambrose, for modern use—a mystic rhapsody in the worst style of that most unequal of the ancient fathers, strangely, and we must take the freedom to say, comically mingled up by the translator with allusions to modern manners. The boldness with which the authority of Scripture is dealt with in this little work is by no means the least curious point about it, considering that it is unscrupulously, no doubt from *reverence*, as proceeding from a holy father of the church, reproduced at this time.—‘Consider,’ we read, ‘that they were virgins who, in preference to the Apostles, first saw the resurrection of the Lord.’*—Now we read in St. Luke that it was Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and *Mary the mother of James*, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the Apostles (xxiv. 10). As all biblical critics know, there is some difficulty in harmonizing the accounts of the Evangelists as to the coming of the women to the sepulchre; but without entering into the question about Mary Magdalene, besides the maternity of the other Mary, we read of Joanna that she was the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward; and Salome (who is named in St. Mark, xv. 40) was probably the mother of Zebedee's children! But the Song of Solomon furnishes the great persuasives to Holy Virginitv,—

‘*My locks*,’ saith he, ‘*are filled with the drops of night*’ (Cant. v. 2). Upon his head

* Tract on Holy Virginitv, derived from St. Ambrose, p. 7.

the razor came not, he is the Prince of Peace, and steel is the sign and implement of war, therefore are his locks unshorn; and they are filled with the drops of the night, the meaning of which we have already seen, even the dew of the Holy Spirit, which refreshes the parched and weary soul, watering the dry and sun-baked soil, that it may bear fruits of holiness.—But we must not haste too fast: his locks are, as of a holy Nazarite, unshorn, the razor hath not touched his head: yet how unlike the ringlets of the wanton daughters of fashion, dressed with crimping pins, curled and plaited with a hireling's art, divided hither and thither with minutest care, redolent with luxurious perfumes and scented oils; these are not ornaments but criminal devices; not the modest head-gear of the virtuous maiden, but impure allurements to unchaste thoughts and enticements of a soul, if not a body, the victim of prostitution. These haughty daughters of England, who walk with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, despise the degraded and wretched woman whom deceit has lured, or agonizing poverty has driven from the paths of virtue; think you that their virtue would be proof, if the fear of public infamy were withdrawn against the deed of sin, when now so many acts imply that the thought of sin is no stranger to their minds?—p. 31.

So, according to this new treatise on the ‘Unloveliness of Lovelocks,’ (pardon this approximation of Old Prynne and St. Ambrose,) all young ladies who curl their hair, or have their hair curled by ‘a hireling,’ are in heart no better than the outcasts of the Strand!

‘Shun, then, Christian virgins, the public walks, shun the places of public concourse; shun the hot ball-room; the *worldly bazaar* (the more worldly because hypocritical); the fashionable watering-places; ay, and the Church of God, which should be the house of prayer, but which is made the scene of man's display and man's idolatry, where Christ's little ones, the poor and wretched, cannot (for delicacy and pride exclude them) come to worship.’—p. 18.

This, if we could be amused by such things, would be an amusing confusion of modern antique notions and antipathies.—St. Ambrose may possibly have had a convent chapel to send his recluses to; but are the young ladies of the new school not to go to Church at all—because, to the horror of Mr. Christie, they may find it necessary to sit in *pews*?

It is singular that these monastic notions, even partially and timidly admitted, seem to produce an indelicacy and even grossness of thought and sentiment, which in the

most innocent gaiety of manners, and in the most harmless amusements, can see nothing but the deepest and most shameless corruption. *Omnia munda mundis* may be a doubtful adage, but *omnia immunda immunda* is irrefragable. The whole series of 'Lives of the Saints,' in language severely pure, perpetually shows a coarseness of thought, we are persuaded more dangerously immoral than works of a far lighter and far less rigid tone.* We mean not only those perilous adventures in which almost all their knight-errants of monkish valor are tried—and from which they take refuge by plunging head over ears into cold water; and all the other strange conflicts with demons, who seem to have a peculiar spite against this especial virtue.† We dread the general effect of these writings on the minds of young men, aye, and young women too; for we have no doubt that the beauty and simplicity with which a few at least of these very unequal biographies are composed—the singular skill with which every thing which *is*, is depreciated, and every thing which *has been* is painted in the most captivating light—the consummate artifice with which the love of novelty is disguised under a passion for ancient and neglected truth—will obtain some female readers. We dread it because throughout these writings the minds of the pure of both sexes, and especially of that which is purest by nature and by education, by innate modesty and tender maternal watchfulness, are forced to dwell on thoughts which recur frequently enough, without being thus fostered by being moulded up inseparably with

* We suppose most of our readers are aware that the 'Lives of the English Saints,' publishing in small monthly numbers, were started with a preface by Mr. Newman—and are generally considered as having been designed to supply the place of the suspended 'Tracts for the Times.'—We have before us a dozen of these numbers

† See some small but clever tracts, called 'Modern Hagiology,' in the first of which, p. 10, et seq., are some significant extracts (such as we hardly dare venture), and some sensible observations on the language of these stern asserters of the strictness of what they call Catholic morals. As this writer says—'A *saint* according to ——— teaching is plainly a person of no ordinary degree of natural viciousness, and of unusual and almost preternatural violence of animal passions. His sanctity consists mainly in the curious and far-fetched ingenuity of the torments by which he contrives to keep himself within the bounds of decency.' The example is that of St. Cuthbert, a bishop, who, when he went to hold holy conversation with the abbess St. Ebba, took the precaution to cool himself every night "by standing up to his neck in the water, or in the chilly air!"

religious meditation. The true safeguard of youthful manners is the sensitive delicacy which restricts from tampering with such subjects; the strong will which dismisses them at once, and concentrates itself on other subjects, on the business of life, on intellectual pursuits, or even on sports or exercises: but here by this one conflict being represented as the great business of life, as the main object of spiritual ambition, no escape is left open; it does not naturally recur, but is hourly and momentarily recalled; the virtue we have no doubt is often rendered absolutely unattainable by the incessant care for its attainment.

This—almost beyond their perilous tampering with truth, and endangering of all faith, by demanding belief in the most puerile miracles, as though they were Holy Writ, or at least insinuating that there is no gradation in the sin of unbelief—and we must add a most melancholy hardness and intolerance—will confine the influence of these new hagiologists to a few, and those the younger readers, who will hereafter become wiser.

There is a passage in the 'Life of St. Gilbert,' which, profane and uninitiated as we are, we read with a shudder. The author is speaking of certain dreams which determine the saint absolutely to forbid himself the sight of a woman. After an allusion, to our feelings most irreverent, to the Virgin Mary, he goes still further;—with, as usual, either a real or a studied ignorance of the meaning of the Bible. 'He who was infinitely more sinless by grace, even by nature impeccable, because he was the Lord from heaven, he has allowed it to be recorded that his disciples wondered that he talked with a woman.' That his disciples did not wonder at his talking with a woman, but at his talking with a *woman of Samaria*, what simple reader of the gospel will fail to perceive? (John iv. 27; compare verse 9) How many other passages in our Lord's life utterly refute this false monastic view of his character! Who are said to have 'ministered to him?'

We must add one or two extracts,—but they shall be passages of the more harmless sort.

'Holy virginity is no less a portion of Christianity than holy penitence; and the denial of the virtue of the one most certainly impairs the full belief in the other.'—*Life of St. Gilbert*, p. 49.

The reader may not be prepared for the proof of this axiom—'for the communion

of saints and the forgiveness of sins lie close together in the Creed'!! Again—

'They who deny the merit of virginity leave out a portion of Christian morals, . . . The Bible'—this writer acknowledges—'says nothing about monks and nuns; but it says a great deal about prayer, and about taking up the cross. It is quite true that the cross has sanctified domestic affections, by raising marriage to a dignity which it never possessed before; and yet human affections are terrible things; love is as strong and insatiable as death; and how hard is it to love as though we loved not; and to weep, as though we wept not; and to laugh, as though we laughed not. Happy are they to whom human affections are not all joy; the mother has her cross as well as the nun, and it will be blessed to her. Happy they who have to tend the sick bed of a parent or a friend; they need seek no further, they have their cross. Yet happiest of all is she, who is marked out for ever from the world, whose slightest action assumes the character of adoration, because she is bound by a vow to her heavenly spouse, as an earthly bride is bound by the nuptial vow to her earthly lord.'

For ourselves we rest content with the Christian perfection of the Bible. According to the plain principles of that book, we believe that the most 'enskyed and sainted nun' (in Spakspeare's beautiful words) is as far below, in true Christian perfection, we will say the mother of St. Augustine, or the wife who sucked the poison from her husband's wound, even, in due proportion, as he who went into the wilderness to him who 'went about doing good.' Who will compare the 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' of the recluse with that of the sister of charity? Yet will the virginity of the latter weigh in the Evangelic balance one grain in comparison with her charity?

Another writer is not content with elevating the unnatural state, but must depreciate those natural affections, to be 'void of which,' we have high authority to believe, is no safe condition.

'After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility!—but does it not at first sight require proof, that heaven can be won by a life spent in this quiet way?—*Life of St. Stephen Harding*, p. 113.

We will tell this unhappy man that there is more true religion, more sense of God's goodness, more humble resignation to his chastening hand, from the sight of one liv-

ing, or the grave of one dead child, than in years of fasting and flagellation.

We repeat that we have not the least apprehension of the ultimate, or even the extensive success of these doctrines here;—their only bad effect will be to make a few young men very miserable, very sour tempered, and very arrogant; and on the other hand they may perhaps prevent some early and imprudent marriages.

But abroad, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, murmurs both loud and deep are again heard against the law of celibacy. It is not only the priest Ronge, who has absolutely seceded from the Church of Rome, and appealed to the good sense and truthfulness of Germany against the seamless coat* of our Lord, which in the nineteenth century the Archbishop of Treves thought fit to exhibit, and which in the nineteenth century was visited by above a million of worshippers. The clergy of Baden some years ago published a deliberate argument, to which a reply† was made by the late Professor Möhler, the author of the *Symbolik*; a reply written with his usual ability and polemic skill. Even in his own Church, the arguments and authority of this distinguished logician have had little or no effect in suppressing these opinions: they are day after day gaining ground. But we may be sure that Möhler would be accepted by all moderate and learned Roman Catholic writers as in every respect qualified to do justice to his cause. Möhler's great argument is, that the Church has the right not merely to lay before those whom she exalts to the dignity of the priesthood, but to exact, as a qualification for that dignity, the highest ideal of Christianity. But this assumes the point at issue. If it be not the ideal of the Sacred Writings—if it be the ideal of a false philosophy not recognised by the

* Two German Professors at Bonn have published a curious tract on this seamless coat of Treves and the *twenty* other seamless coats, the history of which they have traced with true German perseverance and erudition. It is a calm disquisition in an excellent tone; its historico-theological learning relieved by quiet irony. It is somewhat amusing to find that the Infallible Gregory XVI. issued a Letter, asserting the authenticity of the seamless coat of Argenteuil, not remembering that the Infallible Leo X. had asserted the authenticity of that of Treves; while other Infallible Pontiffs have given their approbation to the list of relics in the church of St. John Lateran, where there is a third. 'Rom hat gesprochen'—say our Professors.

† The tract is reprinted in Möhler's '*Gesammelte Schriften*,' i. band, pp. 177-267.

Sacred Writings, but almost universally dominant in the intellectual world, into which Christianity passed almost immediately after its first complete publication—and if that false philosophy be now utterly discarded from the human mind—the conclusion is inevitable.

It may be assumed that the great ideal truth, which distinguishes any system, will pervade that system throughout; that if not objectively prominent in every part, it shall be found in its depths, wherever we sound them; that it will be, if not uniformly and explicitly, perpetually implied; that it shall be not casually and incidentally noticed, but fill that place which becomes its importance; and, above all, must be in perfect harmony with the rest of the revelation. But for this principle, upon which the ideal dignity of celibacy rests, the monastics can refer only to two insulated and ambiguous passages in the whole New Testament.*

This is the more remarkable, if it was not a new truth, of which the primary conception dawned as it were upon the world under the new dispensation. Notions absolutely uncongenial with the state of the human mind, might, according to the customary dealings of Divine Providence, have been introduced with caution, if we may so say, bordering on timidity; but this would hardly be the case with questions which might seem to await a solemn and indisputable decision from the new Teacher of righteousness.

The great question of the superiority of the celibate and contemplative state over that of marriage and of active life—the philosophy or theology, whichever it may be called, which proscribed marriage, and exalted celibacy, as withdrawing the soul from the pollution of malignant matter,—had already made its way among the Jews both of Egypt and Palestine: it was the doctrine of the Essenes and Therapeutæ, who, even if we do not allow them to be the parents, were at least the types and the forerunners of Christian monachism.

That such tenets had already grown up among the Jews we have the historical testimony of both the two great Jewish writers of the times—of Josephus and Philo (to say nothing of Pliny and others)—

* We say two, because, though often quoted, the third (Rev. xiv. 4) is, to our judgment, clearly metaphorical: it is not physical pollution, but the pollution by idolatry which is meant. See Rosenmüller *in loco*, or the common Family Bible.

testimony absolutely unquestionable. And that such tenets, so directly opposed to the law, the history, and the actual predominant state of Jewish feeling, should so have grown up, is in itself very extraordinary, and shows the wonderful power which these tenets possessed of seizing and enthralling the human mind. The Priesthood, the High Priesthood itself, was hereditary; the Levites were in no way exempt from the great duty, in some respects the positive law, of continuing their race; throughout the Old Testament we have no trace of the sanctity of celibacy: barrenness in all women was a curse; and this feeling (for who might not be mother of the Messiah?) still in general prevailed among the Jews. This part of the Essenian doctrine was the strongest proof of the growth of foreign opinions. This therefore was a point on which the new religion would, it might be expected, authoritatively pronounce, if accordant with its design; accept with distinct approval, define with precise limitations, make it in fact an integral and inseparable part of the faith. Such it was when it became the doctrine of the Church, after several centuries: it was then virtually and practically a part of the religion. A Jovinian or Vigilantius of the fourth century might appeal to reason or to Scripture against it; but even they would hardly deny that it was a dominant tenet in Christendom.

But even that highest sanction, our Lord's own conduct in the choice of his disciples, was wanting to this tenet. The chief of his apostles, St. Peter, certainly had no claim to this ideal perfection; nor does there appear the least evidence in the Gospel, that up to a certain period, either by his language, or by his preference of those who possessed this qualification, the Saviour had inculcated, or even suggested, any belief in its superior sanctity. The one occasion on which he spoke on the subject was that related in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. Questions had been brought before him relating to marriage and divorce. The purer and more severe morality of our Lord condemned without reserve that fatal facility of divorce which was permitted by the less rigid Pharisaic school. Adultery alone, according to his commandment, dissolved the holy and irrevocable marriage tie. But his disciples, bred, it should seem, under the laxer system, appear to have clung strangely to the easier doctrine. Their doubts assumed the fol-

lowing form:—‘If this be the case, if marriage be so inflexible, so inexorable; if the wife is to be dismissed for no lighter cause, for no other vice, men would be wise not to load themselves with this intolerable burthen.’ To this our Lord appears to reply:—All persons are not capable of refraining from marriage. Some are especially designated by the divine will for this peculiar distinction; some are born disqualified for marriage; others are made so by human art; others, from some religious motives, disqualify themselves. For all sound interpreters concur in taking this disqualification not in its literal sense, but as a voluntary abstinence from marriage. At first sight it might seem a natural interpretation, as our Lord speaks in the present tense—*there are*, not *there will be*, those who in expectation of the coming of the Messiah (for the Kingdom of Heaven’s sake) abstain altogether from marriage—that he might in fact have alluded to those of the Essenes, or the other hermits, who, according to Josephus, had retired to solitary cells in the desert: and in them the great dominant expectation of the coming Messiah was at its sublimest height. The absorption of the soul, as it were, in this act of faith; the entire devotion of the being, with the sacrifice of the ordinary ties as well as avocations of life, to the contemplation of the kingdom of God, was the lofty privilege of but this chosen few. But if we include the future sense, and with most interpreters give a kind of prophetic significance to our Lord’s words, the meaning will be, that some men for the promotion of the kingdom of God, the propagation of the Gospel, will abstain from marriage; they will willingly make this sacrifice if they are thereby disencumbered of earthly ties, and more able to devote their whole souls to the grand object of their mission. But it is this lofty sense of duty, in which lies the sublimity of the sacrifice, not necessarily in any special dignity of the sacrifice itself, excepting in so far as it may be more hard to flesh and blood than other trials. He whom duty calls, and who receives power from on high (*he that is able to receive it let him receive it*) is by this as by every other sacrifice for the cause, and through the love of Christ, thereby fulfilling the ideal of Christianity—which is the annihilation of self for the promotion of the Gospel and the good of man.

This is to us unquestionably the impression which is conveyed by our Lord’s

words, considered with relation to his times, and without the bias given by the long-fostered admiration of celibacy during certain ages of the Church. And in this view the language of our Lord is strictly coincident with the second passage, that of St. Paul to the Corinthians. This chapter (1st Epist. vii.) was written in answer to certain questions relating to marriage, proposed to him by some of the Corinthian Christians. It does not appear in what spirit or by whom those questions were submitted to St. Paul; whether from a Judaizing party, who, like many of their countrymen, might hold the absolute duty of marriage at a certain time of life; or in the spirit of that incipient Gnosticism which the apostles had to encounter in other sects who altogether proscribed marriage. Paul was unmarried; other apostles, St. Peter himself, (ch. ix. 5,) were not only married but accompanied by their wives. The language of St. Paul* is something like a vindication of his own course; though he asserts the *advantage*, perhaps the *merit*, most undoubtedly *not the absolute perfection* of celibacy, he excepts no class from the right, or even the duty of marriage, if they have neither the gift nor the power of continency. But St. Paul himself returns to the main question, that of virginity; and in terms which appear to us clear and distinct, instead of a general and universal precept of Christianity, limits his own words to temporary and local admonition, called forth by some peculiar exigency of the times. ‘I suppose, therefore, that this is good *for the present distress*; I say that it is good for a man so to be.’ The meaning of these words, διὰ τὴν ἐκείνην ἀνάγκην, is the key to the whole passage. Möhler, it is true, endeavors to get over this difficulty, by an interpretation, to which we will venture to say no such scholar could be reduced but by hard necessity. He interprets the ἐκείνην ἀνάγκην as what is commonly called in theological language, concupiscence; and as that is perpetual and inextinguishable in human nature, so he would infer the perpetuity and universality of the precept. But this notion is hardly worthy of refutation. What then was this ‘*distress*?’ It was something instant—either some actually

* ‘Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote unto me: it is good for a man not to touch a woman. Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.’

pressing calamity, or one imminent and inevitable. But the Corinthian Church, it is said, was not then under any immediate apprehension of persecution. Locke, no doubt among the most sober and cautious interpreters, does not scruple to suppose that the apostle had a prophetic anticipation of the Neronian persecution. But even those who reject this explanation must admit that it would not need either the sagacity or the experience of Paul to perceive that the state of the Christians, opposed as they were to all the religious and all the political prejudices of the world, was one of perpetual danger. Already, even in Corinth, tumults had arisen out of their progress in the public favor; already they had been before the tribunal of Gallio; and though the Roman governor then treated them with haughty indifference, and their enemies at that time were only their compatriots the Jews, yet it was impossible not to foresee that their further success must lead to some fearful crisis. Their whole life was at war with the world; and although a quiet Christian community might not always be exposed to the same perils as the apostle, yet they could not but be under constant apprehension; distress, if not actually present, was perpetually imminent.

But there is a singular likeness in the expression of St. Paul to that of a passage in St. Luke's Gospel, which may perhaps lead us to a more definite sense—*ἔσται γὰρ ἀνάγκη μεγάλη ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς* (c. xxi. 23). This is part of the awful prophecy, in which the destruction of Jerusalem, and the second coming of the Messiah, are mingled up in terrific and almost inseparable images. There can be no doubt that this second coming of Christ was perpetually present to the minds of the first Christians: the apostles themselves were but slowly emancipated from this primary Jewish conception of the immediate and visible kingdom of the Messiah. St. Paul was obliged to allay the terrors of his disciples, who had inferred from his ordinary preaching that it was clearly and inevitably at hand (2 Thess. ii. 2). Certain signs were to precede that coming, and the believer is reminded that to God time is nothing. But still the images are left in the thoughts of the believer in all their unmitigated terrors; and they were renewed, or renewed themselves, at every period of peril or of persecution. Even as our Lord mingled up, or allowed to remain mingled, those fearful predictions of the destruction of

Jerusalem with the images which shadowed forth the Last Day, so his apostles blended the uncertainty of life—its peculiar uncertainty to those who at any time might become objects of persecution—with the final consummation in the second coming of the Lord. Awe was perhaps not always precise and distinct in the language in which this truth was expressed:—it was still less so in the interpretation of that language by the hearer. But it was quite enough to justify the expression, the *present distress*, the *ἔρεσιτῶσαν ἀνάγκη*, at least during the apostolic age. With this view the words 'for the time is short' (is drawing closely in), *ὅτι ὁ καιρὸς συνισταμένος τὸ λοιπὸν ἔστιν*, and the whole of the verses from the 29th to the 38th, *παράγει γὰρ τὸ σχῆμα τοῦ κόσμου τούτου*, not fully rendered by 'the fashion of this world passeth away,' remarkably coincide.

It is not, then, the preoccupation alone of the marriage state which might divert either husband or wife from religious thoughts—the conflict between the desire to please each other and perfect devotion to religion—but the anxieties likewise, the trembling of deep love for others rather than themselves, which then rendered the unmarried life the safer condition. It is not merely a carefulness on account of the ordinary trials and uncertainties of life from which the apostle desires to keep them free—but a peculiar carefulness, belonging to that especial time and to their peculiar circumstances. The trumpet may sound at any hour. The Christian soldier should be girt and ready, unincumbered with unnecessary ties; with no fears, no anxieties but for himself; no bonds to break but those of life. On the whole, in short, this is neither a general law of Christianity—nor even its perfect ideal, though attainable by few—an eminent and transcendent gift and privilege, which shows its first principles in their most full development. It is exceptional in time, place, person, circumstance. The merit is not intrinsic, but dependent on foreign and peculiar accidents. If marriage disqualifies in the slightest degree for greater usefulness—if marriage withdraws the mind from holiness—then it must be sacrificed, as the right hand or the right eye is to be sacrificed: but as the maimed man is not better than the whole, so celibacy in itself has neither superior dignity nor superior sanctity.

Who can point out any thing in the earli-

est Christian institutions which in any way secludes the virgins as a separate and higher class from Christian wives and Christian mothers; which distinguishes to his advantage the unmarried from the married apostle; which sets the unmarried Paul above the married Cephas?—Compare the significant caution of the apostle's expression with any passage taken at random from Basil, Ambrose, or any of the writers on these subjects in the fourth century; and who will fail to perceive that it is with them not merely the development (the favorite phrase) of a recognized principle, but a new element predominating over and absorbing the opinions and feelings of our nature? This is still more conclusive, if we observe certain positive and direct precepts of St. Paul. Not merely are there several passages, where, if this notion was present to the apostle's mind, either as a necessary part of Christianity, or as its highest aim and prerogative, it must have forced itself into his language—yet we have nothing of it. Not merely is he on such occasions profoundly silent, but his general precepts on the other side are clear and unambiguous. If we might suppose the apostle to have contemplated in any quarter the peaceful and permanent establishment of the Gospel; if any where he deliberately organized a Church with its ministry, and described the qualifications of a settled teacher, of a separate clergy; it is in that calm epistle to Titus, in which he consigns to him the establishment of the Church in Crete. Throughout this epistle it is the Christian *family* which St. Paul seems to delight in surveying in all its blamelessness and harmony. But is either the Elder or the Bishop a being standing alone and above this household virtue? He is its very model and pattern. Desperate ingenuity may explain away any passage in Scripture; but none can suffer greater violence than does that simple text, 'the Bishop must be the husband of one wife,' when it is construed as meaning any thing but that, in salutary contrast to the habits of a licentious time, he is to be a husband of unimpeachable purity, even as he is a man of unimpeachable sobriety.*

* Chrysostom's Commentary on this passage is in these words, *in loc.* t. iv. p. 357. ed. Sav.: τίνος ἕνεκεν καὶ τὸν τοιοῦτον εἰς μέσον παρίγει: ἐπιστομίζει τοὺς αἵρετικοὺς, τοὺς τὸν γάμον διαβάλλοντας, δεικνύς ὅτι τὸ πρᾶγμα οὐκ ἔστιν ἐναγίς, ἀλλ' οὕτω τίμουν ὡς μετ' αὐτοῦ δόνασθαι καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν ἅγιον ἀναβαίνειν θρόνον. He proceeds to condemn severely second marriages.

Nor is this a casual and isolated expression. In the fuller statement of the epistle to Timothy—in what we may fairly consider to be St. Paul's abstract ideal of a bishop, there is not merely the same expressive silence as to the obligation, or even the excellence of celibacy, but again we find his marriage distinctly taken for granted (1 Tim. iii. 2). Here, again, not merely is he held up as the exemplary husband but the exemplary parent: his family seems a matter of course. He 'is to be one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.'*

There is no doubt that the false Philosophy or Theology—the common parent of Gnosticism, or Monasticism, and of all the high notions on celibacy—was at least in its elements widely disseminated, and could not but be known to St. Paul; yet not merely was it not admitted, but repudiated by him with remarkable vehemence. Forbidding to marry and abstinence from certain meats (1 Tim. iv. 3) is the distinctive mark of some sect, either already beginning to develop itself, or prophetically foreshown, as in direct antagonism to the Gospel. The Gnostic sects in the second century followed out these principles to extreme extravagance; some Eneates are said absolutely to have proscribed marriage, and to have abstained, with a Buddhist aversion, from every kind of food which had had life. But with a higher wisdom Paul did not, like the later uninspired preachers of the Church, receive the Philosophy and attempt to avoid the conclusions; incorporate the primary doctrine of the Gnostics with the thoughts and feelings, and proscribe its excesses. There is a singular vacillation in some of the earlier local and particular councils, condemning those who but carried out admitted principles to their legitimate consequences; now depreciating, now asserting, the dignity of marriage; establishing not merely different laws and a different discipline for the clergy and laity, but a different morality, a different estimate of moral excellence. And this was the first

* Mr. H. Drummond, who is so strikingly right when he is right, thus comments on the text 1 Tim. iii. 2-5:—'Whence the judgment of God plainly is, that wherever there is a body of clergy who have no families to govern, the e is a body eminently incapacitated from guiding the Church of God; albeit it might be wise and merciful in a bishop not to ordain any missionary or evangelist for heathen lands who had a wife and family to care for.'—*Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion*, p. 228.

great silent and almost universal change which grew upon the spirit of Christianity; and it commended itself by some sympathies with the Christian heart, to which we cannot be surprised if that heart should yield with unsuspecting passion:—by its high self-abnegation; its entire concentration of the soul on God; its terrors and its raptures; its communion with the invisible; even its detachment from a world in which happiness, security, as well as virtue in those dark and degenerate times, could only be found in seclusion. Yet was it directly opposed to that practical Catholic religion of our Lord and his Apostles, who did not promulgate Christianity for a sect, an order, a certain definite section of the human race; nor even reserved its high places for a few lonely contemplatives; but revealed a perpetual faith for all mankind—for mankind active, progressive, going through every phase of civilization; if not in continual advancement, yet constantly aiming at advancement.

The Scriptural—let us be permitted to use the word Pauline—ideas of evil and its antagonist Christian perfection, are widely different from those of monastic Christianity. In St. Paul the evil principle is moral degeneracy; in the other, the moral is blended up with some vague notion of physical corruption; the body itself, as formed of malignant matter—of matter inherently antagonist to God—is irreclaimably corrupt. In the one system the aim is the suppression of the evil of our nature; in the other, it is the suppression of our nature itself. In one it is a sin, in the other absolute perfection, to be without natural affection. In the one, females make an important part of the mingled community; in the other, the line between the sexes, as if two hostile races which cannot approximate without pollution, is sternly drawn. In the one it is the purification—in the other the proscription, the utter extinction of bodily emotion which is virtue. In the one it is the unlawful—in the other it is the physical act of procreation of children, which is sin. Paul will keep his body under; Antony the hermit paralyze its functions. In the one case sanctification was possible; in the other, extirpation was absolutely necessary. The tenet in truth of the resurrection of the body, though that body was to be glorified in the Resurrection, might almost seem a protest against this dualistic theory. Nor is it any answer that the monastic churches, who thus mingled foreign

conceptions with the primitive doctrines of the Gospel, still retained that essential tenet of the faith; it was a necessary consequence of the fusion of two systems, that in many parts they should be irreconcilable and contradictory. The mystic Quietism, which in every age of the Church has been the extreme height to which this kind of Christianity has soared, and soared with such sublimity as to attract some of the noblest and purest of men, has been but the Platonic, and more mystic than the Platonic—the Indian triumph of mind over matter; the absolute annihilation of the physical being.

We have never seen that Protest of the Baden clergy against which Möhler directed his laborious refutation; but the Fribourg professors, who took the lead in the controversy, must not merely have been guilty of several errors as to dates and facts, (which Möhler triumphantly adduces)—they must have argued their cause with feebleness bordering on treachery, if they abandoned the ground of the three first centuries without making a firm and decisive stand. They cannot, surely, have omitted the strong passages of Clement of Alexandria, which assert the fact of the marriage of the apostles and vindicate that of the clergy; the long line of married bishops which might be produced from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius alone, with some even from the later annals of Socrates and Sozomen; the direct admission of its legality by Athanasius (*Epist. ad Dracontium*); the absence of prohibitory terms even in Basil and Augustine. The assertion of Jerome that it was the universal practice in the East and in Egypt, as well as at Rome, to ordain only unmarried clergy, or those who had ceased to exercise the privilege of husbands, must be qualified by a great number of known exceptions. In the West itself that which was first an usage, more or less rigidly observed, was first hardened into a law by Pope Siricius (A. D. 385). This decree was probably called forth by the progress of the opinions of Jovinian, who, as did Vigilantius, strove in vain to stem the overbearing tendencies of their age; and from that time it may be considered as forming part of the discipline of the Western Church—a discipline theoretically maintained, but in practice constantly violated in almost every part of Europe.

The East and the West, as is well known, came to a decided separation on this great

point of ecclesiastical discipline. Either the usage was by no means so general in the East during the fourth century as Jerome intimates, or it fell into desuetude, or was so repugnant to the clergy that at a later period the council in Trullo, which finally regulated the Eastern practice, demanded celibacy only from the bishop. Such has continued to be the practice in the Greek Church. The reasons for this difference seem to lie on the surface. In the East the monks were more secluded within themselves; they dwelt aloof from general society; they did not spread as in the West, particularly the later orders, through every rank; nor wander abroad as apostles and missionaries, and later as mendicants and preachers, into every corner of the earth. They did not indeed always remain in their calm contemplative solitude; they were fierce partisans in religious, sometimes in civil warfare; they rushed from their caves in Nitria, or their cells on the side of Athos, into the streets of Alexandria and Constantinople—and by their surpassing ferocity sometimes almost shamed the worst cruelty of the rabble.* But they acted thus in bodies, and on occasions; they were not the perpetual busy rivals of the clergy in every district and in every parish. But the chief cause was that there was no Papacy—no power which could enforce a law contrary to the general sentiment of mankind. Justinian, a sort of caliph, who almost openly assumed and undoubtedly exercised a religious as well as civil supremacy—who legislated for the clergy, for their mode of election, their position and duties, as freely as with respect to any civil arrangements of the empire—was disposed to limit rather than favor the celibacy of the clergy. But so completely had the lawful marriage of the clergy become a tenet of the Greek Church, that in the disputes between the Eastern and Western Churches in the ninth and tenth centuries it was one of the points most bitterly bandied to and fro as a mark of orthodoxy or heterodoxy.

In the West, we have said, from the time of Pope Siricius the celibacy of the clergy was the law of the Church; but it was a law which was so opposed to the common feelings of mankind that it was for some centuries eluded, defied, and even resisted

by main force. In the north of Europe, in England during parts of the Saxon period, in Germany, if we receive as authority the indignant exclamations of the high advocates of celibacy, the breach was at least as common as the observance of the rule. If it was an evil, it was an evil of vast extent, and inveterate in the manners of the clergy, against which Hildebrand for the first time wielded the thunders of the Vatican with much success. Even in Italy the Lombard clergy, especially those of Milan, boldly asserted their liberty of marriage; they declared that they had a tradition from St. Ambrose himself (whom the Church of Milan professed to venerate with almost as much honor as Rome did St. Peter) which allowed them the same latitude as prevailed in the Greek Church. It needed the sword of a fierce crusader, Herlembard, to hew asunder the bonds which united the clergy to their wives, whom it was the policy of the hostile party to brand with the odious name of concubines, while they retaliated on the unmarried clergy by far more odious appellations. But the history of this European strife is yet to be written with philosophic equity and Christian tenderness. On the Milanese chapter we have two remarkable authorities, the historians Arnulphus and Landulphus, who were partisans of the married clergy—the most curious perhaps of all Muratori's curious collections of mediæval history.

Hildebrand, a wise man in his generation, knew that the power of the Pope through the clergy and over the clergy, depended on their celibacy; and for that reason alone, to the extent that the papacy was beneficial to mankind, so was the celibacy of the clergy. But at what sacrifice this advantage was bought can only be estimated by a long historical disquisition, which for the present at least we must decline.

But even in the Church of Rome, it may be said, for other times, other manners:—the celibacy of the clergy, according to all their best writers, is a question of discipline, not of doctrine. It rests on ecclesiastical authority, and is repealable by ecclesiastical authority. Nor is this our concern.—With St. Paul, with our Lord himself, as we humbly and reverently believe, the whole is a simple question of usefulness (we take the word in no vulgar or debasing sense) to the cause of God and man. By Christendom, without the pale of Rome, the relation of the clergy to the people must be considered entirely with regard to their

* Is this what is called 'stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith,' which, with other monastic virtues, reigned among the quietly succeeding generations of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries?—*Life of St. Adamnan*, p. 120.

fitness for their high calling—the general fitness of the whole order, not of an individual here and there designated for some special service, or called upon by some particular exigencies to isolate himself from the common condition of his order. Take first the effect of celibacy upon the character of man. Möhler has drawn out this argument with such singular fairness and beauty that we are surprised that he did not convince himself. We are really astonished as we survey the vague and false metaphysics by which he attempts to refute his own better understanding, and, we are almost inclined to suspect, the remonstrance of his own heart.

‘The power of selfishness (*selbst-sucht*), which is inwoven with our whole being, is altogether broken by marriage; and by degrees love, becoming more and more pure, takes its place. When the man marries he gives himself up entirely to another being; in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed Nature renews the same attack on his selfishness; the man lives ever less for himself, and more, even without being distinctly conscious of it, for others; in the same degree as the family increases the selfishness diminishes; and his heart expands out of its former narrow exclusiveness. What agony during the sickness of the wife; what sadness when the children are in danger! Through all this the feeling becomes more pure, more holy. As his income is liberally dispensed among many, so his whole inward life is shared among them. This family life is the only strong ground from which the life of the individual becomes more public, *i. e.* his love becomes more full and expansive. How many new relationships and connexions are not partly the immediate, partly the more remote consequence of marriage; in the love to the wife all her relations are blended; by and bye the sons and daughters form new ties, and in the like proportion the heart of the father expands. The canon law wisely prohibited in rude times the marriage of relations, even in very distant degrees, in order to enlarge that circle of connexions which to uncivilized and rude natures, which were always disposed to draw back within themselves, was extremely difficult. After all this necessary training, the moral strength has sufficient energy to love the native land (*das vaterland*) and then—mankind. But the unmarried, who without observing these gradations indicated by nature, would soar at once to the utmost height, in fact never emancipates himself from this selfishness; he attempts the flight of Icarus, which is sure to fail; as one who from the lowest step of a ladder would with one spring rise to the fiftieth, does not only get no higher

than the lowest, but sinks powerless to the ground, and perhaps has not the courage to make a new attempt; thus is it with the unmarried. And so reason shows unanswerably what doubtful experience leaves uncertain, that want of feeling and selfishness necessarily cling to an unmarried life.’—*Werke*, vol. i. p. 249.

And Möhler’s reply to this is a subtle paradox, that the love of wife and children is but disguised selfishness; that in them we love but ourselves; as if friendship, patriotism, we venture to say religion itself may not by the same argument be reduced to pure selfishness. God has so knit together our temporal and eternal interests, that it is really impossible, however our language may assume a lofty tone, or we may endeavor to withdraw our thoughts into a higher order of things, that we should altogether lose sight of the ‘reward that is set before us.’

But is the language of experience so uncertain on this point? Is it not an axiom confirmed by all history, that those who are most severe to themselves are apt to be most severe to others? Where did persecution ever find its most willing lictors—its most merciless executioners? Was it not in the convent? Those that are nightly flogging themselves are least scrupulous in applying the scourge; and it is too often he that would suffer death for the faith who would inflict death. We speak of the system, and we appeal to history. No doubt many a meek hermit has dwelt aloof, who, with his Buddhist aspirations towards absorption into the Deity, felt the Buddhist sensitiveness with regard to every thing having life. In many cloisters the produce of the sweat of monkish brows has been distributed in lavish charity to the poor. In many more, during times of religious peace, and when no ecclesiastical passions were called forth, their boundless hospitality, their gentle habits, have spread, as it were, an atmosphere of love and holiness around them. In some, as in the Benedictines of France for instance, that best praise of learning—its tendency to soften the manners—has been exemplified in the highest degree. But on the great general principle we fearlessly appeal to the whole annals of the Church.—Perhaps the monkish institutes should have the excuse, or the palliation, that they were composed in hard times for hard men. But what sentences of unfeeling, unmitigated, remorseless cruelty do they contain—what delight do they seem to have in torturing the

most sensitive fibres of the heart—in searing the most blameless emotions of human nature! And we must take the freedom to say, that in all the semi-monkish, or rather ultra-monkish literature, which is now poured out upon Protestant England with such rapidity, besides the arrogance, there is a hardness, a harshness, an incipient cruelty of disposition, which in such gentle and Christian hearts as we know to be among the writers, can only be the effect of a bad and unchristian system. They sternly compel themselves to theologic hatred.—Their biographies are strangely at issue with their motto—‘*Mansueti hereditabunt terram*!’—the meek Becket!—the humble Innocent III.! From this text the teacher even vindicates an interdict by which a whole people was consigned, as far as the privation of *most* of the means of grace, to everlasting damnation for the sins of their rulers! This spirit, we grieve to say, is not confined to one class of their writings. We have read, for instance, high admiration of that sanguinary saint, Cyril of Alexandria. If Laud, we should say, their great hero, or rather confessor, had had a wife and children, he would neither have cut off Prynne’s ears, nor lost his own head.

On the general theory we will go further. They are best suited to minister to the sorrows of men who have been tried by those sorrows—

‘*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*’

It is not in the cell—it is not even in the home of the unmarried pastor—that deep sympathy is to be taught for the afflicted parent or bereaved father.

‘He talks to me who never had a child.’

Take the gentlest village curé—a man by nature of the kindest heart, and that heart softened by constant study of the Bible, and books of quiet devotion—heightened, if you will, by the contemplation of *His* image on the cross, ‘whose sorrow surpassed all human sorrow’—take him in age and personal familiarity the parent of his flock—yet there is one school in which his barren heart has not been taught; and that school will give more real experience, more skill in healing the wounds of others, more patient sympathy, more truth, and therefore more eloquence of language, than years of secluded study, or even of actual intercourse with the untried ills of life.

In our Church, and in all churches which have rejected the celibacy of the clergy,

there are some advantages which in our present social state cannot be appreciated too highly. In thousands of parishes the clergyman’s wife is his best curate. She is not merely useful as multiplying the occasions of mutual kindness, but as an additional almoner, as the best instructress in the female school. Throughout the country there are thousands of females with all the gentleness and activity of sisters of charity, with the superior good sense and tenderness of mothers of families, ministering to the necessities and afflictions of the poor as females alone can minister. This quiet and noiseless system of beneficence is so completely a matter of course that it is often entirely overlooked in such discussions.

Even in modern missions the married will not be less steadfast, or more *safe* in his high calling, than the unmarried.—There will be exceptions to this rule, but still they are exceptions. Our modern missions are rarely among fierce and warlike tribes, such as were encountered by the apostles of the faith in the earlier and middle ages of Christianity. Among such lawless savages a female, besides the actual hardships under which her feeble frame might have sunk, must have been an object of deep and incessant anxiety; her perpetual exposure, unprotected, to worse evils than pain and death, would proscribe at once such enfeebling, such disqualifying companionship. There might, indeed, be imagined a female of that rare loftiness and imposing character which would have appealed to the awe and sanctity which the ancient Germans attached to the feminine character, accompanying the first missionary on the banks of the Elbe, or in the depths of the forest; a Christian Velleda might have gone by the side of St. Boniface, and assisted rather than embarrassed his great work. Female influence has been in various ways of no small moment in the conversion of the heathen; but in general the missionary must have confronted danger alone, and set forth unladen with a venture at once so precious and so insecure, upon his perilous voyage. But in modern missions there are rarely hardships which may not be borne by the missionary’s wife as well as by himself; and his labors, if not actually promoted, are rarely impeded by such a companion. Tahiti at first would have been a delicate mission for an unmarried man; most, if not all, of the pious men who have labored throughout Polynesia have been accompanied by their wives;

and the Abbé Dubois might be quoted on certain dangers to which unmarried missionaries were especially exposed in India. Nearly all successful missionaries in the present day are settlers in the land where they have gone to propagate the faith, not itinerant and adventurous wanderers from tribe to tribe. Their family binds them still more closely to the scene of their labors.—But these questions lie rather beyond our present consideration. We speak of the fixed resident clergy of an Established Church—each in his bishopric, his ecclesiastical dignity, or his parish, holding an important position, and that position recognized and defined, in the social system.

Now we believe that the silent influence of one well-regulated family—as every candid person of whatever creed or party will admit that of the English clergyman usually to be; not abstaining from social intercourse, but not its slave, with the great Christian virtues of ordinary life quietly displayed, to have been, and to be, of far greater importance than many social influences of which more is thought and said. Some will, no doubt, have the foolish vanity of vying in expensive habits with their wealthier neighbors; some will be too much addicted even now to field-sports; others may be too much absorbed in the care and in the advancement of their families: but if pomp and profuse expenditure be wrong in a churchman, we are inclined to think that the English clergy inherit whatever can be traced among them of such habits from their predecessors, the unmarried clergy of former times. We doubt whether the wives and families of modern deans consume more, or more unprofitably, as far as regards the interests of religion, of the wealth of the Church, than the retainers, and apparelled steeds, and sumpter mules, of the lordly abbots of other days. The love of field sports comes lineally down from those times when the prior or the secular priest might be seen with his hawk on his fist or his hound in a leash; and however the nursery windows of our episcopal palaces, and so forth, may offend the architectural vision of Mr. Pugin, we are inclined to think that their withdrawal from the secular business, which, though much of it was of necessity forced upon them, we do not find that they were too eager to decline, will give our clergy at least as much time as is usually devoted to their domestic concerns. If those domestic concerns are regulated according to

St. Paul's precept, they are not merely beneficial to society as patterns of the holier and gentler virtues, but the growth of well-conducted Christian families is perpetually infusing into the mingled mass of society a leaven of sound, honorable, and religious principle. How much of the good old household virtue of England is due to this silent influence! How ill could we spare it in our present shifting and conflicting state of society!

Other considerations are closely connected with this great expansion of Christian families throughout the land. That which in feudal times would have been almost an unmitigated evil, an hereditary clergy, is now, partially as it exists, of great advantage. The families of the clergy furnish a constant supply of young men, trained at least by early respect and attachment, if not by deep and home-bred piety, for the service of the Church; and yet not bearing that undue proportion to those who spring from the gentry, from other professions, the higher tradesmen, or others, as to form any thing like a caste. In these days of crowded competition for every occupation, at least every occupation held in respect, their places might be supplied: but, if they were, we doubt whether, on the whole, by persons equally adapted for their station.

And as the moral and social, we are fully persuaded the religious influence likewise of a married clergy is not only more extensive and lasting but of a more pure and *practical* cast. Jesuit morality would have been indignantly and instinctively rejected by a married clergy; they would have perceived at once its deep and deleterious operation on all the first principles of active life. Even cases of conscience have gone out of use in the English Church; and though some of our great writers (as Jer. Taylor, in his 'Ductor Dubitantium') applied their wonderful powers of mind to the science of casuistry, honest English good sense, and English practical religion, felt with Bishop Butler,

'That in all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing else but endeavoring to explain it away. Thus those courses which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own consciences, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness; these are refined upon—things were so and so circumstantiated—great difficulties are raised about fixing bounds and degrees; and thus

every moral obligation whatever may be evaded. Here is scope, I say, for an unfair mind to explain away every moral obligation, to itself.—*Bp. Butler, Sermon vii.*

There are other—the worst parts of this immoral morality—from which the being husbands and fathers would be an absolute security. What husband and father could have published what bishops in neighboring countries have published within these few years? Must he not have been compelled to conceal from his wife and children that which he sent forth with his name into the world?

Shall we offend if we say that the secrets of fraudulent miracle would neither be safe, nor would they, we are persuaded, ever have been practised to a great extent under female confidence or that of a family? Men will hazard untruths before the world, for certain objects, which they would not (so sacred is truth to the unperverted heart of man) before their own children. The cloister has always been the school, the workshop of these impostures; they have been encouraged by a clergy standing aloof from the world, bound together by what has seemed a common interest, and even by mutual rivalry. The more the clergy are segregated from the world, the stronger the corporate spirit; and it would not be difficult to show from history, that where one of these false miracles has been wrought for the sake of Christ and his religion, twenty have been wrought for the separate power, authority, or estimation of the clergy.

But the celibacy of the clergy, it is argued, is the great guaranty for the independence of the clergy on the State. 'So long,' writes Möhler, 'as it flourished in the Church, it was a living protest against the Church permitting itself to be lost in the State, even for this reason, because celibacy will for ever hold fast the opposition between Church and State, and for ever prevent the merging of the former in the latter; it will prevent the secularization of the Church, and uninterruptedly frustrate the mistaken attempts formerly begun by some particular Church rulers to subject the State to the Church.' Möhler is too much of a German to be a Hildebrandine, like some of our modern English writers.—But we have an importunate and troublesome propensity to inquire the distinct and practicable meaning of terms, even though they pass current among writers of the highest authority. 'The independence of

the Church' has a lofty and commanding sound; it appeals to generous and disinterested emotions; it seems to be a calm and dignified assertion that God is to be obeyed rather than man—that religious are to be predominant over temporal motives, eternity over time. Erastianism again is a word of sinister and ill-sounding import; it must contain some dire, latent heresy. But what does it mean? What sense does it now bear to Statesmen or to Churchmen who are most conscientiously determined to carry right principles into firm and consistent action? In plain truth, all our theories of the relations of Church and State, of the Unity of the Church—whether with excellent Dr. Arnold in some unexplained and inexplicable manner we make the State the Church—or, like other high-minded and high-toned writers, we keep them as distinct and antagonist powers—utterly break down when we attempt to apply them to the existing order of things. Let the framers of ecclesiastical Utopias dream over whatever unreal Past or impossible Future it pleases imagination to patronize—but this state of things, we presume to say, arises necessarily out of the constitution and progressive developement of man, and therefore out of God's appointment. If it has its evils, in God's name let us labor to remedy or to allay those evils in the best practicable manner. But it has likewise its inestimable blessings, for which in God's name let us show our gratitude.

What is meant by the independence of the Church upon the State? We apprehend that there is now no country, or hardly any country in Europe, where the clergy even of the Roman Catholic Church, however in theory some may profess their admiration for what they hold up as the sublime doctrines of Bellarmine and Mariana, would pretend to be a separate, self-ruled caste, superior to all the obligations, and free from all the restraints of citizens.—For all offences against the laws they are amenable to the civil tribunals; they hold, where they still hold landed estates or property, on the common legal tenure of the country; they are liable to public burthens; they owe allegiance to the sovereign; and are bound by all the enactments of constitutional authority. This common allegiance they owe in return for the common protection of the law. So far, then, no independence belongs to the clergy beyond any other members of the same community.

The independence of the Church, then, is the right of propagating and maintaining Christian truth, whether by direct teaching or by its peculiar rites and ceremonies. This is indeed to a certain extent a right, and more than a right—a solemn duty—in every one whom God has gifted with powers for such a work;—but it is a right peculiarly vested in the clergy, who have solemnly dedicated themselves to, and are recognized as exercising, in a peculiar manner, this great public function. This independence is grounded on the great law of Christian liberty, which is superior in its claims on the conscience to all other law—the law by which all are bound to obey God rather than man. On the other hand, there is and must be an abstract omnipotence in the laws of the land—a supremacy, according to the constitution of each state, vested in a monarch, a senate, or in a popular assembly; and extreme state-necessity may justify the suspension of this as of all other inalienable rights. But that state-necessity must be clear, urgent, irresistible; the civil polity must be in actual, in imminent danger. Where Church and State from separate become antagonist powers, there is something wrong or unnatural, something out of the usual course—on one side or the other usurpation or injustice. When a man's civil and religious duties are brought into collision, either the State is unnecessarily interfering with Christian liberty, or the Church has advanced some pretensions beyond her proper province.

This state of things at once appears in the early history of Christianity. The abstract supremacy of the law of the Romans—those idolaters of law—had vested by the change of their constitution in the emperor. In him, however tyrannical he might be, was the full, unlimited sovereignty over all mankind. This sovereignty was first put forth against the Christians, afterwards in their behalf, or in behalf of one class of Christians against another. The emperor now of his sole will forbade men to be Christians; now commanded them to be Christians; this year to be Arians, next year to be Trinitarians. If there had been an absolute state-necessity,—if either Christians or Heathens, Arians or Trinitarians, had been undoubtedly and irreclaimably enemies of public order and peace—if, as they were at first wrongfully accused, they had infringed the first principles of social morality, had been cannibals, and from their religion itself devoted

to horrible crimes—then the justice of their persecution would have been unimpeachable; but as there was nothing in either religion, either in Christianity before the days of Constantine, or in heathenism after the days of Theodosius, to prevent men from being good subjects and orderly citizens, all interference was unjustifiable tyranny—tyranny which they were bound to oppose, at least by passive resistance.

So far on these abstract principles of independence; and, undoubtedly, where this collision between the sovereignty of the State and the proper liberty of conscience, or the liberty to the clergy of exercising its high functions, was inseparable from the order of things—or even likely to be frequent—an unmarried clergy, being freed from social ties, might have greater courage to resist, and to resist to the death, this intolerable state-despotism. But, for the same reason, if more hardy asserters of the independence of the Church, they would be more dangerous enemies to the proper supremacy of the State. If the tender charities of life would weaken the heart of the Christian, so their absence would harden and make more inflexible that of the ambitious and usurping churchman.* Möhler, with his usual sagacity, has endeavored to anticipate this, and adduced as examples of the independence of a celibate clergy, even in front of ecclesiastical usurpation, the friar Minorites, and the asserters of the liberties of the Gallican Church against the exorbitant pretensions of the Papacy. The fact of such resistance is true: but what follows? That these pretensions were so at war with the common sense and reason of mankind, that they provoked rebellion even among the subjects of the Papacy; they were resisted by some of the clergy who lived under the general law of celibacy; but celibacy had no connexion whatever with their resistance. The married Protestant clergy of France might be strengthened in their Protestantism by their attachment to their wives and families; but neither did

* Furono biasimati li Legati d' haver lasciato disputar questo articolo, come pericoloso: essendo cosa chiara che coll' introduzione del matrimonio de' Preti, si farebbe che tutti voltassero l'affetto et amor loro alle mogli, a figli, e per conseguenza alla casa, ed alla patria: onde cessarebbe la dipendenza stretta che l'ordine Clericale ha con la Sede Apostolica, e tanto sarebbe concesso il matrimonio a Preti, quanto distrugger la Hierarchia Ecclesiastica, e ridur il Pontifice ch'è non fosse più ch'è Vescovo di Roma.—Fra Paolo, Stor. del Con. di Trento, Lib. vii.

the democratical opposition of that branch of the Franciscans, nor the aristocratic opposition of the higher French clergy, rise out of, nor was it strengthened or supported by, their celibacy: in the former it was much more connected with their vows and habits of poverty; in the latter with their adulatory exaltation of the French Crown. It is singular enough, that while Möhler is holding up this independence of the older Dupin, and Bossuet, and Fleury, as a noble testimony of the effects of celibacy, the celibate clergy of France, with Cardinal Bonald at their head, are condemning most solemnly the work of M. Dupin, a layman, who asserts the Gallican liberties.

But how far is this natural and unalienable independence of the Church limited or compromised by its becoming an Established Church, recognized by the Constitution, directly endowed or paid by the State as the Church of France, or holding property under the protection of the common laws, and having the guaranty of law for whatever gifts or bequests it may receive from the piety of its disciples? It is the plain duty of every Christian to provide, in his proportion, for public worship, and the maintenance of the necessary ministers of religion.* But in whatever form, and to whatsoever amount, this provision may be—if it is taken, as it were, from the precarious safeguard of the individual conscience—if the payment ceases to be voluntary—if it be secured by statute as a legal claim, or as a corporate inheritance, assessed and levied by legal authority—it cannot at once be under and above law. How far then has the State, if the religion of the Church be that of the whole people, or even of a dominant majority, a right to interfere; either as the general guardian of property—which is to a certain extent the creation of the State, and which it must not permit to be diverted from its legitimate purposes; or as itself constituting the Church (minus the clergy,) and *eo nomine* bound to maintain this property in perpetuity for its sacred uses?—When the Church thought itself strong

enough to maintain Church property by Church censures alone—when the danger lay in the treachery of their own body, who might be tempted to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of their family—then there certainly was a strong argument for the celibacy of the clergy. A married clergy—in the endeavor to make that hereditary in their own families, which was rightfully hereditary according to Church descent—would probably not only have diminished the enormous wealth of the sacerdotal order—even though counteracted by the monastic spirit, which was constantly bringing large revenues into the Church—but they might have reduced it far too low for the times. Not that this danger has been absolutely prevented by the Hildebrandine Law. Episcopal, and still more, Papal nepotism has preyed in quiet on the wealth of the Church, with almost as much rapacity as could have been feared from parental affection. The great and wealthy houses of Rome, which bear the family name of almost each successive pope (though many of these popes were of mean origin), could hardly have been founded except either by direct alienation of the estates of the see, or at least the diversion of its actual revenues for the time from their designed and avowed uses. But to return—that in most countries in Europe the State has been tempted by the vast wealth of the Church, or of ecclesiastical bodies, to abuse its power for plunder and confiscation, is no argument against the proper control of the State. The laws of England, which prevent the alienation of Church or Chapter property to private uses, will hardly deserve the unpopular name of Erastianism. This is at least a more simple and more safe measure than trusting altogether to the superior integrity, or the devotion of an unmarried clergy to the interest of their order, or the good of the Church, over that of a married clergy.

What part of the *independence of the clergy*, which is *salutary either for themselves or for mankind*—what part of their legitimate, their beneficial influence—is more conscientiously guarded, more strenuously exercised by an unmarried than by a married ministry? A married clergy will always (from being an order, especially if an endowed order) have as much of the corporate spirit as is good for them and for the laity. It never has been wanting (its excess has rather been complained of) in the English Church. The double allegi-

* We find that we have now a new champion of the divine right of tithes. 'The tenth part of every man's fixed income has been by God's ordinance devoted to Him ever since the creation; Christian kings gave it from the revenues of all their lands, and such was regularly paid so long as income was derived from the produce of the land alone. Merchants and manufacturers, however, never paid it out of their revenue; they always cheated God, and do so to this day.'—*Mr. Henry Drummond's Letter to Sir R. Inglis.*

ance to the Pope and to the temporal sovereign, we hold, in the present day, to be almost a harmless fiction of ecclesiastical law. In this sense we would speak with our friend Mr. Carlyle, if we may without offence, of that 'chimæra the Pope.' The ultra-montane doctrines of the French clergy are the growth of France, not of Rome; their Jesuitism is, we are satisfied, at bottom more political than religious; it is anti-revolutionary, and anti-revolutionary even to abject absolutism, though at present in opposition to the government, rather than merely papal. It is inclined to repudiate the Gallican liberties, because those liberties are asserted by the ruling party in the State. In other parts of Europe the movement is more decidedly religious; but we greatly doubt, though its more powerful and zealous partisans may themselves sternly embrace and rigidly enforce clerical celibacy, whether eventually this question may not become the groundwork of a more formidable schism than has yet divided the Western Church. Appealing, indeed, to later history, we cannot see that the clergy of England, or of Protestant countries in general, have been more subservient to the State (to the Crown as head of the State) than the unmarried courtly prelates of France or Spain. The latter may have obtained greater power, because the priestly character was more awful, and they still maintained something of that intellectual superiority which had belonged to them in the middle ages; but we doubt whether the claims of ten hungry children or the ambition of a luxurious wife would have sharpened their contention or subtilized their intrigues for court favor and preferment. The 'sufferings' of the married clergy in England in the days of Cromwell were no doubt greater than they would have been, had they been unmarried; but they were not borne with less meekness and resignation. We do not remember how many of these seven Bishops were married, but they all went to the Tower with the same submissive dignity. The direct power of the Crown as to the Church, in the appointment of bishops for instance, may be greater in England than in most Roman Catholic countries; but the actual power has always been as great wherever the Crown was strong:—witness Austria, witness even France. Had our bishops been unmarried, they would not the less have been appointed, in former days, through parliamentary influence or

ministerial caprice. No part of our present ecclesiastical system, which is denounced as Erastian, is affected by this question of discipline—neither the royal or parliamentary supremacy originally recognized, and ratified in the Act of Uniformity—nor the more recent parliamentary measures relating to Church property—nor those for the relief of the Queen's subjects who are without the pale of the National Church.

Looking, indeed, entirely towards home, we will neither disguise nor deny some incidental advantages which might arise at least from voluntary clerical celibacy. We as little incline to compulsory marriage, compulsory even by the mild influence of persuasion, as to compulsory celibacy: we are not such zealous anti-Malthusians as to wish to weaken the check of forethought. The clergy are not merely as much bound as any other men—they should be more strongly bound by the ordinary rules of prudence than the poorest of the poor, with whom indeed themselves, considering their station, are too often to be numbered: if they marry without provision for the future, they must make up their minds to pay for the luxury of domestic happiness by personal privation, and not by impairing their small means of usefulness. For this reason we look with great apprehension to the temptations held out through the multiplication of very small benefices by the recent ecclesiastical arrangements. If young men, impressed with the wretched state of the lower population in our large towns, shall deny themselves that luxury in order more entirely to devote themselves and their worldly means to their mission, and shall find that they have strength to adhere to their purpose, who will refuse to admire the beauty and the grandeur of such Christian love? But this, as its sole merit consists in the conscientious conviction and self-denial of individuals—so it must stand without, and high above, any general rule. All its dignity arises out of its spontaneousness; the self-dedication is its one claim to Christian reverence.

Some transitory folly and vanity may under our present ordinary system beset the path of the clergyman in the opening of his career, which he might escape if he were known to be one to whom the softer sympathies of our nature are interdicted by a stern and irrepealable law. The sensation produced in a village, or even a town, by the appearance of a young, perhaps hand-

some, undoubtedly eloquent curate, may not be quite purely spiritual: the young ladies are seized with more than usual warmth of devotion—they are even more than ordinarily attentive in the church—they become remarkably active in their visits among the poor—and greatly interested in charitable societies. But this does not last long—except in a very few cases: the comely curate makes his choice, and settles down into the quiet and exemplary husband and father.

Still we must not behold our young and moderately-beneficed clergyman in the first blameless enjoyment of domestic happiness only;—we must look forward to the pressure of domestic cares and anxieties. The provision for the growing family more and more occupies the thoughts, and withdraws them from the higher calling. The scanty income must be more exclusively devoted to these imperious claims, or eked out by pupils, or some other occupation. This is an evil, undoubtedly, to be set against the enormous amount of good, arising out of the removal of an unnatural restriction—a restriction which, when enforced, has been enforced only by a severe struggle—where attempted to be enforced in a less rigid period of morals, then most fearfully demoralizing; and likewise against the other blessings which a married clergy confer on a Christian community.

On a broad and general view even of this *maintenance* part of the question, as it works practically among ourselves, there are many incidental advantages which the merest utilitarian must allow to counterbalance the afflicting penury, or at least straitened circumstances, of many among our parochial clergy. Such inquirers must consider not only how much Church wealth (we mean wealth arising out of the offerings or endowments received by a clergy) is thus to a certain extent withdrawn from church uses strictly so called; but also how much temporal wealth is brought into the Church by the present system, and devoted to what may fairly be called church uses; the better maintenance of the clergy, the charities, and even in some cases the adornment of the sacred edifices. In a word, how many of the English clergy spend far more of their own—first on their professional education, afterwards in the sphere of their professional duty—than they ever receive from it! This arises, no doubt, from the respect in which the profession is held. But how many such valuable men would be

repelled if they had to make the further sacrifice of domestic life!

In fine, you may make a sect, you may make a brotherhood, by imposing any test, however above nature or contrary to nature: and your sect or your brotherhood will rise and fall as did all the monastic orders, with sudden accesses and gradual paralyses of zeal—but that was immaterial; whether the succession was kept up, or how the succession was kept up, regarded the order alone. But you cannot so make or maintain an order of clergy—an order which must be supplied in cold as well as excited, in rationalizing as well as in enthusiastic times. You cannot calculate on a sustained and perpetual effort to subdue and extirpate nature. To recruit a clergy who are to influence every class, cope with every adversary, meet the wants of a vast population in various degrees of intelligence and advancement, you must not look merely to the rare and heroic virtues of which our nature affords specimens. You must disqualify none who might be useful, by unnecessary restrictions; you must condescend to, rather than haughtily proscribe, human weakness. A clergy all burning zeal, all vehement enthusiasm, all restless activity, would be a questionable blessing to any country: extreme fanaticism, extravagant superstition, alone would raise the more ambitious and enterprising above the high level. But among a sober and practical people like ourselves there must always be a strong counterpoise of moderation, good sense, and practical wisdom. Imperfect Christians as we are, we do not stand in need of fiery missionaries every two or three years to reclaim us from our heathenism, and to teach us anew the primary elements of our faith. The constant infusion of youth into our clerical body is of itself (independent of sectarian rivalry) enough to keep us alive—of youth which in its generous ardor will be always looking out for some new principles which are to regenerate mankind: who have been Evangelicals—are now Puseyites—in ten years may be Arnoldines.

The clergy in general must partake of the character of the people. Without assuming Lord Clarendon's well-known reproach on the professional narrowness of mind and unfitness for the affairs of life to be quite obsolete—admitting the contracting influences of seclusion in country cures (if railroads will allow the deepest dells or the wildest mountain hamlet to be secluded)

—the conscientious confinement of their minds to one class of literature—the occupation of their whole thoughts by the severe duties of their calling—the temptation of breaking up into small sets and clerical cliques—still it is impossible that our clergy should not partake of the general intelligence, or that they should keep themselves entirely aloof from the general movement of the human mind.

The great trial of the English clergy—the test of their fitness for the English people—is a distinct perception of their actual position as regards the rest of society. This perception must be realized, notwithstanding every attempt to bewilder them into a false idea of that superiority which they may and ought to possess, by skillful appeals to their pride, by artfully disguised suggestions of self-sufficiency, and by perpetual persuasives that in the most exaggerated notions of their authority they are magnifying God, and not themselves. The real danger of the recent movement in the Church is the total isolation of the clergy from the sympathies, from the hearts, and from the understandings of the people. The energizers of the hour are a mere unintelligible enigma to the popular mind.

We know very well all the sounding common-places that will be evoked by what we are about to say—but we cannot afford space to forestall them; it is our simple duty to look steadily into the state of the world around us, and declare the results of our investigation. The party to whom we allude have been straining themselves in a vain effort to resuscitate a dead system of things. The clergy can no longer command—but they may persuade with irresistible force; their persuasion, however, must be purely moral and religious, as contradistinguished from sacerdotal persuasion. Many causes, none indeed which ought to make us despair of their proper and legitimate influence, have altered their position. They no longer stand alone on an intellectual as well as a religious eminence. The awe in which they were invested as wiser as well as holier than the rest of mankind, has passed away; they are not the exclusive, or even in any peculiar degree the pre-eminent cultivators of letters, of arts, or of philosophy. The mass of the clergy are, no doubt, and must henceforward be, inferior in general knowledge to many of the laity in their respective parishes; and if, on the strength of their position, on the sanctity of their ordination, they pretend to as-

sume a superiority which they cannot support; if where they are not intellectually superior, they do not confine themselves entirely to their religious guidance—nay, if, being conscious of high talents, they do not exercise even that guidance with the modesty which ought always to belong to youth—which (to say truth) is very rarely wanting when the mind is really strong—but which is in fact, the surest pledge of the real Christian temper and spirit—they will lose their proper power, by straining after that which is unattainable—which neither is nor can again be their prerogative.

The knell of ecclesiastical *authority* has rung: even in the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding its large apparent increase in many quarters—and great is still its influence upon the minds of men—its *power* is a phantom. It is now a great confederacy working together for a common end; not a body wielded at will, and governed and directed in all its movements by a despotic Head.

The Pope holds Rome through the great powers of Europe; if they were to withdraw their support, his own subjects would reduce him, as they often attempted of old but always failed, to a simple bishop; if indeed young Italy would still endure his presence. The kings, who were of old his vassals, are his masters. In Austria the Church is the servant of the state: it has never shaken off the yoke imposed upon it by Joseph II. What may be called the spiritual mandates of the Pope are obeyed, even in Italy, according to the good will of the sovereign princes. He attempted to interdict the scientific meetings in Italy; they have been held in Tuscany, in the Austrian States, and even in Turin—this year they assemble in Naples. Even the puny despot of Modena has invited them. In Spain the work of spoliation, the secularization at least of conventual property, has hardly condescended to notice the remonstrances of the Roman pontiff. In Germany Roman Catholicism is still strong: it is strong in the old poetical and æsthetic feelings of the people in some parts, among the men of letters, the artists; it is strong as the badge and distinction of one of the great political divisions, of the Austrian as counterbalancing the Prussian power; it is strong in the contentions of its adversaries, in the three main sections—the religious Protestants, the Rationalists, and the Hegelians. But is the Roman Catholicism of Germany a submissive, obedient faith? One

Hermes has been hardly suppressed, partly perhaps because his system was too abstruse and metaphysical even for Germany itself. But how long will it be before there is another and more popular Hermes? 'They' (says the writer of a strange book, but with many things in it not less true because they are strange; at all events, a very able man, and one who knows much of the real state of Germany),—'they who now hear the Hegelite lectures and read the O'Connell addresses of Romish literati, would hardly believe that they emanated from the children of that Church which condemned Galileo, and denounced all rebellion against the Lord's anointed. But besides the politic relaxations of discipline on the part of the Romish Church towards those without, her own clergy plainly indicate a tendency to reject, as unscriptural or intolerable, many of her observances. They chiefly insist on the use of the vernacular tongue, the abolition of celibacy, communion in both kinds, the reform of the confessional, and the abridgment of the Papal authority. Although some are actuated by an infidel impatience, others are truly seeking the well-being of the Church: and although Möhler—whose fair pictures of his mother make one wish that they were true, and that he did not know their falseness—quieted matters for a time by his moral influence and apologetic adroitness, yet the principles at work will not long leave these objects unattained.* Since this gentleman wrote the affair has assumed a very formidable shape. The movement of the Ronge party has already swept like a torrent from west to east, from north to south. A new Reformation is organized.

Among ourselves we will not dwell on the total abrogation of all real *authority* in those who hold the place of rulers in our Church. What is the case in the quarter where obedience is the very vital principle of the system? In the words of that remarkable letter to Sir R. Inglis, which we have already more than once cited, 'The tractarians, obedient in theory, and loyal,

not to their own diocesans, but to their own ideas of what their diocesans should say and do, go ahead of, reprove, and teach the Bishops of the Church, without any commission, without the thought or pretence of apostolic authority so to do.' Here and there we have some desperate, ostentatious act of submission, endured with the air of a martyr. What can a bishop do by *power* even over his clergy? What may he not do by gentle influence?

All this may be very melancholy, and to those who have less faith in the vital powers of Christianity, in whatever form it may adapt itself to the infinite varieties of the human mind, and to every stage of civilization, it may lead to utter despair. But let us rather look back to the causes of this decay of authority with quiet impartiality. Nothing is more easy than to denounce the infidelity of the age—to deplore the irrevocable past—with the almost enviable unfairness, though not always with the beautiful feeling and eloquence of the author of the '*Mores Catholici*,' to recall all that was poetical, tranquil, holy, in what that writer is pleased to call the Ages of Faith, and to be totally silent on the unutterable miseries, and crimes, and cruelties of those fierce times. But trace the growth of ecclesiastical power, and we trace its decay. The one legitimate extreme penalty which belongs to the Church, however that Church may be ruled, is *excommunication*. Penance in its various forms can, of course, only be enforced on a reluctant member by the dread of that last and capital punishment. No sooner had the Roman emperors been converted to Christianity than excommunication became connected with civil disabilities. It was not merely a religious, but likewise a secular punishment. In the high days of ecclesiastical power it even smote, as it were, the State itself with civil disability. The excommunicated king, according to the loftiest theory, was thereby deposed. Even where the sentence of deposition was either not issued, or was despised by the refractory son of the Church, public opinion inflicted a kind of civil disability. The excommunicated monarch was, even to his subjects, as it were, a leper, and all allegiance which he might still receive or enforce was at best doubtful and precarious. But by the constitution of most kingdoms, by the great common law of Europe, excommunication has entirely lost this alliance with civil disability. Some privileges may

* '*Moral Phenomena of Germany*,' by Thomas Carlyle, Esq. 'Behold there are two Percies in the field!'—of Germany. This gentleman holds very different principles (principles akin to those of Mr. Henry Drummond) from the *original* Thomas Carlyle, neither does he write in Carlylese. We wish we could have given more of this his first performance—but his vein is so evidently a rich one that we may safely count on a future (we hope a speedy) opportunity of making our readers better acquainted with him.

still be withheld, some offices be refused to dissentients from the dominant faith, from those who are self-excommunicated (for all separation is self-excommunication) from the Church, whether it call itself Catholic, or be a national or otherwise self-incorporated society—but that is all.

Beyond this; that kind of civil incapacity which was inflicted by public opinion, that open or that tacit proscription which dooms those without the pale of the Church to inferiority, has likewise, for the most part, practically disappeared. The sympathies of men are so entirely in favor of toleration, that the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every the smallest sect (of which the *theory* equally is, and must be, exclusive salvation within its own or some limited pale) is perpetually at issue with its own principle. Its *authority* is gone when men can despise that authority and be none the worse, either as to their worldly situation or their estimation in society, and *where they themselves dread no eternal consequences*. Where excommunication does not certainly imply (if unrepealed) absolute exclusion from heaven, where it has lost its spiritual as well as its temporal terrors, then and there its power has either altogether ceased, or is so reduced as almost to be deprived of its controlling efficacy. When any one may in a Roman Catholic country become a Protestant (excepting where feuds, as in Ireland, run high), however he may distress his friends or family, without losing caste; where a man excluded from one religious community (at least on purely religious grounds) is at once received into another—what is excommunication? It is already incurred by the voluntary renunciation of relationship. I banish you, says, with Coriolanus, every proud or at least self-confident seceder. But if deprived of this *ultima ratio*, how shall ecclesiastical authority enforce its smaller penalties for smaller offences? The conscience of the individual has become his sole judge; whether he fears or whether he defies Church censure, absolutely depends on his own individual conviction of the validity or invalidity of Church censure. If, indeed, we bemoan the loss of godly discipline, if we think those wiser or more safe who still bow themselves to its humiliating and it may be sanctifying control, we should first remember that it was because it ceased to be godly discipline, and stooped to be worldly discipline, that it has been so entirely lost. And was penitential discipline so effica-

cious? All that we know of the state of morals and of manners, when it was at its height, is not much in its favor. According to our own modes of feeling are we quite sure that doing penance and being put to open shame would be productive of inward contrition? and notwithstanding the contempt and pity which is felt and expressed towards our degenerate age, we believe that our aversion to ostentatious penitence, to that self-atoning confrontation of shame, is a sign of our moral advancement, of our genuine rather than affected religious sensibility.

What mission, then, remains to the clergy in a state of society which thus repudiates their *authority*? The noblest, the most sublime, because the most quietly, secretly, unostentatiously, beneficent; in many, perhaps in most places, ill-rewarded, often entirely disinterested service; and that without awakening the old justifiable jealousies, and therefore without encountering the hostility, which perpetually struggled against a presumptuous, arrogant, dictatorial, meddling, sacerdotal power. To be the administrators of the holy, the sanctifying sacraments of our faith; to be the ministers of a Church ceremonial, simple, but solemn, affecting, impressive—a ceremonial not to be regulated by pedantic adherence to antiquated forms, but instinct with spiritual life; not the revival of symbolism, which has ceased to be a language, and become a hieroglyphic—a hieroglyphic without a Champollion; neither a sort of manual exercise of Church postures, which have lost their meaning—an orderly parade of genuflexion, and hand-clasping, and bowing the head:—but a ceremonial set forth, if possible, with all that is grand and beautiful in art (for nothing is grand or beautiful which has not an infelt harmony with its purpose)—the most solemn and effective music, the purest and most impressive architecture—every thing which may separate the worship of God from the ordinary and vulgar daily life of man—all that really enforces reverence—excludes the world; calms, elevates, truly spiritualizes the soul—all which asserts, heightens, purifies devotion—that devotion daily fed and maintained, where it may be practicable, with daily service. The mission of the clergy is to be more than the preachers of the Gospel, the example of the Gospel in all its assiduous and active love. In each parish throughout the kingdom to head the model family of order, of peace, of piety, of cheerfulness, of contentedness, of re-

signation in affliction, of hopefulness under all circumstances. To be the almoner (the supplementary almoner over and above the necessarily hard measure of legal alms) of those who cannot be their own. To be the ruler, as such a clergy will be, by the homely poetic precept of domestic life:

'And if she rule him, never shows she rules.'

The religion of such a clergy will not be the religion of the thirteenth century, nor of the ninth century, nor of the fourth century, but it will be the, in many respects, better religion of the nineteenth. Let us boldly say that the rude and gross and material piety of former ages was an easy task as compared to rational, intelligent piety in the present. Mere force is not strength, but force under command. The cilice and the scourge are but coarse and vulgar expedients to subdue the will to the yoke of Christian faith and love. What is the most flagellant asceticism, the maceration of the body, to the self-denial of a great mind, above all the transitory excitement, the bustle and fashion of the religionism of his day, but sternly and hopefully striving for the truth, holding with steady equipoise the balance of reason and faith?

Of all things, such a clergy will be utterly abhorrent to all tampering with truth; they will place themselves high above even the suspicion of profiting by untruth—not, we grieve to say, under existing circumstances, the least difficult of our trials. For among a truth-loving people like ourselves—at least comparatively truth-loving—the sure effect of the slightest dishonesty of purpose or language will be the total estrangement of the confidence and respect of the people.

'Thus, then it is' (writes one of the biographers of the Saints): 'some there are which have no memorial, and are as though they have never been; others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else: they have left a name, but they left nothing besides; or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life gives a character to their memory; or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighborhood, or by the titles or decorations of a church; or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them; or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea.—Such are some of the small elements which,

when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes and forms, till by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character, which is indeed but the portrait of the original, yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole; but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination. It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; it is the truth under assumed conditions; it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savors of the age, yet it is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. It is the picture of a Saint, who did other miracles, if not these; who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace—of this we are sure; we are not sure, should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence.'
—*Life of St. Gundeleus*, pp. 4, 5.

There is a work of which our readers perhaps have heard much, but know little; the 'Life of Jesus,' by Strauss. We have sometimes contemplated an attempt to give our readers some notion of this book, but have been deterred partly by general doubts as to the expediency of such a course; partly by the difficulty of fairly translating the peculiar mode of thought and expression, which is not merely German, but German according to a special philosophy—that of Hegel. It is done to our hands by this unconscious Hegelite; alter a few words, and we are reading Strauss, unfolding the process by which grew up the great Myth of Christianity; and if this be the legitimate principle of Christian history, what criterion of superior credibility have the four Gospels over the fifth by S. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakley, recently published for the edification of the English Church?

We have quoted but one sample; we could easily give fifty in the same strain. It is a serious question to deal with a peasantry in whom legendary faith has been, as it were, a part of their baptismal creed, who have been nursed, and cradled, and matured in this atmosphere of religious fiction, lest, when we pluck up the tares, we pluck up the wheat also. But deliberately to load Christianity again with all the lies of which it has gradually disburthened itself, appears to us the worst kind of infidelity both in its origin and in its consequences; infidelity as implying total mistrust in the plain Christianity of the Bible; infidelity as shaking the belief in all religious truth. It may be well to have the tender-

est compassion for those who have been taught to worship relics, or to kneel in supplication before the image of the Virgin; but to attempt to force back, especially on an unimaginative people, an antiquated superstition, is assuredly one of the most debasing offices to which high talents, that greatest and most perilous gift of God, can degrade themselves. If mankind has no alternative between the full, unquestioning, all-embracing, all-worshipping faith of the middle ages, and no faith at all, what must be the result with the reasoning and reflecting part of it? To this question we await an answer; but let this question be answered by those only who have considered it calmly, under no preconceived system, in all its bearings on the temporal and on the eternal interests of mankind.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

For the two first days after Bertha's agitating encounter with Mademoiselle Labarr, she spent her time, excepting when meeting the Roberts family at table, wholly in her own apartment, half occupied in thanking Heaven for the providential meeting which had relieved her mind from such a weight of suffering, and the other half in almost counting the minutes that must intervene ere she should be able to set off on the journey that would bring her to her suffering father, and enable her to atone for the dreadful suspicions with which she had loaded him, by her dutiful efforts to cheer his solitude, and soothe his remorse.

During the first vehemence of her strongly excited feelings these thoughts, together with a restless disarrangement and re-arrangement of all her effects, as a preparation for packing, sufficed to occupy her time. But at length she remembered that weeks had still to come and go before her eagerness to set out could be turned to any useful account, and schooling herself into a more reasonable state of mind, she determined, as her carriage was hired by the month, and must be paid for, to turn it to profit in the most rational way she could, by once more revisiting the objects that she most wished to impress accurately on her memory.

She accordingly set out one morning as soon as breakfast was over, to take a last walk over every accessible part of St. Peter's; and having spent above two hours in giving a last lingering glance to the various points that most deeply interested and delighted her, and then recollecting that though there were so many things to be looked at again for the last time, she might still be able, the very day before her departure, to return to this greatest of all Rome's wonders to look her last farewell, she squeezed herself under the unliftable leather curtain that hung over the door, and walking with lingering steps across the matchless portico, reached her carriage by the descent leading from the Vatican.

While she was thus leaving the most glorious of Christian temples at one point, two young men were, arm-in-arm, approaching it at another. One of them appeared to have no eyes for any thing but the solemn splendor of the fabric he was approaching, but the other, to whom it was more familiar, while he submitted to the creeping pace at which his friend mounted the flight of steps that lead to the gorgeous entrance, permitted his eyes to wander, and caught sight of the light figure of Bertha as she descended the graduated slope to her carriage.

"Let St. Peter alone for one moment, Vincent," said he, "while you give one look to the most delicate looking creature that ever condescended to bestow herself, *par amour*, upon mortal man."

"How can you suffer such a one, let her wear what guise she will, to draw your eyes one single moment from the awful splendor of this portico, Lawry?" replied the person he addressed, "let us go on. And yet, I declare to you that I almost tremble at the thought of entering."

"Nonsense! you shall not enter till you have looked at that girl," replied Lawry, forcibly directing the steps of his vexed companion the way he wished. "I really want you to look at her, Vincent," he added, more seriously, "for upon the word of an English gentleman I have had some pretty vehement struggles with myself, notwithstanding what I have said of her, to prevent my seeking an introduction in the hope of making her my wife."

This startling avowal produced the effect intended, and induced Mr. Vincent to bend his steps in the direction indicated. The first glance he caught was imperfect, for a column intervened, yet it was sufficient to

convert the next step into a bound, and at the third he began fairly to run as fast as his legs could carry him towards the retreating Bertha.

But all the speed he could use only sufficed to make him perfectly sure that it was his young cousin that he saw before him, and then the active Luigi having closed the carriage-door and sprang to his seat behind it, drove off, leaving him gazing after it with a look so bewildered as to cause his friend a hearty laugh as he approached him.

A moment's reflection, however, restored Vincent to his usual composure. He resumed the arm of his friend, and turning back towards the portico said very quietly. "You have made a blunder, Lawry, that young lady is an acquaintance, nay more, a relation of mine, and as little likely I assure you as possible," he added, with a smile, "to deserve the mysterious imputation you have cast upon her."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Vincent," said Lawry, suddenly standing still. "But I need not do so," he added, shaking off the air of embarrassment with which he had begun his speech. "It is idle to pretend to apologize for an offence it is impossible I can have committed. Your cursory view of that fair creature deceived you, Vincent. She is no relation of yours, take my word for it."

"But I will not take your word for it, my dear Lawry," replied Vincent, laughing. "I assure you that I know my young cousin by sight, and the only reason that I am now with you instead of being with her is, that I know not her address, as I have always written to her *posta restante*, which I have done again this morning, requesting to know where she is, and I have no doubts or fears but that I shall get an answer from her to-morrow morning. I am not much in the habit of betting, Lawry, but I will lay ten scudi to one that if you see that young lady to-morrow you will see me by her side."

"But, my dear friend," returned Lawry, looking a good deal embarrassed, "it is not only the lady, but her carriage and servants which I am certain I cannot mistake. I am half ashamed to confess it, but the fact is that I have followed that young creature about from church to church, from ruin to ruin, from gallery to gallery for weeks past. I know her bonnet, her mantle, and her gray and black parasol as well as she does herself; and, moreover, I confess that I have

condescended to gossip with her *valet de place* till I know every circumstance concerning her."

"Do you know the name of the family with whom she is living?" demanded Vincent.

"I doubt if I do," replied his friend, "the Italian pronounced the name in a manner which, though he repeated it a dozen times, was perfectly unintelligible to me. He says they are all English, but the name sounded Italian. Huberti, I think he said, or something like it."

"And her own name," said Vincent, coloring slightly.

"That he could not tell me, frankly confessing that it was too difficult for him to remember."

"Did you ever speak to the lady you mention?" demanded Vincent. "Never!" was the almost eager reply.

"There was something in her appearance which impressed me with a feeling that would have rendered it impossible to address her as one might do any other woman in the same circumstances. I knew I should make a fool of myself if I ventured to get acquainted with her, and therefore I have never obtruded myself sufficiently to attract her notice for a single moment."

"Now then, Lawry, I think the mystery becomes less difficult of solution. Had you conversed with her I might still have been puzzled. But I think you will allow that it is more likely you may have blundered about the identity of a lady to whom you have never spoken, than that the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington, and my greatly esteemed young cousin, should be living in the manner you mentioned."

"Most assuredly I should so decide were that the only alternative before us, Vincent. But it is not. My theory is that you have mistaken my less fortunate lady for your fair cousin."

"Do not let us talk any more about it, Lawry. I do assure you it is quite too absurd to suppose there can be any possible mistake on my part. But let us go somewhere else. I will not enter St. Peter's to-day. Indeed it was a treason against my cousin Bertha to think of seeing it without her."

"Bertha!" repeated Lawry, suddenly standing still, and when Vincent turned to look at him his whole face was scarlet.

"For heaven's sake, Lawry, what have you got in your head now? you look as if you were going to fall into a fit of apoplexy.

What is it has made you change color so vehemently?"

For a moment the young man stood irresolute, and then replied, "I was startled by the name you mentioned."

"What name, sir?" said Vincent, abruptly.

"The name of Bertha," replied Lawry, quietly.

"Be very careful, Mr. Lawry, neither in jest or earnest, to mention that name lightly! I certainly do not mean to threaten you. You know me too well to suppose it. I would only warn you against doing what your own excellent nature would lead you to repent of bitterly," said Vincent, solemnly.

"For mercy's sake, Vincent, let us both be reasonable, if we can," returned the other. "There is probably some blunder in this business that, if we are wise enough not to quarrel first, may make us both laugh when it is understood. The name of the young person I have been speaking of is Bertha, a coincidence too remarkable to be easily dismissed as accidental. Her servant in speaking of her constantly called her '*La Signorina Bertha*.' Instead, therefore, of tormenting ourselves and each other by disputing about what is possible or impossible, let us go to this man Luigi Mandorlo, and learn from him what right he has to make such assertions respecting this lady as he has made to me."

"Do you know where to find him?" inquired Mr. Vincent.

"Yes," replied Lawry, "I commenced my acquaintance with him by inquiring where he might be found in case I or my friends should have need of a *valet de place*."

"Come along then in the name of common sense," said Vincent, and the two young men, once more arm-in-arm, set off at a rapid pace for the Piazza di Spagna.

There they readily obtained the address of Luigi Mandorlo, and immediately repaired to his lodgings; but the man was not yet returned from his morning's attendance on the signorina, and a good deal of impatience had to be endured while the almost equally anxious friends promenaded the remarkably dirty street before his door. Sooner, however, than he could have been reasonably expected, the man appeared, and civilly saluted Lawry.

"I want to speak with you for five minutes, Luigi," said that gentleman, assuming the tone of an old acquaintance.—

"Have you any room you can take us into for a few minutes? I want to have a little conversation with you."

"You shall be welcome, sir, to the best I have," replied the man courteously, "and the other signore too if he likes to enter. Perhaps you have found a job for me, signor?"

They entered the humble apartment of the *valet de place* accordingly, and Lawry immediately addressed their host as follows:

"We have just been at St. Peter's, Luigi, and there we saw you and your carriage, and the lady upon whom you are attending. This gentleman thinks that he has known her formerly, and wishes to learn from you all you know respecting her present situation."

"Formerly, sir?" said the man; "the poor lady is too young, I should think, for any one to have known much of her long."

"Young people may be known as well as old ones, my friend," said Vincent.—"But I wish you would tell me how much you know about her, for I am acquainted with her family, and all you can tell will be interesting to them. Do you know her name, my good fellow?"

"I am afraid I don't know how to pronounce it properly," he replied, "but I certainly ought to know it."

"Is she called Bertha Harrington?" said Vincent.

"Yes, sir, that is her name," answered the man, without the least hesitation.

"And what do you know about her?" continued Vincent, looking more puzzled than alarmed.

"No harm whatever, sir," replied the man; "at least, nothing that any reasonable gentleman ought to call harm. Because such things are all their own doing. All I know is that she has hired me, as many other pretty ladies living in the same manner have done before, and that I wait upon her and she pays me. I may perhaps have said to this gentleman that she goes about in a way that don't look as if she was over and above devoted to the gentleman, whoever he is, that she lives with. But that was only guess work on my part. What I did not tell him though, because I have only just found it out, is, that I suspect, poor young lady, that she is not contented with her condition, and that she is going to make a nun of herself in the same convent where my sister is. My sister says she is pretty well sure of it, because the poor young lady

was shut up with Father Maurizio for above two hours on Wednesday; and to the truth of that I can testify, seeing that I waited for her at the door of the Santa Consolazione on that day for a great deal longer than that."

"And all that you know about this young lady then is, that she pays for her own carriage, goes about seeing all the curious things in Rome without any companion, and that she had a long conversation with a Roman Catholic priest last Wednesday," said Vincent, with the air of a man completely relieved from all his doubts and fears.

"Yes, signor," replied Luigi, "that is all I know, excepting that the Italians generally see through these kind of things pretty quickly, and that we may often be said to know a good deal more than we see."

"And this is the case, I presume, in love and religion, equally," said Vincent, "otherwise you could scarcely be so sure of her intending to become a nun, as you appear to be."

"Why, as to that, sir, I have not only the opinion of my holy sister to enlighten me, but also the fact that she has told me this very day that she shall have no occasion for my services, nor for the carriage either, beyond the current month for which we were last hired."

"Well, then, Mr. Luigi Mandorlo, I will not trouble you with any more inquiries, except as to the present address of the young lady in question. She is my near relation, and I wish to see her immediately."

"I hope, signor, I have not brought the young lady into trouble by any thing I have said?" replied the man, looking greatly disconcerted. "When young gentlemen make inquiries about young ladies, like this gentleman did, we never make any objection to answering them, because it is most likely that it may be advantageous to both parties. But relations you see, signor, are quite different; and I don't feel as if it were quite honorable to tell you where she lives."

Vincent smiled, and drawing out his purse, drew from it a piece of gold, which he presented to the conscientious valet, saying,

"In this case, my good friend, I do assure you that you have nothing to fear. You will do no harm, believe me, in giving me the lady's address, for I am quite sure

of getting it from another quarter to-morrow. But as I am impatient to see her, I would prefer taking it now. This Napoleon will pay you for the trouble of writing it."

"It is impossible to doubt the word of so perfect a gentleman," replied Luigi, with a profound bow, and dipping the stump of an antiquated pen into a bottle of ink, he scrawled in tolerably legible characters the address of the Robertses' abode.

The two gentlemen then took their leave, but Vincent did not now pass his arm under that of Lawry. But perhaps this was only because he now meant to pursue his way alone.

After walking in silence the few steps which brought them to the corner of the street, Vincent stood still, and turning to his companion with a smile, rather more quizzing than cordial, he said, "And now, Mr. Lawry, I must wish you good morning, as I certainly do not mean to lose a moment in waiting on Miss Harrington, in order to inform her of the result of her antiquarian researches. But before we part, do me the favor to tell me if you think the testimony of the Signor Luigi Mandorlo of better authority than mine, respecting the real position of the lady who has been the principal theme of our conversation?"

"Be generous, Vincent!" cried Lawry, with considerable emotion. "You must know well enough, without my telling you, the contempt and indignation in which I hold myself for having listened to the gabble of such a fellow! But it is not him whom I should despise, it is myself. An Italian lackey may be well excused for judging after his kind, but that an Englishman should look at such an Englishwoman, and be so beguiled, is monstrous—I have no one to blame but myself."

"I think so too," said Vincent quietly.

"Then I suppose you mean to cut me as a punishment for my folly?" said Lawry, colouring to the ears.

"By no means," replied Vincent, his good-humor quite restored by the genuine suffering which he read in the countenance of his unlucky friend.

"On the contrary I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to my young relation, and will promise not to say a word about the flattering sort of attention you have been paying her—only asking you in return to be more cautious in your judgments for the future. I suspect that both Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, are

likely enough to blunder in their estimates of each other when meeting in a foreign land. They are seen in a new, and, what is to them, a false light, and I conceive that the outline is often a good deal distorted by it. Good by!" and Vincent held out his hand with a smile.

Lawry took it, and pressed it gratefully, but looked very much as if he knew not whether to be most gratified or most frightened at the thoughts of the promised introduction.

WHILE the name and fame of poor Bertha were undergoing this, to her, most unsuspected discussion, she was herself exposed to an adventure equally unexpected.

Mrs. Roberts was perfectly well aware that Miss Harrington's usual manner of spending her mornings brought her home about an hour before their usual time for dining; and, therefore, although a short interview with her son, subsequent to that which has been recently described, left her very desirous of seeing her, she sat down very patiently to wait for her return at the expected time. It was therefore with great satisfaction that she saw her drive up to the door a full hour earlier than usual, upon her return from her farewell visit to St. Peter's.

Mrs. Roberts's carriage, with her two daughters, and the man servant in attendance on them, was not expected to return till rather later than usual, so that the interview with Miss Harrington, projected by her hostess, was not likely to be interrupted.

As Bertha mounted the stairs, she perceived Mrs. Roberts on the landing-place, waiting to receive her.

"My dear Miss Harrington!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are come back! Step into the drawing-room for one moment, for I want to speak to you."

Had Bertha wished to refuse, she would have found it very difficult to do so: but she really did not. The certainty of her approaching departure had softened her heart so greatly towards Mrs. Roberts and her whole family, that she would not have been guilty of the least rudeness, to avoid speaking to either of them; she therefore entered the drawing room with rather a smiling bow of acquiescence, though she held in her hand an unopened letter, which the maid servant had given her before she came up stairs. Nevertheless, she knew at

the very first glance that it was from Vincent, and the facility with which she thus submitted to delay the reading it, was a strong proof that the heavy load which had been taken from her heart by the communication of Father Maurice, had produced an excellent effect.

"Now then my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, shutting the door, "I have a very great favor to beg of you, and I feel almost sure you will grant it, because I have never troubled you with asking any such favor before. I have just got a ticket sent me to admit us to see that greatest of all curiosities that has been dug up where they are building that grand new church to St. Paul, outside the town, you know, my dear. This is the last day it is to be exhibited, and the girls won't come home with the carriage till it is too late. Will you have the great, *great* kindness to take me in your carriage? There is plenty of time before dinner."

"You are perfectly welcome to the carriage, Mrs. Roberts," replied Bertha. "I am only afraid that it is driven away."

"No, it isn't, my dear, for I told the maid to stop it," replied Mrs. Roberts, exultingly.

"But at any rate, ma'am," returned Bertha, with a good-humored smile, "you must condescend to go without a footman, for I sent off Luigi with a message to a shop, where they have something to do for me that I want to have finished directly."

"Oh! my dear! that won't make the least bit of difference in the world," replied Mrs. Roberts. "It is not as if we were setting off to pay visits, you know—that would be quite a different thing. But I don't know yet, my dear Miss Harrington, if you are quite aware of all the favor I meant to ask of you. The ticket is for the whole family, and it will be too dismal for me to go alone. I should take it as so very particularly kind if you would go with me!"

This was a sort of request which Bertha would most probably have refused point blank, or at any rate granted very ungraciously had it been made to her a week before, but the certainty that she was soon going to leave for ever the home which, though distasteful, had afforded her at least a tolerably peaceful shelter, softened her heart, and she replied without manifesting any symptoms of repugnance, that she would certainly accompany her, if she would have the kindness to excuse her reading the letter she had just received, as she went along.

Mrs. Roberts of course told her that she

should not mind it at all, and they set off together.

The letter was from Mr. Vincent; and deeply, oh! very deeply did Bertha rejoice as she discovered that it was dated from an hotel in Rome. The only circumstance which she thought could at that moment have increased her satisfaction at the healing news she had heard, had now occurred. She should see her cousin William before she left Rome, and she should be able to implore him before they parted, to promise her that he would submit to be reconciled to her father, and to pay them a speedy visit at Castle Harrington.

She scarcely remembered at that happy moment that she would have some difficulty in explaining to her cousin the reasons which had led her to take so sudden and so important a resolution; but she remembered that she had never fully explained to him her own ideas as to the reasons which she had supposed her father to have had for sending her from him, and with equal caution had she avoided expressing to him the terrible feelings which, when they were last together, had made her return impossible.

She flattered herself, therefore, that her promise to Father Maurice would in no way embarrass her, but that she should be able to explain her departure by simply stating the fact that she was tired of staying with the Robertses, and preferred taking the chance of finding a more comfortable home with her father.

In such like meditations, and in again and again reading her precious letter, the time passed quickly enough without her having recourse to the conversation of Mrs. Roberts. That lady, indeed, seemed much less disposed to converse than usual, sitting very profoundly still, neither drawing up the windows, nor letting them down, as was usual with her, and looking altogether so demure and sedate, that she might have been taken for a well-drilled figure, performing a part in a state pageant.

At length, however, Bertha, who had more than once before visited the growing splendors of St. Paul at Rome, began to think that they were a great while getting there.

"What direction did you give to the coachman, Mrs. Roberts?" said she. "I don't think the man is coming the right way, and he ought to know the road, too, for he has been here with me two or three times."

"I gave him the proper orders, my dear,

I assure you," replied Mrs. Roberts, composedly.

Bertha once more opened her letter, and read it through, and having closed and deposited it in her pocket, she again looked out of the window, and apparently saw some object that startled her, for she suddenly exclaimed, "Now, then, I am very sure that we are going wrong, for I see the trees in the burying-ground near which we ought to have passed precisely at right angles, or indeed rather behind us. What does all this mean, Mrs. Roberts? I really cannot spend all the afternoon driving about in this way—I want to get home, ma'am—I have a letter to write."

And Bertha, as she spoke, got up, and put her head out of the window, evidently with an intention of stopping the coachman.

"My dear Miss Harrington! what are you afraid of?" inquired Mrs. Roberts, playfully throwing an arm round her. "Do you think the horses are running away?"

But playfully as this was done and said, the caressing action of Mrs. Roberts was sufficiently vigorous to retain the young lady in her seat as long as it lasted.

This period, however, did not exceed about three minutes, during which Bertha, more displeased by the freedom than alarmed by any suspicion as to its cause, sat with immovable stateliness, only repeating at intervals of about one minute each, "I am afraid of nothing, Mrs. Roberts."

But just as her indignant sort of submission to this strange embrace was about to give way before her irresistible desire to get rid of it, the carriage stopped, the arms of Mrs. Roberts were withdrawn, the carriage door was thrown open, a large cloak (in the regular melo-dramatic style) was thrown over her, and before a single thought could arise, as to what it all meant, Bertha felt herself seized upon, and dragged out with a degree of violence that spared neither her limbs nor her nerves, and then deposited in another carriage, which darted off as rapidly as four Roman post-horses could make it.

Bertha's first efforts were directed to the doing battle with the folds of the cloak that had been wrapped round her, and she did it so effectually that she had no need to exhaust her faculties in wondering as to who could be the audacious perpetrator of the exploit, for there sat Mr. Edward Roberts beside her, his arms folded in an attitude of bold defiance across his breast, his legs thrust out to the furthest extent that the ve-

hicle permitted, and such an awful and determined frown upon his brow, as might have daunted the heart of most young ladies situated as Miss Harrington was at that moment.

But by some strange peculiarity in that young lady's character, she positively felt almost as much inclination to laugh as to scream; however, she did neither, but looking very deliberately at the young gentleman for a moment, she said, quite in her usual tone of voice, "Will you be so obliging as to inform me, Mr. Edward Roberts, what may be your purpose in arranging this unexpected interview?"

Perhaps it was the novelty of some of the circumstances attending the startling situation in which she found herself, which prevented the spirits of Bertha from sinking under such a paroxysm of terror as usually besets young ladies when they are run away with against their will.

But it must be confessed that there was something so out of the ordinary course of such affairs in the part which the young gentleman's mother had performed, and moreover an expression so perfectly unhackneyed and original in the countenance of the youth himself, that it is not much to be wondered at if the impression received by her nerves, was also out of the common way.

The letter which she had just received, too, announcing the proximity of a protector, whose mere name, she suspected, would be sufficient to paralyze the courage of her ravisher, perhaps aided her considerably in the task of sustaining her dignity and presence of mind. Whatever the cause, the fact certainly was that Bertha, though she felt exceedingly angry, was very little alarmed, and appeared to await a reply to the question she had asked with great composure.

The young man, meanwhile, who had been preparing himself for a scene of great violence, and who having no very particularly tender feelings towards his companion, was determined to carry his point by every sort of violence, short of actually stifling her in the huge cloak with which he had provided himself, was at first a good deal puzzled as to what tone he ought to take with so self-possessed a heroine. At one moment it struck him that the best way would be to begin making violent love to her; but a twofold feeling stopped him, namely the extreme disinclination which he felt for the occupation himself, with Bertha

for his partner, and a pretty strong conviction that she would not bear it for an instant, and therefore that it might make her troublesome. So he pretended not to perceive that she was looking at him, and only said in reply to her question, "The moment of explanation, Miss Harrington, is not yet come."

As if perfectly satisfied by this answer, Bertha settled herself very quietly in the corner of the carriage, and in order to lessen the awkwardness of the silent *tête-à-tête*, she again drew the precious letter from her pocket.

But, precious as it was, it certainly did not at that moment occupy her wholly; for notwithstanding her comfortable contempt for Mr. Edward Roberts and his ridiculous attempt, she did nevertheless condescend to bestow a little of the leisure she seemed likely to enjoy in meditating on the probable motives of the young gentleman, and the easiest and readiest means of getting rid of him.

As to his motives, a much duller girl than Bertha might easily have guessed them. Little as she had been accustomed to mix herself with the family, she had seen enough of their proceedings to convince her that they were often distressed for money, and strange as her position in their family had been, and totally inconsistent with her station as was her being with them at all, she was by no means ignorant of the high consideration in which they held that station, or of the exaggerated estimate which they had formed of her probable wealth, from the expenditure which her father's liberal allowance permitted. These two facts placed side by side, naturally enough led to the obvious conclusion that Mrs. Roberts and her son, to say nothing of the rest of the family, thought that the best thing they could do would be to get possession of her fortune, by getting legal possession of herself. As she came to this conclusion, which she arrived at pretty rapidly, she felt disposed to give Edward some credit for the discernment which had prevented his ever attempting to make love to her.

"He has taken by far the better way," thought she; "but it will not do, for all that."

Edward, meanwhile, was a good deal more puzzled by the young lady's demeanour, than she was by his.

"Is she too much struck by the firmness of my manner to utter another word?" he asked himself, without, however, being at

all able to return himself an answer; and then the new idea suggested itself, that after all, perhaps, her pride and reserve had only been assumed, to prevent his seeing what she really thought of him. "If so, the business would be more easy than he had expected to find it. But for that," thought he, "I care not a single rush."

And thus, in tacit mutual defiance, they rolled along, without exchanging another word.

THE BELLE'S CHOICE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GEORGE III. sat in the polar night of his life's long winter, and good queen Charlotte, in all the solemnity of her old-fashioned state, at St. James's; the glory of Brummel had departed, and the beauty of Devonshire was in its wane, but new lights had risen on the world of London. Carlton House was now its magic mirror; and the season of 1814 commenced with more than usual brilliancy under the patronage of the allied sovereigns, whose coming seemed to turn the British Babylon to one great hall of rejoicing over the golden image of empires smitten without hands.

It was the first winter of peace, though the storm was not yet over; but the rank and the royalty of the Continent mingled in banquet and ball-room with the *élite* of our island-city when Lady Adela Percival made her *début* on the stage of fashion, or, in the expressive phraseology of the London *beau monde*, her ladyship "came out." Few there were to whose first appearance Fortune had accorded so many advantages, and fewer still were they who could better appreciate or improve them than Lady Adela; she was a beauty by common consent: though in an inferior station, her claims to that distinction might have been described as those of a tall, slender, blue-eyed blonde; accomplished, of course, as all ladies are; for her education had employed the utmost abilities of more than a dozen governesses, besides masters of all sorts in every possible branch of learning fit for the daughter of an earl, for such she was, the only child and heiress of the Earl and Countess of Lexington, a peeress in her own right, and entitled to considerable expectations from Lord Elmsdale, her maternal uncle, who, having never bent his

neck beneath the so-called "golden yoke of Hymen," had long been regarded by widowed dowagers and single ladies in general as an irreclaimable old bachelor. But however legibly the doom of the unwedded had been written on the page of his destiny, none in all the circle of his friends, wide and warm as it was for the rich and heirless Lord Elmsdale, seemed less likely to share in the immunities of that unenvied lot than his niece; her first ball was signalized by the conquest of an English earl, the second by the capture of an Austrian count, her third (ladies, it took place at Apsley House, conquering-ground in those days, whatever it may be now) was crowned with the special notice of the Prince Regent, and a waltz with Alexander Paulovitch, autocrat of all the Russias.

The winter passed away, and with it the allied sovereigns; the succeeding summer brought other occupations for them; but the desperate game was played, and Fortune had made them winners before another London season gathered again from watering-places the idly busy of the West End. On flowed the gay but scandal-bearing days of the Regency, and from that eventful night whose triumphs we have recorded, Lady Adela Percival rejoiced in all the royalty of a reigning belle, which, though more limited on the banks of the Thames than on those of the Seine or Danube, is nevertheless sovereign while it lasts. The *Court Journal* reported her dress, with all its brilliant particulars; the *Annals*, then in their spring, were embellished with her picture, on which all the fashionable poets wrote verses in her album; flattered and followed by the one sex, envied and imitated by the other, her victories multiplied as rapidly as those of the Gallic eagle before the northern winter had breathed upon his wing. Royal dukes and German princes were reckoned in the number of her suitors, yet Lady Adela Percival was Percival still. Perhaps the lady was discreetly choice, perhaps it was hard to choose among so many; but, "out upon Time!" as our English Rousseau has said, for he lays his withering hand on the empire of Beauty as well as that of nations, and both grow grey beneath it. Though born an heiress and brought up in the calm cool consciousness of a peerage, Lady Adela felt her sceptre beginning to waver; rivals with younger faces were rising in every quarter in the form of girls whom she had left in the nursery; and young ladies *will*

come out, however unjustifiable the step may seem to their seniors; and Lady Adela might well see the impropriety of such things at the prudent age of twenty-eight. Her father was a Whig, and, of course, miles deep in politics; her mother loved poetry, or at least endeavored to impress that fact on all her acquaintances, and her whole time was employed in patronizing the would-be "Childe Harolds," who, with turned-down collars and sentimental faces, might be heard declaiming on the woes of life in every drawing-room of the metropolis, for Byron was then planting the wild luxuriant laurels that have grown so gloriously about his grave; and all seemed to think Lady Adela quite competent to manage her own affairs as regarded matrimony, with the exception of her uncle, Lord Elmsdale. He was a man who had passed his grand climacteric, and seen much of what is called life, having been successively a beau, a scamp, and a politician; and now when both himself and life's excitements were exhausted, his last refuge from *ennui* lay in watching over the concerns of his niece, who had always been his special favorite, and whose prolonged state of single blessedness had become to him, perhaps from his own experience, a cause of secret alarm and profound consideration.

Lady Adela sat in her boudoir one clear cold morning of the early spring; she sat alone, but it was not to count her conquests, nor deliberate on her dress for the coming evening, but to read word for word the speech of Sir Charles Merrion, M. P. for Westborough, which had created a sensation in the House of Commons, and now graced the columns of the *Morning Herald*.

"Reading an M. P.'s speech, as I exist!" said Lord Elmsdale, who had entered unobserved, and now bent over her shoulder. "Why, child, I thought you understood the value of time better; but who is the speaker? Ah! Sir Charles Merrion, the gentleman who danced with you all last night at Lady Carisford's!"

"I believe so," said Lady Adela, laying down the paper with well-assumed indifference, and the feelings of one who sacrifices the present to the future, for she could have spared the old gentleman's company just then; but people who have legacies to leave expect attention.

"Sir Charles is certainly very talented," continued her uncle, "and rich, too, they say. How strange he is not married, for I always thought him a charming man; and

yet, what is still more singular, I have been told he never had an *affaire du cœur* in his life." With all her habitual and aristocratic coldness, the eye of Lady Adela brightened strangely at her uncle's remarks, and she inquired with more than ordinary earnestness how long he had known Sir Charles Merrion. "Five years, I think," said the experienced peer, whose memory had always taken parts for the whole of past time; "we became acquainted in Ireland, about the time of your coming out, and that's long enough ago. Seriously, Adela, you ought to be married!"

His niece might have returned the compliment, but Lord Elmsdale proceeded with steam-like speed, for he was now on what might be called the railway of his heart. He enumerated her junior friends who had gained the goal of matrimony, though with prospects far inferior to hers. He proved to a demonstration that youth and beauty could not last; and after directing her attention to the public contempt heaped on single life in general and on single ladies in particular, concluded by advising her, if she meant to delay any longer, to turn Catholic and take the veil at once, as that was the most respectable way of living a spinster.

"Dear uncle," said Lady Adela, who felt both piqued and amused at his anxiety on the subject, "you forget that it may not be entirely my own fault."

"But I know it is!" said Lord Elmsdale, impatiently. "Look how many good offers you have literally thrown away! There is Lord Glastonbury, who was desperately in love with you."

"Yes, after Miss Cottenham refused him," observed Lady Adela.

"And the Duke of Hungerford, who would have laid his coronet at your feet."

"After having mourned two dear departed duchesses, and grown old enough to be my grandfather," rejoined his niece.

"And the Prince of Koningsberg, who required but a little encouragement to propose for you in form."

"After the French actress, whom he married in spite of his friends and family, was divorced for eloping with a lieutenant of cuirassiers. Dear uncle, such proposals are common enough, but I have determined never to resign my maiden freedom except for pure love. I believe the heart can love but once, and if that first affection spring not for me, I will never bind myself to the urn of another's memory."

"Well, Adela, who could imagine there was so much romance in your composition! But if that be the case, Sir Charles Merrion is the man, for no one can accuse him of one hour's flirtation in the whole course of his pilgrimage. Don't blush, Adela! Sir Charles is certainly a capital waltzer, though on the wrong side of forty, I dare say, young and handsome as he looks: but some people never grow old," said Lord Elmsdale, glancing sadly at his own furrowed face as reflected in the opposite mirror.

"Indeed, uncle ——" said Lady Adela.

"Indeed, my dear, I see how the case stands, though your husband ought to wear an earl's coronet, at least, since he is your choice. I see no objection, for Sir Charles is too clever and too useful to the cabinet to remain long in the House of Commons. But good morning, Adela, and be sure I will keep your secret till the proper time;" and her uncle hurried out of the room before Adela could finish her intended remonstrance.

From that day Sir Charles Merrion was a constant visitor at Lexington House; and, as the spring advanced, rumors of an approaching marriage "in high life" were circulated by the London newspapers; all the usual ceremonies of courtship were observed (they are much the same, good readers, from the palace to the hut). In due time Sir Charles proposed, and the earl and countess, though at first astonished at his *assurance*, could not oppose the wishes of their only child, supported as they were by the preponderating influence of Lord Elmsdale. Their consent was accordingly obtained, and the marriage-day fixed on the last of the following month.

All London wondered over the news,—some at the heiress of Lexington's choice, some at Sir Charles's good fortune, and some that one so long deemed unengageable was at last engaged; but after passing the usual criticisms on both parties, all their friends agreed it was a love-match, and wished them every happiness, as a thing of course. Lord Lexington half forgot the opposition interest, and his countess the drawing-room poets, in the all-engrossing subject of their daughter's *trousseau*. Lady Adela had retired into the country, for, as might be expected, she was wondrous prudent; and Lord Elmsdale, having nothing better to do, employed himself in cultivating most assiduously the friendship of his intended nephew-in-law. They had been

long acquainted, and that acquaintance now ripened into the warmest intimacy; but time wore away, and all preparations were completed, the wedding cards were engraved, and the bridal tour arranged; and, on the eve of that day which people designated "happy," the lights burnt long and late in a handsome hotel of Grosvenor Place (the house was sacred to the lodging of single gentlemen); but its inhabitants were now gone, some to the Opera, some to the club, and some to the last gay assemblies of the London season; but in one solitary, though elegant apartment, there sat a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life, with hair on which time had shed no silver, and fine expressive face, though deeply marked with lines of thought, or it might be care, about the brow. It was Sir Charles Merrion, employing the last few hours of his bachelor life in arranging, for reasons best known to himself, the contents of a small neglected desk, which had not been opened for years. It was filled with old papers and letters, carelessly heaped together: many of them Sir Charles read, and some he burned: but at last he came to a small bundle of letters bound up with a faded riband; it was but loosely tied, for the knot gave way in his hand, and out of it fell a long lock of bright, but jetty hair. Sir Charles caught it ere it reached the ground; but what dreams were hidden in the night of its blackness, that he stood gazing upon it with an eye that seemed to look far backward on the morning of his youth? There was a quick tap at the door, but Sir Charles did not hear it, and the next moment Lord Elmsdale stepped into the room.

"I have intruded on you, my dear fellow," said he, "but the fact is I have not seen you these three days, and could not help wondering why you did not come out, as all the world does, to see Kean in *Hamlet*."

Sir Charles was by this time restored to the outer world, and he requested the old peer to be seated, at the same time declaring his belief that ceremony was unnecessary between friends; but the rich, dark tress in his hand had caught Lord Elmsdale's eye.

"Ah, Merrion, what magnificent hair is that?" said he. "It is not your own, and I am sure it is not Lady Adela's, and they say you never looked on other locks! But tell me, is it your sister's, for, oh, Charles, I am an old man now, but I would go far yet to see the head that wore it!"

"And you might go in vain," said Sir Charles, "for that head lies low in a village churchyard beside its native Shannon."

"And did it fall early, Merriion, in the depth of its dark glory, like a tree cut down at midsummer that saw no whitening winter? Are there old love, and untold memories, and tears, about that tress? Say, and forgive me; for, Charles, I too have had my gourd. There was a girl, long, long ago, when I was young, but she made a better choice; her sons and daughters are married now," continued Lord Elmsdale, "and I am a bachelor yet; but the curls are white as snow of which she was once so proud, for they were dark and rich in their abundance, but never such hair as that, Merriion. It might grace the brow of a princess, young and worshipped as Tasso's Leonora." There are times when hearts grown cold with the frost of years and hard in the ways of the world, open and melt beneath some ray of memory as the glacier touched by the sunbeam, and it was so at that moment with the proud and prosperous Sir Charles Merriion, as he spoke, half unconsciously, in the power of the past,—

"She was no princess, Elmsdale, but the daughter of an Irish peasant, whose cottage stood on my father's small estate near Limerick, when I had the portion and prospects of a younger brother, the youngest of seven, one of whom was born to a burdened inheritance, for my father had been wild in his youth, and the rest to be provided for by the usual resources of poor great families, the church, the army, and the navy; each had its due proportion from our house, but I was the last, and, as my mother said, 'the flower of the family,' whose fortune she determined should be made by marriage. In pursuance of this plan she kept her eye on every heiress in the province, and occupied her mind with profound speculations as to which might be most easily secured from my very infancy, for she had no daughter to wed, and, being naturally of a match-making turn, all her cares in that particular were centred in me. She was a handsome and somewhat clever lady of 'Old Ireland.'

"My father was, like many of his day, a country gentleman, who hunted all morning and drank all evening. His heir, my eldest brother, seemed likely to inherit his habits as well as his fortune; and the other five, who had been early disposed of, were considered, as the French say, '*comme il faut*' in their respective professions. I was

left entirely to the management of my mother, who early endeavored to press upon my mind, as far as frequent repetition could do, the fact that I had no fortune, and must, therefore, endeavor to make one by marrying an heiress. Well I knew the letter though not the spirit of that daily homily, for such words find no place in the heart of youth, and with me they never went farther than the ear. In order to ensure my success in the proposed path, my mother bestowed more attention on my education, at least as far as fashion was concerned, than had been deemed necessary for that of my brothers. I was sent to Eton, though they had put up with Irish schools, and returned in my seventeenth year, bringing with me, besides many unmentioned accomplishments, testimonials from all the masters of the establishment, sufficient, in my mother's estimation, to prove that I was like all favorite sons, a prodigy of learning and genius. From home I adjourned to Trinity in Dublin. But, Elmsdale, do you remember your seventeenth summer? You shake your head, and I know it's long ago, but somehow the light of that summer lingers long upon the memory, like the sunset of childhood, rich and rosy still. Well, it was one long day of that unforgotten summer, when evening was falling bright and breathless on the silvery Shannon, where it lies lovely among broad meadows and busy hamlets, waving woods and swelling hills clad in my country's everlasting green; I had been engaged all day in the delectable sport of angling, not for an heiress, but salmon-trout, for old Walton's craft was dear to me; but I had baited since the morning and caught nothing, and was on the point of giving up in despair, hard as it is to go home with an empty basket, when about sunset I hooked a noble one, and now bore it in triumph to my mother. The way was long, for I had wandered far down the broad river's side, and the district was comparatively new to me; so I walked on admiring alternately the scenery and my trout, when, on passing a small grove or rather copse that sheltered a sweet green valley at a sudden bend of the river, I was startled by a young voice singing at my very side—but, oh, how sweet and clear! Elmsdale, its tones are in my memory yet, and at times they come upon my sleep. I had not been at Eton for nothing, so I crept into the copse and peeped through at the singer. She was a girl about my own

years, tall and slight, and beautifully formed, with a pale Milesian face and eyes that might have befitted 'Darthula';* for they were dark as night and deep as the sea or the southern heaven when it lies without a cloud in the light of its uncounted stars. But her hair, Elmsdale! you see this tress, it has survived her many a winter, and Time has dimmed though he could not blanch it; think, then, what must have been the glory of the living growth! It had fallen from its simple band, and almost reached the ground where she sat spinning at that lonely cottage door. Her garb as well as her employment spoke her of the humblest class, but from that hour, Elmsdale, she was a queen to me. Her song was the spirited and then popular ballad (for it was the year 1797), 'Ah, grama-chree, sweet liberty, poor Ireland asthore!' There were high hopes and visions of freedom about my country then, caught from the mirage of the French Revolution. In common with nearly all the youth of the period I had caught a portion of that descending mantle, which became the pall of so many brave hearts; for the chill of prudent years and interested schemes had not yet fallen upon me, and to my ear the song of that fair young girl seemed the very voice of inspiring Liberty. Some words might have escaped me, but I know not what, for I was recalled to myself by seeing the girl slightly redden, and then burst into involuntary laughter as she saw my face thrust forward and stupidly staring upon her through the leaves. Thus discovered I could not leave the spot, and made all possible excuses for staying; first I asked for a drink, then for leave to rest, and lastly presented her with my much-prized salmon-trout; for alas! by this time my mother and her chosen heiresses were alike forgotten.

"Oh, no, sir!" said the girl, while her look betrayed some suspicions of my sanity; 'but wait,' she added, with native delicacy, 'and I'll bring you the drink in a thousand welcomes; sure it's sorry I am that there's nothing better than milk in the house!'

"But her glance had upset my Eton assurance, for I was but seventeen, and casting trout, basket, and all at her feet, I rushed through the copse and never ceased running till at least half-a-mile nearer my father's residence. But then my courage

returned, and I would have given more than I have ever won since to recall the opportunity of speaking to her which had been so foolishly lost. Back I ran on the impulse of the moment, but by the time I reached it the cottage was closed, and, peeping through a crevice in the low door, I saw its inmates assembled at their humble supper. The family consisted of an elderly but fine-looking man, such as are sometimes found among the Irish peasantry, though they look rather like the sons of princes. From his resemblance to the dark-eyed girl who sat by his side I concluded he must be her father; and with them sat a young man of their own rank, tall and powerfully made, with a dark face, which might have been handsome but for the small-pox by which it was terribly marked. I knew him to be a guest from the hospitable attentions paid him, which are not wanting in even the lowest hut of Ireland, perhaps a remnant of the land's better days, when it was called the 'Home of Strangers;' and, to complete the picture, my trout was hissing on the coals, doubtless to give savor to the potatoes which smoked before them. Long I lingered, but I could not venture in, and it was late before I reached home that night. But it is needless to repeat the ingenious story by which the absence of both fish and fishing-tackle was explained; suffice it to say that it went off well, and from that evening I became a most devoted angler. My station was always chosen in the sunny and sheltered nook where that cottage stood, for the girl was always spinning at its open door, and, as might be expected, our acquaintance progressed rapidly. She learned my name and I hers; it was Catherine O'Neill. Her mother and three young brothers had been swept to the grave many years before by that terrible but frequent visitant of the Irish cabin, typhus fever; and she lived alone with her father, who was a small farmer, or rather cottar, but regarded with some degree of deference in the neighborhood, not only as a prudent man and a very pious Catholic, but also as the descendant of one of the once noble but now nameless families of Ireland, and the shadow of that fallen house seemed to hang about the old man, for his language and manner were as much superior to those of an ordinary peasant as his personal appearance; and the same distinctions had literally descended to his daughter. There was an appearance of taste, too, about their cottage, alas!

* An Irish beauty of ancient celebrity.

but rarely found among the humbler homes of Ireland, which I then ascribed, as I would have done any improvement, to the presiding genius of Catherine.

"They rise before me still in the light of those summer days; the sweet sequestered valley, the green overhanging grove, the solitary cottage with its well-enclosed and better-cultivated garden, the small green in front, and the rose and honeysuckle trained over its white walls and round its shining windows till their blossoms crowned the summit of the low roof, and Catherine seated beneath their shadow at the open door, with her clean linen gown and still unrivalled beauty, and the broad river sweeping on like a sheet of broken light, with my rod stuck fast into the sunny bank and my line floating idly on its waters, while I sat beside her scarcely moving wheel. Wonder not, Elmsdale, nor blame my girl for lending such a ready ear to one so far above her station; but remember we were both young, and you see not the gradations by which our friendship grew. Yet, young as we were, had the shadow of a passing traveller crossed the nearest road or a sound reached our ears like the coming of Catherine's father, oh, how rapidly was the motion of Catherine's wheel increased, and how quickly did I retreat to my fishing station and become absorbed in the mysteries of hook and line.

"All stratagems are lawful in love and war, and for some time the secret was our own. Catherine's father, who fished sometimes himself, observed my devotion to the sport, and, knowing me to be the son of his landlord, he often gave me the benefit of his experience, till by degrees we became intimate. But I soon found a more troublesome acquaintance. One morning, when O'Neill had gone to work in his field as usual, and I had stolen up to sit with Catherine, we were surprised by hearing the plash of oars, and looking up I saw a light boat rowed by a single man coming rapidly down the river. Of course I was off to my rod, but had scarce touched it when the stranger brought his boat to the bank on which I stood, and fastening it to an old tree that bent almost to the water, he leaped on the sand and walked directly up to Catherine, who was now spinning with the most praiseworthy diligence; contrary to the usual customs of Ireland, he passed me without either sign or salute, except a wild glance of anger and suspicion. I knew he had observed us together,

and at once recognized him as the young man I had seen in that stealthy peep at the interior of the cottage, for his fierce and deeply marked features were not easily mistaken. I afterwards learned that his name was Maurice O'Laughlin, that he was a distant relation and a long declared lover of Catherine, who possessed both a cottage and a boat of his own, for by trade he was a boatman of the Shannon, and his father and mother, whose only child he was, had died about the time that O'Neill's family was made so small; but the old man was opposed to his suit, for Maurice was known to be a wild character, and a most active member of one of those secret societies which were then so common among the Irish peasantry: perhaps he thought justly, that a politician of any rank rarely makes a good husband; and Catherine seemed to be much of her father's opinion.

"What Maurice said to her I could not hear, for the sound of her wheel, and the low tone in which he spoke, effectually prevented me; but at first his words were sad and earnest, judging by the expression of his face; and at length it appeared he said something which displeased Catherine, for her eye flashed and her colour heightened: she had a high spirit, though born to spin at a cottage-door. Maurice, too, grew angry, but it passed quickly away; and they parted with a few cold words, yet I marked his dark eye which had rested on her with a glance so soft and sorrowful, kindle with a wild and scorching fire as he turned on me. I looked the young peasant full in the face, with a full consciousness of the advantage which my rank and personal attractions, real or imaginary, had given me; he paused for a moment, as if about to speak, and then seeming suddenly to recollect himself, jumped into his boat, cut the fastening, and was out of sight in a few moments.

"'Catherine, my girl,' said I, 'what did that fellow say to offend you?' for the young man's behaviour had roused both my pride and anger; and I added, in the might of my chivalry, 'I am determined to horse-whip him if ever he comes here again!' Catherine looked me in the face with a smile, for she was far wiser than I; and it might be that the impossibility of fulfilling my threat crossed her mind at the moment, for Maurice could have twisted me like a green withe; but her look grew more serious as she said,—

"'No, no, Charles,' for I had petitioned against being called Mr., and love broke

down the barriers that rank had raised between us; 'don't mind him, for he is strong and fierce, and does not value gentlemen; besides, he never said or meant ill to me, only he has thoughts of his own about this world, and they're still dark.' I felt half displeased with Catherine for keeping the conversation from me, convinced, as I was, that it regarded myself; but she seemed determined on silence, and ever after, though she received me kindly, and often watched for my coming, yet she was always more reserved, and at times very thoughtful. Her father, too, seemed to entertain some suspicion, for he lingered longer about the cottage, and returned more frequently from his work when I was in the neighborhood; and his conduct towards me became coldly respectful. All this I attributed to Maurice O'Laughlin, though he did not again visit Catherine, and she never spoke of him. But I saw him often with his boat on the river, as if watching my movements; and, Heaven forgive me, I could willingly have sunk him, boat and all, had that charitable act been in my power: but the season passed, and I must go to Trinity,—Catherine and I parted. Alas, for those first partings! they come on our after-days like the sorrow for the early dead, sad, but blessed in its memory. We parted as the young and the loving part, with tears, and vows, and hopes, never to be fulfilled. No letters passed between us; for the arts of page and pen were as little known to Catherine as they were at the period to most of her sex and station; and she could not bring herself to employ the hedge-school-master as amanuensis, general and confidential secretary though he was to the whole neighborhood; but she wore a small locket with my hair set in it,—the only present the girl ever would accept of all that means and inclination prompted me to offer. It was given in exchange for one long and jetty curl—the same that you have looked on, Elmsdale; but the curling beauty has gone from it now. The night was deepening around us, and our farewell was hurried and stealthy, when I received that ringlet, but it kept her memory with me sacred in its silence, through the strife of college emulation and scenes of city gaiety; and often when on the brink of the darker vortex of city vice, into which many of my companions plunged so deeply, the light of that clear young eye would rise upon my soul, winning it back to purity and peace.

"The following year was that of luckless

'98, so fatal to the hopes and homes of Ireland: many of my college companions were deeply engaged in the insurrection, and I might have been so, heart and hand, for my youth was full of dreams; but the events of a single day had power to turn the current of my efforts and aspirations to a colder, but far more safe and certain course.

"Some time before the outburst, while the country was still quiet, though rumors of discontent and conspiracy reached us from every quarter, I returned home to spend the Christmas holidays, to the great delight of my mother, as it afforded an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of the Livingstons, an aristocratic English family, though a small one, for it consisted only of a widow lady and her daughter, to whom I had been introduced in Dublin, and who were now on a visit in our neighborhood. My mother had become very intimate with them; for, as she remarked, 'They were suitable acquaintances.' The Hon. Mrs. Livingston was a large, handsome, but mindless woman, for whom this wide and wondrous world afforded but two subjects of conversation—the state of her nerves and the state of the weather; her daughter, whom she called Sophia Matilda, was cast in the mother's mould; but having been a maid of honor to old Queen Charlotte, she had studied conventional rules and court etiquette till both life and thought seemed frozen within her, and she walked the world like a living glacier, clear and faultless, but chilling the atmosphere, as far as her influence extended; but, Elmsdale, she was an heiress, with a clear income in her own right of more than ten thousand a-year. I know not how it was that my mother discovered so many tokens of the lady's partiality for me, which I could never perceive: but the season was a gay one in our district in spite of a coming rebellion; and my mother manœuvred admirably, for we sat next each other at three dinner-parties, danced four times at two consecutive balls, and then I found an opportunity of stealing away to see Catherine in her quiet cottage on the banks of the Shannon. I should have done so long before, for my heart was true to the peasant-girl; but she and her father had been absent in a distant part of the county, performing what was called 'A Station,' at one of those holy wells which popular superstition then regarded as the 'Bethesdas' of the west.

"I had gone out on the old pretext of

fishing; it was a cold, clear winter morning, and I concluded the old man was gone to work, but on approaching the cottage I heard the sound of voices within, and my own name pronounced in a tone of scorn, which made me pause involuntarily at the door: it was not entirely closed, and through the opening I saw—though they evidently had not observed me—Catherine and Maurice O'Laughlin in earnest conversation. The girl seemed troubled, and I thought looked paler than when I had seen her last; but Maurice continued with vehemence,—

“‘Don't mind him, Catherine; with all his fair promises there's no truth or trust in any of his sort,—sure they think no more of us than the green grass they trample on, as if we were made for their service or pleasure: that's the very notion of the young graceless.’

“‘He is not graceless,’ said Catherine, fiercely.

“‘He's graceless and shameless, too, Catherine,’ said Maurice, in a deeper tone, ‘or he would not try to cross a poor girl's way. Would he stoop to marry a Catholic and a cottar's daughter, or would his bigoted father and his proud mother suffer it? No, no, girl, they would see him in his grave first; but the villain has no such thought—he will marry one of the wax-works they call ladies, when he has spent enough of his father's money at college in learning all the evil Dublin can teach him—and little teaching will do, God knows. But, Catherine dear, choose a boy of your own station, for you never knew a girl come to good by thinking of one the world set above her; not that I'm speaking for myself, for I know your heart never warmed to Maurice. God send you a better husband, and a wiser one; but, Catherine, I am going away, and may never see you more.’

“‘And where are you going, Maurice?’ inquired Catherine.

“‘Oh, no matter, dear; but there'll be great work in the country by-and-by, for the day of reckoning's coming.’

“‘You speak strangely, Maurice,’ said the girl, looking earnestly in his face, as he spoke the last words; ‘but when will you come back?’

“‘Maybe never, Catherine; there was a wise woman when I was born, that told my mother ‘I had far to go, and much to see,’ for there was strange fortune before me. But it's not for that I care. Oh, Catherine, Catherine dear, take care of yourself;

but if you should ever come to trouble, and want a friend, mind that Maurice O'Laughlin is your brother, and he'll be even with them that would bring a tear to your eye, or a breath on your fair fame.’

“‘I saw Maurice moving to the door, and would not be caught listening, so I darted into the little grove behind the cottage, and the next moment saw the young man come out, accompanied by Catherine, whose hand he clasped with a murmured blessing in Irish, and a look of affection, whose depth I felt even then was purer far than mine; then, turning hastily away, he walked rapidly down the river-side, and was soon beyond my vision.

“Catherine stood still in the place where he had left her; but there was a strong expression of great mental suffering and fixed resolution in her look, as if some dark but mighty conviction had reached her spirit for the first time in her life.

“‘Catherine,’ said I, emerging from my hiding-place, for the girl's look half-frightened me, and the words of Maurice were still ringing in my ears. She turned and recognized me, but did not smile as usual, though her self-possession seemed restored; but she welcomed me home in something like her wonted tone. ‘Catherine,’ said I, ‘I would have come to see you before, but they told me you were at the Holy Well.’

“‘Ah, no matter, Mr. Merrion, you have fine ladies to see; but listen,’ she continued, laying her hand on my arm, for I was wild with surprise and anger, ‘come to see me no more. I wish you well, Mr. Merrion; and I'll think of you well and kindly maybe, when I am an old woman; but poor Catherine O'Neill is not the girl for you to think of. Now, what would your father and mother say, and what would you say yourself, if any of your great friends would find it out?’

“‘I don't regard them, Catherine,’ cried I, for I felt that this was the work of Maurice; and I could'nt bear to think that he had made even Catherine suspect me; for, ah, Elmsdale, the heart of the young is still faithful, and I was young then. ‘I don't regard them. I'll marry you, Catherine, this night, this minute, if you're willing? Let my father and mother say as they will; when we are once married, they can't part us; and should they disown me, we will be all the world to each other.’

“Catherine looked me in the face with a sad and a solemn gaze, and then said in a

tone so calm, and almost so stern, that I scarce believed it was her voice,—

“‘Mr. Merrion, for the loss of your place and station—for the loss of your mother’s love, and your father’s fortune, what would you gain by marrying me?’

“‘All I want—your love, your beauty, Catherine.’

“‘Ay, with poverty and shame,’ said the girl, her last words struck a chord that had not been touched, and made me think of the ways and means; in positions like mine at that moment, such matters are apt to be overlooked; but Catherine was no trifler, and her last warning words made me feel—oh, how keenly—my utter dependence on the will of my family, and from that moment my resolution was taken.—‘You speak true, Catherine,’ said I; ‘to marry now would plunge us both in poverty, for my friends would never forgive it; but we are both young. I will work; I will strive to make a fortune of my own, and then, Catherine, you will share it with me. Let us promise. Here’s my hand.’

“‘No,’ said Catherine. ‘Merrion, you are the same to me you ever were; but let there be no promises between us, for they cannot keep hearts from forgetting; and I will not forget you. But come here no more; my father would be angry, and so would yours. Such meetings bring no good, and we can be true without them. You will see many a fairer face, and when you see them, remember you are free. But keep the long curl I gave you, for I have the locket yet; and farewell. Go, go, for there comes my father.’

“Catherine wrung my hand as she spoke; but she had gone into the cottage and closed the door almost before I was aware, and when the old man came in sight I was most diligently fishing at my old station on the river’s side.

“Many a cold morning, and many a winter day, I was there while the holydays lasted, but I saw no more of Catherine, and at last discovered that she had gone on a sort of visit to the house of a rather wealthy relative situated in the neighborhood. I knew the girl too well and respected her too much to attempt intruding upon her there. But on the very day on which we parted, while listening with all the patience I could muster to a long lecture from my mother on the impropriety of being out when Mrs. Livingston and her daughter called, as she said, on purpose to see me (for the good lady’s confidence in the pow-

er of my attractions was not yet shaken), there arrived a letter from one of our relatives who had been long connected with the Irish government, and was regarded as a person of considerable influence and distinction. I know not whether it was the pride of place and power, or the chilling pressure of official business, that estranged the man from his kindred, but that letter was the first token of remembrance we had received from him for many years. Perhaps the troubled prospect of the times brought the feeling of age and its loneliness upon him, for he had never married, and having no son to provide for, he at length remembered me as being his namesake, and wrote in the tone of a great relation promising all sorts of patronage and an official situation as soon as I was qualified to fill it.

“Here was a prospect of working my own way to independence and honor—of being enabled one day to marry Catherine, and realize the dream of my heart by raising her to a station which I still believe she would have adorned. No sacrifice seemed too great for that, and though I loved my official relative little, and still less the path he had marked out for me, yet I caught at the proposal as a climber grasps at the first rough branch that may help his uncertain footing. From that hour I was indefatigable in the studies requisite for my appointed path, which, crooked and dusty as it was, appeared the only sure one to interest and preferment. Rest, pleasure, and friendship, alike were disregarded; the old love of fatherland and liberty was forgotten; but Catherine’s eye was still the star that lighted me on.

“The Irish rebellion, long anticipated, and it was said secretly fomented by the then government, burst forth only to be overthrown and crushed. The first panic was over, and the work of proscription and vengeance going on, and I who had yet neither part nor lot in the tumult of the times, was returning late one sultry evening from the house of a college friend, through a part of the fast-decaying and half-deserted liberty of Dublin. I was alone, and my thoughts went back to Catherine; but, searching for the jetty tress in my breast, where it was worn for many a year while that bosom kept its youth, I found it was gone, having probably fallen at a spot where I recollected partially opening my coat and vest, when oppressed by the close and stifling heat of the atmosphere. Late as it was, I hurried back, for that tress was

to me like the bond of hope and memory ; but, on approaching the place, judge of my surprise when I perceived by the light of the moon that now shone over the roofs of the dark high houses, a stranger in the dress of a seaman, with the long shining lock in his hand. I saw the moonlight glistening on the hair, but the stranger's face I could not see, for it was bent down and earnestly gazing on his prize. My hand was on it before he perceived me ; but at my request to have it restored, he looked up, and I knew Maurice O'Laughlin.

"There was a wild expression of grief and fierceness in his eye as he recognized me.

"And what business have you with that hair ?" he said, sternly ; 'and where did you get it ? Listen : I have long thought you had designs on that girl, and I know the doings of your kind ; but now I warn you if evil to her or hers comes of it.'

"Take that for your warning," cried I, striking him, for the little discretion I had seemed to forsake me at the moment ; his words had recalled in full force all I heard him say at the cottage, and those dark suggestions had lain like an iron weight on my memory, for there was a shadow of truth in them, and I knew they had influenced Catherine, and my feelings towards him were those of a slandered rival.

"The blow was scarcely given when he sprung upon me with the force and fury of a tiger ; and it might be that he had cause for hatred too. Though far his inferior in strength, I grappled with him, for anger and desperation had given me power ; but our conflict was short, for the night patrol pounced upon us, and both were taken into custody.

"Maurice made desperate efforts to escape, and no wonder ; for, as I afterwards discovered, his name had been long on the list of the proscribed as one of the most active agents of the late rebellion ; for, though a peasant, his zeal and knowledge were far above his class. Now, however, he was arrested, and, as might be expected, my name was conspicuous on his trial and conviction, which almost immediately followed. Willingly, indeed, would I have given up all connexion with the affair, but circumstances drew me into it, and as the transaction facilitated in some degree my appointment to the promised post, I was henceforth numbered among the many who had 'found a way out of the rebellion's wreck to rise in.' The last thing I heard

of Maurice O'Laughlin was that he was under sentence of death in Kilmainham jail ; but the night before his intended execution he contrived to escape, by wrenching the bars off his window and scaling the prison wall. Some time after I received through the post-office in a blank cover the long lock that had led to his arrest, which I had tried in vain to recover, for the dread of involving Catherine's name had prevented me from taking aught but secret measures, and I know not why it was sent at last. What became of Maurice was never known, but my friend Major Phillips has told me of a Colonel Count O'Laughlin, one of the bravest officers of the Irish legion in the service of France, who fell at the head of his regiment at Vittoria ; and, Elmsdale, from his description, I believe him to have been the same with the boatman of the Shannon.

"Meantime, the march of changing years went on, old friends died and young ones were married ; some of my family went and did likewise, and the Hon. Miss Livingston became the Countess of Lexington and mother of Lady Adela Percival. They said, indeed, that the lady's brilliant marriage was much to her mother's liking and little to her own ; but she gained a coronet, and has been lady patroness of the British Helicon ever since. Manhood came upon me in the midst of strife and toil, the bustle of public business, and the thirst of sleepless ambition. Some of my hopes were crowned, and some were dead that had once been brightest, and I felt the greenness departing from my soul. The alter had grown dim, but the faith was still unchanged, for still one light of my better days shone on through many shadows—the love and the memory of that peasant girl.

"I had written innumerable letters, but never received an answer ; I had often tried to see her in secret, but all in vain, for she kept her first resolution, and we met no more ; but I learned from time to time that he was well, still unmarried, and residing with her father in the same quiet cottage. Seven years bring many changes ; I had toiled up the slippery steps that led to power and fortune, I had served the powers that were with useful, if not disinterested zeal, and having secured a considerable estate, to prove I was not forgetting myself, I was created a baronet, and returned as a ministerial member for an English borough. Under these circumstances, it was natural I should wish to visit my native place.

"I did so with a brilliant retinue, an unworn title, and a splendid equipage, yet less from the pride of proving that I had made my own fortune, than from the desire of showing Catherine how much I could offer her with my hand.

"The first congratulations of my family and friends (the latter had multiplied marvellously of late) were scarcely over, and their first inquiries answered, when I took my way, alone and unattended, though not with all the caution of former days, for now I went with the consciousness of one who had the will and the power to make a noble offering to that early shrine.

"It was a day of that same sweet summer time in which I first beheld them. The river, the valley, and the cottage, were the same; I saw O'Neill far off at work in the fields, and there was Catherine herself spinning in the old accustomed place at the open door. But the traces of age seemed deepened on the old man's frame, and the girl had grown to a dark and stately woman, yet the same queenly beauty was still upon her brow, and the same dark glory on the jetty hair.

"I was by her side in an instant, and she knew me at the first glance, but betrayed neither surprise nor joy, and merely answered my warm salutation with 'Good morning, Sir Charles Merrion.'

"The sound of that new title from her lips fell upon my heart like early frost, and I spoke in the pride and pique of the moment, 'Catherine, I am Charles who spoke to you of marriage when a boy without portion or prudence. The slanders of an envious peasant made you suspect me then, and now, with wealth and honor, I return, to prove the truth of my first promise. Catherine, will you be Lady Merrion?'

"Catherine looked me in the face, and her eye was clear and cold, but I thought the desolation of years was in its depth as she said,—

"'No, no, Sir Charles, I was not born to a title, and I don't covet it. I am thankful and sorry, too, that you should have thought so long of the poor girl you liked when you were young and simple, but your wife should be your equal in birth and breeding, which I am not, as your friends know well, and you would soon discover, and I'll be the cause of no man's late repentance. Between your people and mine there is a great gulf of separation; it cannot be passed in this world, and they say it is as wide in the world to come. Yet it's

not all for that, but the boy you spoke of. God forgive the hand you had in his troubles. He said what he believed, and it was spoken for good, for he was brave and true, and never left the cause of his country when things went wrong with it for peace and profit like the sons of the gentry.'

"I could have borne all the rest, but Catherine's last words were like a two-edged dagger. Was this the recompense of my unchanging constancy, the return for all the sacrifices I had made, and all I came to offer? I could not well speak, for I felt like one who had raised a strong and stately edifice and saw it falling in ruins at his feet. But I remember some harsh and scornful words about wedding one who would not deign to be her mistress, and Catherine and I parted for ever.

"Elmsdale, I stood on that spot again. I had tried distance, and politics, and pleasure, and another year had passed, but nothing would grow over the trace of that first love, and, in spite of anger, in spite of disappointments, ay, and in spite of pride, I sought the cottage once more; but her father dwelt there alone, for Catherine's grave was green beside her mother's in the village churchyard.

"The people of that parish have wondered to see a marble monument over the cottar's daughter; and the old man's solitary days went down in peace and plenty, but they were not long; and I have kept that lock bound up among my mother's letters and tokens of early friendship, things which to other minds might seem to have but small affinity, but to me they unite in pointing out the bright spots of the past, while the rest of my journey lies far in the shadow of darker years."

"And shall I tell this," said the listener, half musingly, "to Lady Adela Percival, who seeks for nothing but first love in a husband?"

"Ask of your own discretion, Elmsdale, and let your experience say how many of this world's wedded can tell what steps have passed over the heart before them. But the girl who loved me in my youth and left me in my splendor is of the dead, and can have no rival, for time has no power to destroy that untried illusion, as he does with all living love."

The following day was rich with bridal robes and gay with a bridal *cortège*, but the wedding passed like other weddings

among the great and gay, and "the happy pair" lived like most of those who have vowed at the altar, for Lady Adela was satisfied she had at length inspired a first affection, and her friends unanimously declared that on both sides it was certainly a love-match.

From the Athenæum.

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN, OR PEAK OF TEMPESTS,

IN THE VALLEY OF GRINDELWALD, CANTON OF
BERNE.

[The Berne and Zurich journals lately announced, as we mentioned at the time, that the central Peak of the Wetterhorn, one of the highest of the Oberland Alps, had been ascended by a young Englishman, the son of Dr. Speer, a feat heretofore unaccomplished, and not unattended with difficulties and danger. We have now the pleasure to publish an interesting personal narrative of that bold and hazardous adventure.]

THE valley of Grindelwald, situated in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, may justly be considered the formidable rival to that celebrated spot, above which tower the mighty masses of the monarch of all European mountains. It is true the valley of Grindelwald cannot boast the presence of a Mount Blanc; it is, nevertheless, the chosen spot around which the giants of the Swiss Alps have, as if by one consent, grouped themselves.

This valley is bounded, on its southern aspect, by three mountains, the loftiest (if we except the Finsteraarhorn) of the whole range; to the right, the *Klein Eiger*, or Great Giant, in the centre the Mettenberg, surmounted by the Shreckhorn (Peak of Terror), and on the left the three summits of the Wetterhorn, (Peak of Tempests); the first of these (the Eiger) attains the height of 12,000 feet; the second, 13,291 feet; the last, 12,194 feet above the sea level. Seen from the village of Grindelwald, they present the appearance of stupendous walls of rock, rising almost vertically for thousands of feet: these vast black masses are surmounted by fields of snow and ice; which, in their turn, are crowned by the peaks themselves: whilst in the wide intervals which exist between the three mountains, the two seas of ice, known as the superior and inferior glacier of Grindelwald, stream downwards into the

valley to the very verge of the pastures. Until of late years, the prevailing opinion existing in the vicinity was, that these summits were inaccessible; experience had however (in the case of one of them) proved the contrary; the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, having been surmounted by three Swiss naturalists, with their guides, after imminent danger and difficulty, leaving on the summit an undeniable proof of their achievement in the shape of a flag-staff, which I afterwards discovered through a telescope: nevertheless, by the guides and chamois hunters of the Grindelwald, the exploit is not yet credited.

The untrodden summit of the central or great peak of the Wetterhorn had therefore been to me an object of ambition for months; it was not, however, until my arrival at Interlaken that I proceeded to obtain information as to the feasibility of my project. Among the resident guides, there were but two really good mountaineers; by one of these I was informed that all attempts to scale the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald had proved fruitless, and that the only plan was to proceed to the Grimsel (situated at a height of 6,570, feet), on the southern slope of the great chain, and that here we should meet the most intrepid and adventurous mountaineers of the Bernese Oberland—the men by whom the invincible Jungfrau had been successfully conquered some years previous. Acting, therefore, on the advice of this guide, whom I immediately engaged, we started from Interlaken, on Thursday, the 4th of July, at six o'clock in the evening, arriving at Grindelwald at ten P. M. I now had full opportunity of satisfying myself as regards the previous statement of the guide, which I found to be perfectly correct. We therefore left Grindelwald the following morning, proceeding across the Great Shiedeck, passing at the foot of the glaciers of Schwartzwald and Rosenlaui, &c., and arriving at Meyringen at eight in the evening. We again left at an early hour, continuing our course up the valley of the Aar, passing the villages of Im Grand and Guttanen, and the celebrated fall of the Aar at Handeck. Since our departure from Meyringen, the ascent had been continual, as was now testified by the frequent occurrence of large patches of snow, and by the presence of a few immense avalanches, which impeded our course in no trifling degree. Vegetation was visibly decreasing as we approached the Grimsel, the Al-

pine rose alone flourishing in these wild regions, whilst the fallen masses of rock, a few blasted pines, and the roaring of innumerable torrents, bore melancholy testimony to the unbridled fury of the wintry elements—the whirlwind, the snow-storm, and the falling avalanche. On our arrival at the Grimsel, a consultation was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer), myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regards the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily: two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphalph, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favorable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c., not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidelhorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Broniberg. This valley (situated about 7,000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height; this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorner, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above the sea level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure unsullied surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other; the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to

trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived opposite the little hut, constructed for M. Agassiz [see *Athenæum*, No. 717], in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effect of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible. We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold; in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight, several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was, the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our *guide chef*, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn, and its attendant peaks. Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded and the

yawning ones avoided as far as possible; these at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9,000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow, whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand; we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half way to the knee, and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents: among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution; the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the reboubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which from its threatening aspect caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed: it was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock, succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf below; he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the friendly aid and jumped; the snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole; from this perilous position I was instantly rescued, and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col. The ascent now commen-

ced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet; the steepness of the Col being such that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the Valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorner, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2,150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more nervous; the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the ap-

pearance of the deepest azure), our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak, known as the Mittalhorn, which now towered above our heads; apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I, therefore, held my peace, thinking myself in right good company, and the south-western aspect of the Peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above; its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step; in this truly delectable situation, our eyes were, every moment, greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below; impressing constantly on our mind, the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit; the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the Peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the *guide chef*, considerably thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abil-

ities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period, our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate, with attention, the astonishing panorama, which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn and the range of mountains skirting the Lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brunig, together with the Lakes of Lungerne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east, the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side, the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror, whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks, the brilliant Vischerhoerner next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below the outline of the village of Grindelwald, may be faintly discerned the river Lutchinen, winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower, viz.: to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gauli, of Reufen, and of Rosenlauri, out of

which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Losenhorn, and Engelhorner.

Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlaui through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold, although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below, caused us some misgivings, we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlaui. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlaui and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorner. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish: the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet, and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlaui. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes, the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse, apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood; this at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath; we were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge

of the blue gulph below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound—this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepare to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps; a sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention—the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow; reaching the glacier of Rosenlaui at five o'clock P. M. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the famed glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulphs of ice which, at every step, appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail; whilst the pinnacles of ice rising over head, often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous; the extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight P. M. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks, over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlaui were still far below at our feet; whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible, and at nine P. M. we all ar-

rived safely at the baths of Rosenlaur, where, for several hours, considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered, by means of a powerful telescope. Four small black dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

On the following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions, during the previous eventful day, I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows (though so hardy) were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions, viz., the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes; and accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very in a doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlacken the 10th of July.

We here learnt, for the first time, that two days previous to our ascent some Swiss gentlemen, indignant at the idea of allowing “un Anglais” to be the first to scale their virgin peak, had, in company with three chamois hunters, made another attempt from Grindelwald. To our gratification it proved a failure; the parties, having mistaken their locality, ascended a peak, the summit of which had been first reached in 1844 by the same men who had so ably assisted me in the ascent just described.

PARIS, August 20th, 1845.

EARTHQUAKES AND METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA IN INDIA.—Our readers are, perhaps, not aware that a very curious meteorological phenomenon took place on Saturday evening last, the 2d instant, in the south part of Calcutta. It was a very smart fall of rain, with a bright starlight sky without clouds! between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The fall did not extend, unfortunately, as far up the Chowringhee-road as the Sudder-Board office; and thus the rain-gauge of

the Surveyor-General's office, which is fixed there, did not indicate the quantity which fell. At the Mauritius, this phenomenon is said not to be uncommon, of rain without cloud; but it rarely falls heavily. It is analogous, no doubt, to the icy spiculæ which fall in high northern latitudes, and on the passes and plateaux of mountain-chains before storms of snow. We learn from our informant, that some natives, one a man who had been many years at Lucknow, and another who has lived at almost every station between Calcutta and Delhi, stated, that this is not uncommon, and that it happens every year once or twice!—We should be obliged by any of our readers informing us of any well-ascertained instances of rain without clouds, either formerly or that may happen in future. Much attention is (at last) being paid to meteorological phenomena at home, and the peculiar ones which form the “outstanding” and “residual” instances, are calculated to throw light on such researches.

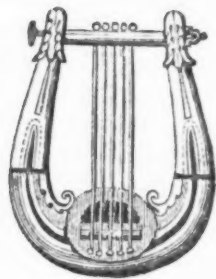
Another shock of an earthquake was very distinctly felt on the morning of yesterday, the 7th instant, at ten minutes to 2 a. m.; and from Burrisal, we learn, that “two distinct and rather severe shocks of an earthquake were felt at this station at 3h 35m. of the 23d of July—a third and last shock was very slight indeed. A clock, the pendulum of which was swinging east and west, stopped at that hour; but another clock, in a contrary position, and near it, was not at all affected.”

We hear that three shocks of earthquake, two of them severe, have been experienced in various parts of Assam: one at Gowahatte, at 4 a. m. of the 22d of July, which startled the good folks from their downy couches, and was accompanied with considerable noise and undulations of the earth. Another occurred at the same station, in the middle of the night of the 25th of last month, stated also to have been a severe one. We have learnt no detailed particulars of these subterraneous commotions, but trust that if any memoranda have been taken of their duration, exact direction, with the atmospheric phenomena observed at the time, they will be made known. It is only by a careful and accumulated record of facts, that the laws and phenomena regulating such occurrences can be correctly ascertained, or any useful practical conclusions be deduced from them.

During the continuance of the shocks of earthquakes, felt in and near Calcutta and its suburban districts, an account was received of a meteor having been seen, particularly bright and luminous. It is described as being of a form resembling a star; its centre of a brilliant brightness, and its edges of a fine light blue, passing rapidly in a direct line from north to south. It had a tail of considerable length, and in its passage was accompanied with a similar noise to that made by a rocket; it did not appear to be more than one quarter of a mile above the houses; and from the time of the observance to that of its disappearance lasted somewhat more than five seconds.

At Agra the rains have been very heavy this season. The Jumna has risen unprecedentedly high, so that parts of the strand were under water, and a portion of it under the fort is impassable. Several old houses had fallen in, by which some lives had been lost.

Several severe shocks of earthquake continue to be felt in various parts of the country.—*From the Calcutta Englishman.*



THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Not where spread thine own blue skies,
Where thy native wild flowers grew,
Not where treasured memories
At each step around thee drew
Haunting records of the past,
Hast thou won true rest at last.

Winds that wither as the breath
Of the peace-opposing world,
O'er thy lonely couch of death
Have their baleful wings unfurl'd;
And the solemn stranger sea
Sweepeth round it mournfully.

There thou sleepest with the dream
Might not from thy soul depart;
With thy fancy's gorgeous stream,
With thy trusting woman's heart;
With the wild but garnish'd strife
That made up thy sum of life.

Think they of thee—they that here
Bask'd in all thy spirit's light?
Hold they one remembrance dear
Link'd with thee, thou meteor bright?
Poor return if so it be,
These alone should think of thee!

Think of thee but with the charm
That thy playful fancy threw
Over all things rich and warm,
Pure as nature, and as true!
Yet, oh! yet, in sadder mood
Who hath shared thy solitude?

Who has seen thy heart's hot tears,
Freely pour'd as summer rain,
On those rank weeds, doubts and fears,
Growths that none sought to restrain?
Who 'mid those that lov'd thee best
Labor'd for thy spirit's rest?

All thy lavish treasures paid
Of deep feeling coldly met,
Little understood, betrayed,
By life's hope to its regret,
In a world whose heart is stone,
Thou wert left—alone! alone!

Fame! cold cheat of woman still,
Dearly sought for, hardly won,
Latent cause of many an ill,
Little worth when all is done;
Sad for her thy dower must be,
Won, yet winning only thee!

For, amid thy fever dreams,
Holier, deeper thoughts will come,
Thirsting for the quiet streams
Of some heart-encircled home;
Yearnings of the shrine of love,
All thy proudest heights above.

Ne'er to thee, lone child of song,
Was decreed that happier rest,
And the homage of the throng
Left its deep void in thy breast;
And stern knowledge of a lot
Seeking peace where peace was not.

But though no love-hallowed hearth
Lost its light when thou wert gone,
Thy heart's true and gentle worth
Shall be felt round many a one;
And thousand clinging thoughts of thee
Shall wander to that stranger sea!

TRIFLES.

How is it o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—nay, e'en a look unkind
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear *a word*!

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part,
And struggle 'gainst defeat
With faith unaltered—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for ought
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought!

And woman can forgive a wrong
Which casts her on the world
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores!

Alas, the human mould's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!

Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE COMING TIME.

"There shall be sung another Golden Age."
BERKELEY.

It is born!—I mark its advent,
As the rainbow's through the raincloud.
Rapine, Battle, Blood, in vain cloud
That bright vision—still it shines!
Yet my emotions find no glad vent
As I gaze. The wretch who pines
In a dungeon's darkness
Loathes, not loves, to think how teems
God's fair earth with life and beauty.
Death in all its ghastly starkness
Haunts alone *his* dismal dream.
And thus I, too, feel and fare,
Seeing afar the golden booty
Which I dare not hope to share.

Yes!—despite the baleful myriad
Agencies that mar its progress,
(Time destroys them, as the Ogress
Slays the brood herself brings forth)
IT WILL COME, THE ILLUMING PERIOD,
Kindling souls from south to north!
And thou, land I adore most!
O, mine own Germania, thou,
Eagle-eyed and lion-hearted,
Thou, be sure, shalt flourish foremost
Of the nations then, as now!
But, that ere the grand event
This race will have long departed
All must feel, and most lament!

All must feel it, most lament it,
Others lightlier, I more inly;
I more inly, as more thinly
Day by day the fugitive hairs
Shade my brow. My life hath spent it—
Self to nought in blank despairs.
Pains, and swindling pleasures;
And now, glancing from To-Day's
Watch-towers o'er the looming Morrow,
And surveying the wondrous treasures
Mankind's Future Time displays,
I feel manacled as a slave;
And my longing and my sorrow
Bow me doubly towards the grave!

Yet, this eve, as 'neath the glorious
Heaven of Italy I wander,
I can bear to look with fonder
Eyes on Life; above the wreck

35*

Of mine years Hope soars victorious,
And in cheerier mood I check
Mine ungenerous wailing.
Hark! the holy vesper bell,
Pealing far o'er plain and grotto,
Calls my thoughts from this travailing
Scene to where the angels dwell!
Cling no more, my soul, to dust,
But be this thy immortal motto,
"JESUS REIGNS—IN HIM I TRUST."

WERNER.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! oh, what a mingled train
Of crowding thoughts rush through the brain,
When parting friends have said and heard
That simple, sadly-uttered word!
Feeling, that when its thrilling tone
Their lips have tremulously spoken,
The spell by girlhood o'er them thrown
Will be, alas, for ever broken:
For many a summer's fervid ray
Must darken those clear brows ere they—
The playmates *once* in careless glee,
The parted *now* by land or sea—
Can hope again, with pleasant greeting,
To hail another happy meeting.

Oh, who can tell what joys, what tears,
Will mark those yet unwritten years!
The untried future will it be,
When proved by stern reality,
Indeed so bathed in sunny gleams
As pictured in youth's radiant dreams?
Or rather will not fancy weave,
'Mid cares that harass, thoughts that grieve,
Bright memories of the early days,
When yet unchilled by worldly guile,
They spake in kind affection's phrase,
And smile was met by answering smile?
Ah, yes! amid the fluttering throng,
And pleasure's gayest bowers among,
The parted heart is lonely still,
And feels a melancholy thrill,
Sighing to bring, with yearnings vain,
Childhood's companions back again.

How shall they meet?—not as they parted,
With youth's elastic step and air,
For ever hopeful and light-hearted;
Changed will be then the golden hair,
The raven tresses. On each brow
Time's fingers will be graven deep;
Afflictions may have laid them low,
Or sorrow will have bid them weep.
But pause!—it may be, that on earth,
Within the land that gave them birth,
They meet no more. Pause and repeat
With solemn thought—how shall they meet?
How meet their spirits? Once they knelt
Around one altar here below;
Still be the hallowing influence felt
Uniting them, that, whether so
In earth or heaven their portion be
"The *bright* wave of eternity."



SCIENCE AND ART.

EARTHQUAKE AND ERUPTION OF MOUNT HECLA.—*Copenhagen, Oct. 4*: "The English journals have already stated [see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1496] that the largest of the Orkney Isles was, during a violent storm from the north-west, on the night of the 2d ult., covered with fine ashes, resembling ground pumice-stone; and that it was thought they had been driven by the wind from Mount Hecla, in Iceland, as similar appearances had been observed from a great eruption some years ago. We now learn, that, on the same or following night, the crew of a vessel, bound to this port from Reikjavik, observed, whilst about eighteen English miles from land, volcanic flames on the southern coast of Iceland. On September 3d, two vessels near the Fawe Isles, were also covered with ashes. According to letters which have been received here, an earthquake occurred on the previous day in the west, north, and east portions of Iceland. More recent intelligence has arrived from the southern part, and it appears that the eruption was more violent than any that had taken place there during the last sixty years. The latest accounts are of September 15. They confirm the intelligence of a volcanic eruption in the southern part of the island on September 2d, the first since the memorable one which occurred nineteen years ago. The extent of the fall of sand and ashes, is not yet known, but it is ascertained that the populous districts adjacent to the volcano have not been seriously injured, except that the grassplots near the mountain were destroyed." *Hamburgh Borsenhalle*. Since copying the above, the *Kjøbenhavnspost*, a Danish journal has been received, and gives the following account of the eruption; "Hecla, after reposing eighty years, threatens, according to private letters, to ravage Iceland.—In the night of the 1st September, a frightful subterranean groaning filled the inhabitants around it with terror. This continued till mid-day on the 2d, when the mountain burst in two places with a horrible crash, and vomited masses of fire. In former times these explosions came from the summit, where Hecla has no regularly formed

crater; but this time torrents of lava flowed down two gorges on the flanks of the mountain. Letters from Reikjavik of the 13th state that up to that day no great damage had been done in the Syssels of Rangervalla and Arnds, situated close to the mountain, inasmuch as the openings whence the ignited masses issue are fortunately on the north and north-west sides, and consequently took that direction, in which there is nothing but barren heaths. Besides, the wind having constantly blown from the south and south-west, has driven the ashes and dust towards the opposite points.—From the clouds of smoke and vapor, the top of the volcano could not be seen. The sheep on the heaths were driven down to the plains, but not till several of them were burnt. The waters of the neighboring rivers near the eruption became so hot that the fish were killed, and it was impossible for any one to ford them even on horseback. Although the lava and ashes took a northern direction, the eruption was not known on that side of the island till after the 11th, and even as late as the 15th, the people at the Syssels of Mule, in the north-east, were ignorant of it. In the western parts, the noise accompanying the eruption was distinctly heard, like the rolling of distant thunder. Nothing was heard at Reikjavik."—*Literary Gazette*.

ON MULTIPLYING PLANTS.—M. E. Delacroix writes, that his experiments last summer, on multiplying plants, were very successful. In the month of June, branches of rose-trees, in full vegetation and covered with leaves, were placed in vials full of water. Outside the neck of the bottle the branch was tightly tied. The vials were then put into the ground, so that the ligature was buried about ten centimetres. A bulging out (*un bourrelet*) was formed above the tie; roots proceeded from it, and in two months the cuttings increased from twenty-five to thirty centimetres. M. E. Delacroix says, that ligatures made on young wood did not answer; whilst those made on wood a year old were perfectly successful. The experi

ments were conducted in common earth, and in the open air and sun.—*Lit. Gaz.*

SIDON SARCOPHAGUS.—A correspondent informs us that the 'Sidon Sarcophagus,' a magnificent specimen of antique art, has been unpacked, and may be seen in the vaults of the British Museum. "The front and back," he observes, "are in a nearly perfect state, and represent a combat of Amazons, in *alto-relievo*, having almost the effect of detached statuary; and, in contradiction to Herodotus, the left, not the right, breasts of the Amazons are compressed. The anatomical details and contours are open to criticism; but the composition is harmonious, and the figures are full of fire and life-like expression. From the depth of the relief, there is a *sotto piano* of grooms, with the Nubian expression of countenance, holding horses; which gives a completeness often desiderated in works of a like character. The lid is wanting,—having been, on the excavation of the sarcophagus converted into mortar by the modern Sidonians."—*Athenæum*.

ARTISTIC ASSOCIATION IN ATHENS.—The objects proposed by a new Artistic Association recently formed in the city of Athens, under the title of "National Association of the Fine Arts," and having the Royal sanction, are stated to be as follows:—First, the encouragement throughout Greece, of the study and practice of the fine arts in general—sculpture, painting, architecture, and music in particular; secondly, the forming of collections of the works of Art: thirdly, the foundation of a school for the gratuitous teaching of those who, giving proof of a special vocation for the arts, are yet without the pecuniary means to pursue them. The society already numbers upwards of two hundred and twenty members, including the leading men of Athens; the Queen of Greece has accepted its presidency, and Messrs. Koletti and Andreas Metaxas have been named vice presidents.—Speaking of instruction in Art, we may mention that the distribution of the prizes at the Athenæum of Bruges has been marked by one of those rare and touching instances of the conquest of a native genius over material disabilities, of which the French painter Ducornet is another example. The first prize in landscape-painting was awarded to a young artist, Charles Felu, of Waarmaerde, who had to receive it by the hands of his brother—being, himself, without arms!—*Athenæum*.

DISINFECTING LIQUID.—M. M. Ledoyen and Raphanel have patented a disinfecting liquid, composed of 125 grammes of nitrate of lead to 1000 grammes of water. It is said to be very efficacious; the nitrate is readily decomposed, and sulphuret, chloride and sulphate of lead formed; the nitric acid going off as ammonia, or combining with the soda present.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE PATENT READING EASEL.—In one of our Variety paragraphs last week, we described the production of a very handsome carriage, upon which all the town, we presume, has had an opportunity of exercising its judgment in the streets; and we now direct attention to an object which can only be seen and appreciated in the penetration of the domestic interior—the study, or boudoir. We have tried this easel-apparatus; and

only fear that it may induce in us such habits of idleness and indulgence that the *Gazette* will be the worse for it. We have fastened it to our already easy-chair, and found our ease made far more easy. Attached to a couch, or sofa, the temptation was still more seductive; and we almost wished to be an *invalid*, to have a *valid* excuse for resorting to it. Ashamed of this, we tried a cane-bottom; and must add, that even therein, we felt so comfortable, that we are almost afraid to recommend to all readers to provide themselves with this agreeable and ingenious invention.—*Lit. Gaz.*

TOMBS OF GLUCK AND MOZART.—It is a remarkable fact, that the tombs of the two greatest German composers of the last century, Gluck and Mozart, should have had the same strange fate of oblivion; so complete, in the case of each, that, up to the present time, no man has been able to "show where they have laid him." The grave of the latter, in spite of anxious inquiry, is yet to seek; and the reader will remember the summons sent a year or two ago, by the Austrian government, to his aged widow, to come up to the capital, in her extreme decline, that she might help, by the flickering light of her almost burnt-out memory, in seeking for the place where, fifty years before, she had left the husband of her youth. Up this long vista of half a century of widowhood, her thoughts travelled in vain. The fame of the illustrious dead has accompanied her all that time, brightening the weary way; but the tomb itself lies in the shadow of that far past,—and will never be known, save by some such accident as has just revealed the resting-place of Gluck. In repairing one of the walls of the village of Mutzleindorf, near Vienna, the workmen found, inclined against the base of the wall, below the level of the soil, a small tablet of grey marble, engraved with the following inscription, in the German tongue and Roman characters:—"Here reposes a brave German, zealous Christian, and faithful spouse,—Christopher Chevalier de Gluck, a great master in the sublime art of music. He died on the 15th of November, 1787."—*Athenæum*.

ANTIQUITIES OF GREECE.—The following monuments, the fruit of the travels of M. Le Bas, in Greece, are about to be placed, by order of the Minister of Public Instruction, in France, in a hall of the Louvre assigned to them by the King, beside the Museum of Antiquities and the collection brought from Nineveh:—a Votive bas-relief, representing Theseus, naked, invoked as the protector-hero of Attica;—a funeral shaft, or broken column, of a good period, presenting a young girl in the act of bidding adieu to her father and mother;—the fragment of a frieze, supposed to have belonged to one of the small temples of the Acropolis destroyed by time or by war—and representing a scene in the Combat of the Amazons;—a Votive bas-relief, from Cortynia in Crete, which exhibits Jupiter, seated,—on his right, Hebe and Mercury,—or rather, perhaps, Europa and Cadmus, who were particularly worshipped in Cortynia. In the right corner, is a draped figure, less in size than the three divinities, and in the attitude of a suppliant;—the fragment of a small statue, wanting the head and part of the arms and legs, but which it is easy to recognize as Hercules seated on a rock, by the lion-skin spread on the rock

and the club still remaining;—a bas-relief, in which figure the nine Muses, with their attributes between Mercury and Apollo,—and appearing, from the inscription on the plinth, to be a monument consecrated to the latter god. It is of coarse workmanship, and a late period,—scarcely deserving, it is said, the name of Art; and interesting only as a page in the history of its decline among the Greeks, and a proof of the servival of the Hellenic usages down to the latest times of paganism;—a leaden weight—a mina—from the island of Chios, representing a Sphynx seated on a vase;—together with a dozen marbles, having inscriptions,—all from the town of Mylasa, in Caria,—and, all, it is said, of historic importance.—*Athenæum*.

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE OF THE PLANET MARS.—We have lately had our attention invited to the singular appearance now worn by the planet Mars. Hitherto this planet has been distinguished by a fiery redness of color, which, to use the language of Sir John Herschel, “indicates, no doubt, an ochrey tinge in the general soil, like what the red-sandstone districts of the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars.” Such is, however, no longer the case, that planet having lost all appearance of redness, and put on a brilliant white aspect, vying in apparent magnitude and brightness with the planet Jupiter itself. The only changes which have heretofore been noticed in Mars are those our knowledge of which was derived from observation with the large reflecting telescopes of Herschel. These telescopes exhibit the appearance of brilliant white spots at the poles, which spots, from the circumstance of their always becoming visible in winter and disappearing as the poles advanced towards their summer position, have reasonably enough been attributed to the presence of snow. The novel appearance now described to us, however, by the Honorable Company’s astronomer, Mr. Taylor, is such as that the whole of the planet, with the exception of a moderately broad equatorial belt, assumes a decidedly white aspect, strongly contrasting with what he has ever before noticed. We look forward with great anxiety and interest to those observations on the above planet which may be expected to have been made through the medium of the numerous and powerful telescopes now at work in Europe.—*Madras Spectator*, Aug. 26.

A DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND HER HUSBAND DISINTERRED BY A RAILWAY !!—MR. M. A. LOWER, one of the most efficient members of the British Archæological Association, and well known within its circle by his contributions, as well as to the antiquarian world at large by his popular publications on Heraldry and the Origin of Surnames, has communicated to the central committee a very interesting discovery made on Tuesday last, the 28th ult., and of which we have been favored with an account for early insertion.

In the course of the railway excavations through the site of the priory of St. Pancras, at Lewes, the bones of Gundred, fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, and those of her husband, the first Earl of Warenne, the founders of this renowned monastery, have been brought to light! Two

leaden chests, have been exhumed, and are in the custody of the rector of Southover.—*Lit. Gaz.*

COVERDALE’S BIBLE, folio, 1535, “is,” says our informant, “supposed to have been printed at Zurich. No perfect copy is known; the one at Holkham makes the nearest approach to what the book was when first issued from the press, possessing, as it does, the original title page in a perfect state, and a fragment of the original prologue, neither of which are known to exist in any other copy. What is deficient in the Holkham copy is also wanting in every other, viz. the remainder of the prologue in the same type as the body of the book. Before the discovery of the Holkham copy, it was generally supposed that the prologue was first added to the book on its arrival in England, in consequence of the different type with which it is printed; the fragment already spoken of proves that such was not the case. From the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse the Holkham copy is quite perfect, and in a beautiful state of preservation.” The foregoing is the answer from Holkham to our inquiry respecting this literary treasure. We are informed from another quarter—“The book was in the library along with other valuable works, and in 1827 examined and collated by Mr. Pettigrew when on a visit to Holkham. It is, indeed, mentioned by that gentleman in the second volume of his *Bibliotheca Sussexiana*, and is there described as having the title-page, which is of very great rarity, but as defective both of dedication and preface.”—*Lit. Gaz.*

COLUMN OF THE GRAND ARMY, AT BOULOGNE.—After forty-one years of labors and their suspension, the column of the Grand Army, at Boulogne, is at length completed, on the original plan designed by its first architect, M. Labarre, and voted on the 28th Thermidor, in the year 12 of the Republic, or 1804 of our era. This pillar, which in its unfinished state is well known to a large body of our readers, is of the Doric order—a hundred and fifty feet in height, and crowned by a colossal statue adding fourteen more. It stands on the heights that border the sea, looking over to England. Its foundations are of the rocks, and itself of the marbles, of the neighborhood—those of the pedestal being dark, and those of the column a sort of ash-colored grey, variegated with shadows—known now in the country by the name of “marble of the column.” The entrance to the monument is guarded by two lions, on platforms; and the whole surrounded by a double enclosure—one of marble and the other of stone—the latter encircled by alleys of trees. Two bas-reliefs occupy the principal front of the monument and its opposite. The first represents the presentation by the army to Napoleon of the plan of the column which they proposed to erect to his honor:—in the second the emperor distributes, in the field of Terlinethun, the decorations of the Legion of Honor. The two other faces have inscriptions—one in Latin, the other in French;—of which the following is an English translation:—“On this coast, on the 16th of August, 1804, Napoleon, in the presence of the Grand Army, distributed decorations of the Legion of Honor to the soldiers and citizens who had deserved well of the country. The fourth corps, commanded

by Marshal Soult, and the Flotilla, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Bruix, determined to perpetuate the memory of that day by a monument. Louis Philippe I., King of the French, undertakes the completion of this column, consecrated by the Grand Army to Napoleon—1841." The completion of the works and extensive embellishments was entrusted to Mr. Henry Faudier, of Boulogne. Notorious as is the monument, it yet demands this word of description on its completion,—for the sake of the remarkable project of which it stands the sole record, and of the striking mutations in its own growth to maturity. The plan itself—its subsequent long suspension—and its final resumption and termination are themselves, as it were, expressions of the great leading facts of the last fifty years.—*Ath.*

HOUSES OF LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.—From Berlin, it is stated that the government has purchased the two houses, in the town of Wittenburg, wherein Luther and Melancthon resided—with the intention of establishing in each a free primary school. The two great reformers are, our readers know, buried beneath the choir of the church of the Castle of Wittenburg; and on its magnificent gates, burnt during the war, it was that Luther affixed his ninety-five famous propositions. These gates are about to be replaced, in exact conformity with the drawings of them, which remain—with this only exception, that they will be of bronze instead of sculptured wood.—*Ath.*

NEW DIAMOND-MINES—A diamond-mine, of inestimable value, is stated to have been discovered in a desert, difficult of access, about eighty miles from Bahia.

MAPS IN RELIEF.—An ingenious work of art and science, by M. Sené, a citizen of Geneva, is exhibiting in Paris—and about to be inspected by a committee of the Academy of Sciences. This work represents, by means of sculpture in wood, the chain of Mont Blanc and its neighboring mountains, on a superficies of 25 square mètres;—the lengths being given on a scale of 1 in 10,000 and the altitudes of 1 in 6,000—and the forms and colors of their many peaks, all their glaciers, valleys, water-courses, chalets, and even their firs (no less than 500,000 of which are represented) being rendered with a fidelity that constitutes, it is said, a complete illusion. The effect attained is pleasantly described by the *Moniteur des Arts*:—"In the compass of an hour, how charming a journey may be made, under the guidance of M. Sené, around this relief! You arrive at Chamouny, by Saint-Martin, or by the Baths of Saint Gervais, and alight at the Priory. After having taken a general view of the valley, you mount successively from station to station—visit the *Mer-de-glace*—pass, if you will, the *Col du Géant*—climb Mont Blanc—nay, look down even on this "Monarch of Mountains," by ascending a gallery which is erected at a little distance. The ascent completed, you make what is called the tour of Mont Blanc;—arrived at Martigny, passing by the *Col du Bonhomme*, the *Col de la Seigüe*, the *Allée Blanche Courmayeur*, the hospital of Saint Bernard, the *Val Ferret*, or the *Val d'Entremour*. And, finally, from Martigny, you return to Chamouny, either by the *Tête Noire*, or

by the *Col de Balme*—and reach Geneva, by the *Col d'Anterne*—without fatigue and without danger—without cloud and without rains—and at the small outlay of two francs!"—*Ath.*

AN EPIC POEM BY ARIOSTO.—From Florence we hear of a discovery of great interest which has just been made by Signor Zampieri, conservator of the Grand Ducal Library. Amongst the manuscripts in that establishment he has found one containing the greater part of an epic poem by Ariosto, of which hitherto the existence was unknown—and whose title is *Rinaldo l'Ardito* ('Rinaldo the Bold'). The work has been originally composed of 244 octave verses, divided into 12 cantos; of which the first, the beginning of the second, and the sixth are wanting in the manuscript in question. The Grand Duke has ordered its publication, at the government expense; and directed that a copy shall be sent to each of the great libraries of Europe, in the hope that a search will be made in those various institutions for the absent portions of the poem.—*Ath.*

TYCHO BRAHE'S TOOLS AND MANUSCRIPTS FOUND.—From Copenhagen, too, we have accounts of a discovery of interest—which we report as we find it, though we think it probable there is some mistake in the terms. They state that Professor Heiberg, who is occupied in collecting materials for a History of the Life and Labors of the Illustrious Swedish Astronomer Tycho Brahe,—which he purposes publishing in the course of next year, wherein will fall the 300th anniversary of the birth of the great *savant*—lately caused searches and excavations to be made amongst the ruins of the Château and Observatory of Tycho, in the little Swedish isle of Hveen, situate in the Sound, which was the property of the latter. These researches have, it is said, produced some curious results. A number of the tools used by the philosopher for the construction of his astronomical instruments have been found—many of the completed instruments themselves, and some in an unfinished state—and several manuscripts in the Latin language, bearing the signature of Tycho Brahe, and containing astronomical observations, reflections on the events of his day, and occasional poetry.—*Ath.*

CONSTITUENTS OF MILK.—M. Dumas observes that the milk of herbivorous animals always contains four orders of substances which form part of their food, viz.; the albuminous represented by the caseum, the fatty substances represented by butter, the saccharine portion of their food represented by the sugar of milk, and, finally, the salts of different kinds which exist in all the tissues of these animals. In the milk of carnivorous animals, there is no sugar, and there are only the albuminous, fatty and saline substances which form the general constituents of meat. If, however, bread be added to the food of these animals the sugar of milk will be found, although not in large quantities. M. Dumas states that his investigations have enabled him to arrive at a perfect analysis of milk.—*Ath.*

MOUNT TITLIS.—From Switzerland, we learn that another of the most perilous and almost inaccessible Alps of that country, Mount Titlis, has been ascended by two German tourists.—*Ath.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

A Retrospect of the 'Religious Life in England; or, the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry, by J. J. Tayler, B. A.

THIS is a temperate, candid, and thoughtful inquiry into the effect which the religious opinions and practices of our ancestors, whatever the denomination to which they belonged, have had, and still have, on English society. The subject is as important as it is ably treated. No one who wishes well to that society can be indifferent to it.—Whether for good or evil, certain principles are, and have been at work since the Reformation; and no earthly power could resist or suspend their operation. To a certain extent they might be directed, perhaps even controlled, by the legislature; but by far the best policy is to leave them unshackled. They are full of instruction; but, unfortunately, most readers do not receive the benefit. They look only on the surface of the stream; and do not suspect the existence of a deep resistless current underneath. Both the subject and the book well deserve an attention which cannot be expected from the *Athenæum*. We cannot enter into so wide a range of the tendency of opinions, though on it the welfare of a nation may depend. But we can cheerfully praise the Catholic spirit which runs through the volume. For this very reason, probably, coupled with its honesty, it may be abused; for if we have few Christian philosophers, we have many zealots, and many more who, without caring for any religion, are always ready to join in a party war-cry. Such men should not open the book; it is not written for them.—*Athenæum*.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, by C. G. Zumpt, Ph. D.

Translated from the ninth edition of the original, by L. Schmitz, Ph. D., with numerous Additions and Corrections by the Author. This is a new translation of the best Latin grammar in existence. Kenrick's translation was taken from the third edition of the original, though from time to time enlarged, and corrected, as new editions appeared; the present is from the ninth; and contains additions and corrections never published in Germany, and now incorporated, for the first time, in this translation. If no improvements had been made by the author between the third and ninth editions, a new translation would not have been required; but the whole life of Professor Zumpt has been one of progress in the study of Latin construction; and every succeeding edition bore testimony both to his ardor and to his success in tracing the more recondite relations of the language. For his own reputation, it was very natural that he should wish them to be incorporated with all future editions of the English translation—he, therefore, co-operated with the present translator, by MS. communications founded on the points which have struck him since the publication of the ninth German edition. The result is a work which ought to be in the library of—not only every Latin student, but every Latin scholar.—*Athenæum*.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, illustrated by wood-engravings by members of the Etching Club, with a Biographical Memoir, edited by B. Corney.

Guicciardini, translated by Emma Martin.

Dr. Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, new edit., by the Rev. P. Kelland, 2 vols.

The Life of Joseph, a Course of Lectures, by the Rev. E. Dalton.

Creation by the Immediate Agency of God, (a Refutation of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,") by T. M. Mason.

Virgilii Opera cum Annotationibus, by T. K. Arnold, Vol. II.

The Good Shepherd and the Chosen Flock, by the Rev. T. Dale.

Eight Dissertations on some Prophetical Passages of Scripture, by G. S. Faber, 2 vols.

Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745, by Mrs. Thomson, 2 vols.

The United States Exploring Expedition (Popular Library Edition), 1 vol. 8vo.

GERMANY.

Der Brief an die Römer, ausgelegt von Dr. Aug. Ludw. Glo. Krehl.

Lutheri exegetica opera Latina, ed. Irmischer. Tom. XIII.

Geschichte der Römischen Literatur. Von J. C. F. Bähr.

Grundriss der Griechischen Literatur mit einem vergleichenden Ueberblick der Römischen. Von Bernhardt.

FRANCE.

Poésies de V. Hugo, de Lamartine, de Delavigne, et de Béranger. Anthologie dédiée à la Jeunesse. Par Ch. Graeser.

Notice historique sur la Vie et les Traux de M. de Sismondi.

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